

CHRISTMAS NUMBER COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.
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"Lest we forget"

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COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes
In which is combined and consolidated
THE NATIONAL FARMER and HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

The greater the difficulty the more glory in surmounting it.

The horse that makes the most show doesn't make the most speed.

It is well to make the body beautiful because it is the casket of the soul.

Be as kind as you can today, because you may be gone by tomorrow.

There is nothing so consoling in trouble as the clasp of a friendly hand.

Knowledge and timber should not be much used until they are seasoned.

Religion converts despair which destroys into resignation which submits.

Don't do things by halves. If it is right, do it boldly; if wrong, leave it undone.

There is nothing more bitter than to look into happiness through another's eyes.

True friendship is a golden ladder by which we may ascend to the highest heaven.

The gift of health is so magnificent that we should rejoice every day we possess it.

If we knew how little some enjoy their great possessions there would not be much envy in the world.

Ingratitude is a lump of soot which falling into the dish of friendship destroys its scent and flavor.

Be careful in trusting the woman who is dull with women, but livens up when men come around.

If you try to throw dust in people's eyes, you must not be surprised if they become blind to your good points.

When women are doing fancy work with their needles they are often doing embroidery with their tongues.

This earth on which we stand is but the vestibule to glorious mansions through which a moving crowd forever passes.

The Next Best By Wallace Arthur

Copyright, 1913, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

MARGERY BANCROFT entered the small bedroom without knocking and cast herself upon the bed, burying her face in the pillow. Her slight form quivered a little, but she gave no other sign of emotion.

Her roommate, Norma Wells, knew, however, that something was very much wrong, and dropping her sewing, she hastened over and put a soothing hand on the other's shoulder.

"Marge, don't take it too hard; there's always a way where there is a will," she said, patting the quiet shoulder.

A moment later, Margery turned around. Her small girlish face was white and drawn, and her eyes were full of that dark something that is seen in the eyes of those whom despair has called its own. The expression on her face was that of one who had been driven so far by worry that worry had given way to the muteness of surrender.

"Oh, I won't weep, Norma. I've got beyond that; but I've made up my mind just what to do. I tried the last fifteen places on my list, and in not a one could I get even a chance at work; so work's out of the question. I've been living on you for all this time, and I can't keep on doing that, for I know you're behind. There's just one thing left—I'm going to get married."

The other started. "Get married! Marge, are you crazy?"

"Not a bit," Margery answered, quietly, the unnatural light still in her eyes. "It's the only way out."

Norma's homely, gray eyes were wide as she looked into the dark, shadowed eyes of her friend.

"Well, who are you going to marry?" she asked.

"Ernest Forwell."

"Margery! And I've heard you make fun of him by the hour—and you're going to marry him?"

"Yes, I'm going to do it. I have made fun of him; he's ten years older than I am; he's getting bald and heavy. Oh, he's no Apollo—I know that, but he'll give me a home; and I won't have to lie awake half the nights wondering, wondering and worrying until it seems as if I would go crazy. I've carried things to the end, and come to a stonewall. I've discovered a way around it."

"Does he love you?"

"Well, I guess there's no doubt about that."

"But, you don't love him?"

"No."

"Then, you ought—"

"Don't say 'ought to me.' I haven't a dollar. I'm going to see Ernest tonight. Just as soon as you get out, I'll try and spruce up a little."

She laughed a little wildly.

"Marge, I wish you would wait—"

The other turned on her fiercely. "I've waited—and it's the waiting that will finish me! I shall wait no longer I'm done; I'm going to do the next best thing." Her voice dropped into a gentler tone. "Forgive me, Honey; my mind is made up."

An hour after her roommate had left on the way to her evening work, Margery left also to carry out the purpose in her mind. There was a little tinge of color in her cheeks and lips—the hectic red of blood stirred by the heart's swift beating. She was dressed simply, but with the care that brought out the slim grace of her figure and the oval girliness of her face.

She had telephoned Forwell, and when she reached his boarding-house in the quiet part of the city, she found him waiting in the reception-room. His work as salesman carried him away from the city much of the time, but he kept rooms always in the residential section.

He came forward quickly, his rather plump face wearing a quick smile of greeting, then he drew her to the open window, and made her take the easy chair.

"Now, little girl, what is it? Why didn't you ask me to come to you?" he questioned genially, an odd note in his voice.

"Oh, I just wanted to see you, and I'd rather see you here," she answered, too weary to care to answer fully.

"A Girl In A Thousand;" or, "Imogen's Intrigue,"

is one of Mrs. Georgie Sheldon's very best literary productions. We have bought the right and shall run this splendid story as a serial in COMFORT, beginning in our January number. Besides being a strong love story of a healthy, inspiring tone, it has the added charm of a thread of mystery woven through the intensely interesting plot of a designing woman's deep laid scheme to attain her ambition, possess her heart's idol and work her revenge against her innocent rival. Although it has a tragic side, its general effect is bright and cheerful. Its principal characters are finely drawn and altogether lovable and admirable. Don't miss its interesting

Opening Chapters In January COMFORT

which will also contain a lot of other good things to make a worthy beginning of the new year during which we propose to make COMFORT bigger and better than ever before.

Look At The Figures

over your name on the wrapper in which this paper comes. If the number above your name is 303, or any less number, it means that you should renew your subscription at once, two full years for only 30 cents, the old subscribers' special low renewal rate. Use the coupon below for renewal only.

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December, 1913.

separate from the rest. It won't get mixed up that way. Get the cash for her."

She did not wait. She was athrill with the knowledge that had come to her. She understood Forwell had secured the position for her and through his friendship with the firm had so arranged it that his money had been been paying her salary.

When she reached her room, the story burst from her lips, but her roommate did not seem surprised, instead, she showed signs that led Margery to demand: "Do you know anything about this?"

Norma's face crimsoned. "Dear, I've been underhanded; but that night when you said what you did, I went to Forwell before you got there, and told him what you were going to do. Dear, he wanted to help you, and he does love you, so he arranged it with the firm. Yes, he knew all, knew he could have you then, but he loved you too much to marry you under stress of circumstances and he fixed it so you would be under no necessity of marrying."

Margery sat down. "Then that's why he didn't act that night as I—as I expected." She was silent, looking back into those moments with him when he had been tender with her, into others when he had always been open, kind, gentle—moments that she saw in a different light; moments when the noble manhood that was his made his homely face fairly handsome. She thought of that manhood—all hers!

Norma looked up anxiously. "Marge, don't be too angry. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to telephone to Ernest and tell him to call tonight. If he still loves me and thinks me worthy I am going to marry him because I love him now."

Why the Jews Get Ahead

"The great secret of success in life is to be ready when your opportunity comes."—Disraeli.

If you ride or walk up lower Broadway, New York City, say, from the City Hall to Wanamaker's Store, a distance of about a mile and a quarter, a thing that will strike you most forcibly is the fact that fully ninety per cent of the names on the places of business on both sides of the street are unmistakably Jewish.

Another thing which would not be so apparent to you, although it is a fact nevertheless, is that most of these successful Jewish merchants are only one or two generations removed from the East Side where their fathers or grandfathers arrived as immigrants from European countries in search of an opportunity in the land of the free.

Many of the most successful Jews in New York do not go back any further than their own youth to the immigrant period. Robert Smith, a little over thirty years ago was a poor immigrant from Russia. He started out as a pedler. Today he is at the head of a large fur house and owns a piece of real estate in the heart of New York worth \$1,000,000. Another remarkable case is that of Louis J. Horowitz, who was born in Russia thirty-eight years ago, landed in New York without money and without friends twenty-one years ago, and is now president of a company which is the foremost building organization in the world, the constructor of the Woolworth Building, the Municipal Building, the McAlpin Hotel and many other mammoth structures in the metropolis.

The Jews in the past thirty years have swept aside all other nationalities in the clothing industry. They have entirely transformed the business in all its details. They are likewise obtaining control of the tobacco business, the theater business, and many other lines. They are also becoming great landowners, especially in the cities.

They have accomplished this success as landholders by the exercise of precisely those traits and talents that have led to their control of the clothing industries—THEIR ABILITY TO ECONOMIZE, to operate on a small capital and to find minute profits in hitherto unsuspected corners.

Burton J. Hendrick, writing in "McClure's" Magazine, explains the success of the Jew in America thus:

"He is the greatest 'shoe-string' capitalist in the world. He can do with one dollar what the average citizen cannot do with ten. He can start on the smallest possible scale, finance himself for months in hand-to-mouth fashion, SAVE in picturesque ways that would never occur to the average man, gradually get a grip and ultimately emerge with a large and profitable business in his control."

In other words, the Jewish people prepare for their opportunity, keeping in mind the truth expressed by that illustrious member of their race, the former Prime Minister of England, whose words are quoted at the beginning of this article.

Current Events

SAFE FROM ATTACK.—Secret tests by the third division of the Atlantic battleship fleet, Rear Admiral Usher, are said to have proved the Panama Canal has nothing to fear from the fire of an enemy so far as the Gatun and other important locks are concerned. This was learned from the Navy Department.

RAVAGES OF BOLL WEEVIL HALTED.—The ravages of the Mexican boll weevil, which annually causes losses of millions of dollars to cotton crops throughout the United States, have been combated successfully by modern science. This important announcement was made by President Finley of the Southern Railway.

DROP ROMAN NUMERALS.—Plain Arabic "1913" will be chiselled on public buildings completed this year instead of the MCMXIII. Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo has issued an order that the Roman numerals be dispensed with and the generally understood Arabic be used. He says that few people can read the Roman numerals readily; hence this order.

A CHURCH ADVERTISEMENT.—The Rev. Frank H. Ebricht of the Episcopal Church of White-stone, N. Y., believes in church advertising. He published this advertisement: "Missing—Last Sunday, many families from church. Stolen—Several hours from the Lord's Day. Strayed—Half a hundred lambs, not at Sunday school. Misaid—Silver coins owed to the Lord."

TO BENEFIT HUMANITY.—Through the philanthropy of five men working in connection with the United States Bureau of Mines, radium is to be mined in Paradox Valley, Colo., and will be employed for the benefit of humanity. At the present there is in this country less than one gram of radium. Foreign countries have however received radium from this country. Under Government supervision, two free clinics are to be established, one in Memorial Hospital at New York, and the other in the hospital of Dr. Howard A. Kelly of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, for the treatment of cancer and other diseases by means of radium.

A BIRD'S FOOD.—Results of a scientific investigation of the capacity of birds to destroy insects were announced at the University of Michigan by A. R. Cahn, assistant in the zoological laboratory. A Virginia wren, weighing half a pound, showed a remarkable ability for devouring pests. In one day, the bird ate 144 small insects, 12 grasshoppers, 12 meal worms, three water bugs, one water scorpion three inches long, two sun fish one and one half inches long, one stickle-back two and one half inches long, one caterpillar and 15 flies. The second day it ate five live hornets, one crawfish two inches long, one frog one and one half inches long, and one grass snake eight inches long. The snake caused the bird some worry. After the bird, however, had tried eight times to swallow the snake alive, it finally killed the reptile and gulped it down.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



AGENTS WANTED

Agents—\$50 Weekly. Our Family Needle Cases are wonderful sellers; 200% to 400% profit; talking unnecessary; our "Trust Scheme" envelopes do the work; general agents can make \$100 weekly; particulars free; 25¢ sample for 10¢; buy direct from the factory. Paty Needle Co., 120 Davis Sq., W. Somerville, Mass.

Agents you can make \$40 to \$85.00 a week selling Guaranteed Aluminum Ware to consumers. Complete Sales Course free. Protected territory. Answer quick. Div. "Co." American Aluminum Co., Lemont, Ill.

Pillows Free shipped freight paid on receipt of \$10 for our famous 36 lb. Bed. All new feathers. Best looking. Satisfaction guaranteed. Agents wanted. Turner & Cornwell, Dept. D, Memphis, Tenn., or Dept. D, Charlotte, N. C.

Agents: Snappiest Household Line on Earth. Red hot sellers. Steady repeaters. Over 150 different articles. Goods guaranteed. 100% profit. Write quick—Hurry. E. M. Fellman, Sales Mgr., 5762 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents sell fine Dress Materials, Etc. Remnant Store, 1331 N. Linn, Cincinnati, O.

Agents—\$20.00 Cash Weekly and More easily earned selling our guaranteed quality stock; handsome outfit free. Charlton Nursery Company, "Dept. B," Rochester, N. Y. Estab. 1865.

Fifty Cents (in quantities) buys a full size compressed air clothes washer. Weighs only two pounds. Women grab it at \$1.50; 200 per cent profit. Thoroughly cleans tub of clothes in three minutes. Washday no longer dreaded. Mrs. Marbrick earned \$90 first three weeks. A 14-year-old boy in Kansas made \$55.40 outside of school hours during September. Send for catalog today and get your county right. Wendell Washer Co., 110 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit \$57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 95¢. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Agents—500% profit. Gold and silver sign letters for store and office windows. Anyone can put on. Write today for free sample. Metallic Letter Co., 414 N. Clark, Chicago.

Agents. Pair Silk Hose Free. State size. Send no money. Agents wanted everywhere. Immense profits. Beautiful line. Triplewear Mills, Dept. Q, 112 So. 13th, Phila., Pa.

Agents—Are you interested in 250% profit in an article used in every home weekly. Send 5¢ for 2 weeks supply and terms. I. V. Washing Tablet Co., Dept. D, Phila.

Wanted, 10,000 agents for Self-filling Fountain Pen. Exclusive territory. Particulars free. Sample 25¢. Wolverton, Massillon, O.

Agents \$50-\$75 weekly selling guaranteed knit goods for largest mfg'r in America. Est. 30 years. Complete outfit free. Madison Mills, Dept. 2C, 484 Broadway, New York City.

Agents—Free Illustrated Directory. Contains details newest best selling specialties money-making propositions responsible concerns. Chester Butler, 123 Cedar St., N. Y.

Young Man, would you accept and wear a fine tailor made suit just for showing it to your friends? Or a Slip-on Raincoat free? Could you use \$5 a day for a little spare time? Perhaps we can offer you a steady job? Write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 602 Chicago.

Large Profits. Manufacture "Barley Crisps." New confection. Five cent package costs one cent to make. Machine and instructions, prepaid \$7.50. Send ten cents for samples. Barley Crisp Co., 1602 Hyde St., San Francisco.

Agents to take orders for Visiting and Business Cards, Large Profits; Outfit Free. Forman Printery, Bank St., Waterbury, Conn.

Housekeepers. We manufacture low price useful, money-saving articles which you need. Make useful Xmas presents. The Specialty Co., 2 Spring St., Springfield, Mass.

Wanted. Live agents; no dead ones; our fall leader sells easily; pays big money; gets repeat orders; sample 15¢. Davenport Household Specialty Co., 122 E. 5th St., Davenport, Iowa.

Agents—150% Profit on Each Sale. Wonderful household preparation does hour's work in a jiffy. Housewives delighted. Sales easy. Profits big. Exclusive territory. Jiffy-Brite Laboratories, Dept. C, Boston, Mass.

Ambitious Men you want to make more money. Have plan by which you can double your earnings, without interfering with present occupation. No canvassing. Write for free booklet "Within Your Reach". S. C. Robinson, Box 2063, Montreal, Canada.

Marvelous Kerosene Lamp Burner. latest, best in world, for common lamps, white, smokeless, light, 3 inches wide, enormous illuminating power, 20c, 3 for 50¢ (postage 4c). Particulars, wholesale retail Bargain Bulletins free. Christ's Bargain House, 3241 Pierce Ave., Chicago. Agents wanted.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Photo China, Plates. Rejects credited. Prompt shipments; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk R-3, Chicago, Ill.

Salesmen. To sell direct to Consumer, either as a side line or regularly, a line of Necessaries for Auto Owners or Users. One Salesman took 950 orders in a few days. Large profits. Write today for sample and territory. Morgan Mfg. Co., Station B, Newport, R. I.

You Can Earn Big Money at Home selling our Specialties. Send stamp for full particulars. The Davis Supply Co., La Fayette, Ind.

We Pay 60% of Profits for taking orders for our goods which are used extensively by mills, factories, auto owners, farmers and dealers in large and small towns. H. W. Swift, Sales Manager, Station E, Cleveland, O.

If We Had Your Address we'd send free sample and show you how to make \$25.—not one week but weekly. G. Mfg. Co. 20Y, Warren St., N. Y.

Women agents for complete standard line sanitary specialties, big profits, steady income. 50¢ samples free. Gruen, 118 F. West 32nd Street, N. Y. City.

Lady or Girl wanted each town, good pay spare time, copy names for advertisers, cash weekly Stamp for particulars. American Adv. Bureau, Dept. F, Leightons Corners, N. H.

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We Pay 50¢ An Hour to Agents who will give this new proposition a trial. Here is a brand new idea that is making men and women rich. Send name and address quick for territory and full particulars. Address—S. R. Miller, President, 514 Royal Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Man or Woman can earn \$20 to \$40 weekly selling Vacuum Washer. Write for information. J. G. Steele, Box 122, Jamaica, N. Y.

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Will pay reliable Woman \$250.00 for distributing 2000 Free packages Perfumed Soap Powder in your town. No money required. A. Ward & Co., 218 Institute Pl., Chicago.

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Your Wash done in 15 minutes with our Vacuum Washer. No rubbing, wear on clothes nor tired backs. Bed quilts, blankets washed beautifully. Send \$1.50 or for full information. J. G. Steele, Box 122, Jamaica, N. Y.

I Want Ladies to Learn Hair-dressing—manicuring—facial massage—electrolysis. Big wages. Always sure of work. I teach you quickly, cheaply, thoroughly. Big demand for my graduates. Write me for catalogue. A. B. Moler, Pres., C. I. Moler College, Chicago.

Luminous Cross, Shines in Dark, 35¢. Changeable (7) stones Scarf Pins 35¢ & circulars & catalog. Kellner & Co. Louisville, Ky.

SCHOOLS

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Government Farmers Wanted. Make \$125 monthly. Free living quarters. Examination soon. Write, Oment, 8 F. St. Louis, Mo.

A Money Proposition—Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars Desk 152, Hasen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Michigan.

Educational Aid Association wants representative to distribute free scholarship (any college) among worthy and talented persons; good pay. Write to M. E. Moit, Secretary, 3304 Logan Boulevard, Chicago.

\$65 to \$150. Month paid men and women in Government Jobs. Common education sufficient. Over 12500 appointments coming. Write immediately for free list of positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. A12, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted. Persons to do easy, pleasant coloring work at home. Good pay, no canvassing. No experience required. Illustrated particulars free. Helping-Hand Stores, 5458 C. So. Halsted, Chicago.

Mail Circulars, Easy Work. You can do it. Send name; make money at once. Raymond 102 Roxbury Crossing, Mass.

OLD COINS BOUGHT

Trade Dollar, 1885 sold for \$1140, 20 cts. 1876 c.c. \$250, gold dollar 1891 D, \$230, \$3.1870 \$1480. Equally high premiums on thousands of coin, stamps, books, paper money, Ill. circular free. Vonbergen, (C.F.) Boston, Mass.

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Mail 25¢ With Film for development and 6 prints. Best material; skilled operators; prompt returns. Bert Forse, Po'keepsie, N. Y.

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Big Money Collecting Names. Complete plan and particulars for 25¢. W. H. Graham, Gokey Bldg., Jamestown, N. Y.

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Ingersoll's dollar watch chain, seal ring, cuff & collar buttons, scarf pin, together \$1. Mirror Clock Corp., 422 S. 5th St., Phila., Pa.

\$5.50 Elgin Watch, 7 jewels, open face, silver case, a good time-keeper. Send for watch and booklet. Brown's Mail-Order House, 422 Du Page St., Elgin, Ill.

500 Ways to Make Money. A book of practical ideas. Leather binding. Price 55¢. postpaid. Hardy's Bookstore, Oakland, Cal.

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Poems wanted. Cash for good talent. Send Manuscript to Inland Music House, Dept. A, Chicago, Ill.

Study Harmony and Composition by mail under well-known Boston Organist and Teacher. Write for information. Raymond Robinson, 6 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

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Writer of Many Song Hits wants good song poems on partnership basis. Brennan, 44 Arthur Bldg., Third & Tremont-av., New York.

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Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. 3 books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee. R. B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Men of Ideas and inventive ability should write for new "List of Needed Inventions," Patent Buyers and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice Free. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 110, Washington, D. C.

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Members of Our Club all over the world would be pleased to exchange post cards with you. One dozen gold embossed holiday and Cal. view post cards free. Membership ten cents. Golden West Club, Box 1833, Los Angeles, Cal.

Cowboys and Pretty girls wish to exchange postcards. Membership 10 cents. Kowboy Club, Louise, Texas.

REAL ESTATE

Virginia Fertile Farms \$15 an acre up. Easy payments. Send names of two friends interested in Virginia and receive our beautiful magazine one year free. F. H. LaBaume, Agri. Agt., Norfolk & Western Ry., Room 225 N. W., Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

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Have You A Camera? Write for samples of my magazines, American Photography and Popular Photography, which tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. E. Fraprie, 252 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies to Sew; good pay; work sent prepaid to reliable parties; stamped envelope for prices. Universal Co., Dept. 53, Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

We want 5000 people to begin work at once. \$20 a week. Home work. Send dime. And secure territory. No canvassing. Michigan Specialty Co., St. Johns, Michigan.

Ladies make shields at home, \$10 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 33, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Wanted—Apron makers. Send dime, returned if dissatisfied and stamped addressed envelope. H. 442 E. 61st St., Chicago.

Wanted Ladies to Sew. Rare opportunity to make comfortable living. No canvassing. Send 10c for samples, etc., which is returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Co., Dept. N C, Rehoboth, Delaware.

This Page and— Your Pocketbook

Prosperity Comes Through Gaining Money and Saving It.

There is no better way of saving than by buying economically. COMFORT has done a great work in putting before its readers every opportunity to buy at the lowest rates. It is still doing this work—and with the co-operation of the parcel post, is doing it more efficiently now than ever before.

COMFORT offers ways of making money too. It always has. But since the inauguration of the classified department it offers more than ever before.

Read through these Agents Wanted advertisements. They offer you money-making opportunities. You will find no extravagant offers—just good, substantial schemes for making money in the best and only way—by working for it. Answer some of these advertisements and see if they do not offer you chances for earning money.

You boys and girls especially study over this page. Many a big fortune has been built on a modest start as an agent for some reliable goods.

You will not get "something for nothing" here but a fine chance to work and win.

What is true of the Agents Wanted column is true of the others—Business Opportunities, Help Wanted, Correspondence Schools and the like.

They are small advertisements but they offer big opportunities.

You will find all the advertisements scattered through the magazine attractive this month. COMFORT will reach you just before the Christmas season—in ample time to buy your Christmas gifts from the advertisers who appear here.

No matter who you are or where you live COMFORT advertisements, the parcel post, the rural free delivery, the express companies and the railroads have combined to make it easier and more economical for you to buy

A Few Words by the Editor

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild
God and sinners reconciled.

—Charles Wesley.

AMERRY Christmas to you all. The charm of Christmas is perennial, it never wilts or dies, but lives on forever, sending its roots of love and good will deeper and deeper into human hearts, with each succeeding year. Uncle Charlie suggests in his introductory remarks that some definite action be taken to foster the Christmas spirit so that it will last the year round. The idea is an excellent one. We should not bury our holidays and the spirit that inheres in them, directly they are passed. The gratitude of Thanksgiving, the hallowed memories of Decoration Day, the patriotism of the "Fourth" and the beautiful spirit of good will and brotherhood that marks the great Christian festival of Christmas, should live inspiringly in our hearts and give tenderness and sweetness to our thoughts, and strength and vitality to our actions the whole year through. On Christmas Day the strife of warring interests is temporarily hushed, and if capital and labor could adjust their differences, and the unscrupulous profit seeker and food poisoner, the child exploiter, the debaucher of courts and legislatures, would only realize that there is more happiness in working for the uplift of humanity than for its downfall and destruction, and also have it brought home to them that ill-gotten gains never conferred happiness on any man, and that tainted money in the form of charity never brought peace to a stricken conscience, or whitened a soul blackened with misdeeds and at war with God, a year long Christmas would not be the illusive and evanescent dream that it is at present. So let us cherish and cultivate the spirit of Christmas. Let us work, too, to destroy the barriers of caste, privilege and gold that keep men from each other, barriers that also prevent them from realizing to the full their oneness with God, whose loving sympathy is evidenced by the birth of the Child of Bethlehem, and the angelic greeting: "Peace on earth, good will to men," that announced the birth of the Prince of Peace, and the dawning of a new and brighter era for this dark, troubled, sin-cursed world.

Remember what Christmas stands for and strive to keep its holy influences in your heart the year round, for it stands for the triumph of right over wrong, and the realizations of those blessed hopes, that have ever made divine music in the hearts of men. Perhaps our readers would like to know what some of our greatest men have said and sung about Christmas:

"No trumpet blast profaned
The hour in which the Prince of Peace was born;
No bloody streamlet stained
Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn."—Bryant.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year."—Charles Dickens.

"Tis the season for kindling the fire of hospitality in the hall, and the genial fire of charity in the heart."—Washington Irving.

"This day shall change all griefs and quarrels into love."—Shakespeare.

"The belfries of all Christendom, now roll along the unbroken song, of peace on earth good will to men."—Longfellow.

"It is good to be children sometimes and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty founder was a child himself."—Dickens.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord."—St. Luke.

"If we were to fancy a wholly Christianized world, it would be a world inspired by the spirit of Christmas, a bright, friendly, beneficent, generous, sympathetic, mutually helpful world. Let us cling to Christmas all the more as a day of the spirit which in every age some souls have believed to be the possible spirit of human society. The earnest faith and untiring endeavor which see in Christmas a forecast, are more truly Christian, surely, than the pleasant cynicism of Atheists, etc., which smiles upon it, as the festival of a futile hope. Meanwhile we may reflect that from good-natured hopelessness to a Christmas world may not be farther than from star dust to a solar system."—George William Curtis.

It will come as a surprise to the majority of our readers to know that there are, 5,500,000 illiterates in the United States; no less than 375,000 can be found in the state of New York alone. Only those over ten years of age, are included in these startling figures.

A current bulletin of the Federal Bureau of Education, attributes this illiteracy to the character of our country schools. Just think of it, nearly ten per cent of the people in these United States over twelve years of age are unable to either read or write!!! The large influx of immigrants from certain sections of southeastern Europe and the illiterate negro (heritage of centuries of slavery) in a great measure account for the vast amount of illiteracy that exists in this country.

The American people have had to face an exceedingly difficult educational problem, and though the problem has been bravely met and successfully solved in most of the cities and small towns, in many rural sections it is still being wrestled with in a half-hearted perfunctory manner. There are in the neighborhood of 2,000,000 native white Americans, who could not for all the money in the world read a line of this, or any other magazine that was placed before them, and who could not for any sum scratch a pothook in a copy book. Two million native white Americans incapable of reading or writing, is certainly proof (if proof were needed) that something is wrong with our educational system. Is it any wonder that progress is slow, politics vile and ignorance and superstition rampant, when we have this staggering dead weight of ignorance, to drag with us in the onward march of humanity?

We have three times as many white illiterates as they have in Germany, Switzerland, Norway or Sweden. Add to this our native white, colored and foreign born illiterates and we have ten times as much illiteracy in proportion to population as can be found in the countries previously mentioned, and twice as much as that of England and France. With these startling figures staring us in the face, it is time the little red schoolhouse (more picturesque than proficient) got a rude awakening and a drastic shaking up.

As usual, we find that our national curse, politics, is largely responsible for these conditions. There is always a boss in every community, a low-browed aggressive, garrulous sordid democratic or republican product of machine politics, and it is these pestiferous gentry, and the thoughtless dailies that the loquacious and unscrupulous boss marshals to his support, that make the efforts of the intelligent and progressive element to secure better schools vain and futile. Ignorance attracts ignorance, and ignorance is generally unscrupulous and too often

succeeds where intelligence fails. If, however, illiteracy is to be banished from our land and it positively must be, we must insist that not only the son of the foreigner but the foreigner himself be made to acquire a knowledge of our language and learn both how to speak and write it. The better element too, in rural communities must start social centers and revive the old town meeting, and inculcate the dull witted and ignorant with new and progressive ideas, that will lead not only to an improvement in schools but in the life of the community itself.

This is the last issue of COMFORT for the year 1913, which is now rapidly drawing to a close, and the last opportunity the writer will have to address you ere the year 1913 vanishes forever on the wings of time.

Let me thank you in behalf of COMFORT and its staff, for your loyal support and sincere interest in the welfare of this your favorite magazine.

We make thousands and tens of thousands of new friends every year, but alas, tens of thousands of our old friends drop from our subscription list, for in such an enormous family as ours, the scythe of the Reaper is ever busy. Then too, there are thousands (and these are the despair of every editor and every publication) who allow their subscriptions to lapse through sheer carelessness and thoughtlessness. They want COMFORT, they are perfectly miserable without it, but they procrastinate and procrastinate, the months drift by and then interest wanes; we lose a good friend and our onetime subscriber loses the monthly visits of an instructive, inspiring, cheery entertaining companion, and thus both of us sustain a keen and irreparable loss, for there are no friends like old friends, and there is no reason, why friends that are tried and true should drift apart, when a trifling outlay of time and money is all that is necessary to keep them together. There is no real reason why we should lose a single member of the reading family of COMFORT, except by death or misfortune. COMFORT costs you but twenty-five cents for a fifteen-months subscription. It is the greatest literary bargain the world has ever seen, or ever will see. We are trying to do a great work for the home and the nation at large. It is the duty of all right thinking men and women to hold up our hands and give us their hearty support in the fight we are making for better conditions in every walk of life, every avenue of employment. We are striving to make the world a better place to live in, and especially a better place for you, the readers of COMFORT to live in. Help us in the struggle for a larger and better life for the masses of the people and a more equitable share of the necessities of life. We are trying to give a hope and a vision to humanity, and especially to you our readers. Give us your support; go to homes that are Comfortless and induce them to come into our family, for this is a battle in which we need tens of thousands of recruits to take the places of those who fall by the wayside. Come and join us. Come now! Now when the air is electrified with the spirit of good fellowship and good will. There is no better Christmas investment, that you can make than to renew your own subscription and place COMFORT in the hands of those near and dear to you. We have scores of splendid premiums that will amply repay you for any time and trouble you may expend in working for our interests and your own.

On behalf of our publisher and staff, the writer wishes both old friends and new, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Comfort's Editor

Assisting Dan Cupid

By Arthur Wallace Peach

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BURGESS recognized the high, throaty tenor voice, carolling a ballad that was running through the settlement saloons. Many a time he had heard that voice singing by the house, the tones dying away joyously by the creek trail.

This time the singer did not go by. Burgess, squatted back of the small ranch-house, gathered up the saddle he was patching and darted out of the way just as a big roan whirled around the corner and slid to a dead stop, throwing the dirt everywhere.

The rider swung off a sombrero, and twirled it in the Mexican salute. His red, curly hair shimmered in the sun. His boyish face was a broad grin.

"Hillo, Win, how's your heart today? Got something for you from the little girl at Bar O. She stopped me as I was goin' by, an' asked me to see that you got it. She seemed to be mighty excited about something."

From his hat he picked out a small note. A rip and a tear, and the little note was exposed to the view of Burgess.

The note read:
"Dear: I just wormed this out of Ann. Father has gone to town to make arrangements to send me East; and if you want me you must do something quick. ESTHER."

The hasty little note brought information that was a shock to Burgess. "Confound him! I didn't think he'd do that!" he muttered, a scowl in his heart and on his face.

"Bad news, Win?" the red-headed rider questioned. "I'm goin' back tonight; I'll take a word for you."

"I'm in a thundering hole, Vic; that's what's wrong. Old Steinfeld has been mighty sore about the affair between Esther and me; he turned me down hot when I tried to get him to let her come here and make a home. Now, he's going to send her East—and that means good by," Burgess said bitterly.

Harris's sunny face sobered. "Well, why don't you tie up now. That's the stunt," he said enthusiastically. "He'll come around all right after it's done and over. You've got a better start than any of the boys round; he won't kick. I guess he jest hates you on 'count of the scrap your ol' man an' he had back in the days when they wanted to graze down on the flats, an' there wa'n't room only for one. Come on, get busy. What's the note say—give you a hint?" Harris rattled on.

Burgess told him. "Sure; she didn't mean you couldn't do anything. She meant there was a chance of doin' somethin'." Harris went on rapidly, jamming his ragged hat on. "Sure! Whoopee! Say, I only saw ol' Pete round the bunk, an' I'll dump him into the swill, if he butts in. That's the game, Win; ride over an' get her, an' an' hit it for town—'he cursed softly—but you hain't got a bill o' rights, have you?"

Burgess was beginning to get fired under Vic's contagious interest. "Sure, I got that weeks ago, but the trouble is—the fire went low in Burgess's voice—"Steinfeld got that all fixed when

he heard what was up. He got the only minister in town all doped up; and the chap wouldn't tie us under any considerations he said; an' Lake, the justice, said he couldn't do it. You see, Steinfeld just lined 'em up with him. The only other chap who can marry us is way down by the Pike, an' he's said to be in business with Steinfeld. I was thinking of clearing out and going up state, but if I did, Steinfeld would have time to break things up by telegraphing. It's a big game, Vic, to buck; the old man's a power in this part. But—Burgess looked at the note—"here's a chance—a mighty good chance. Steinfeld thinks he's got me. I guess he has—"

"Say, Win, what's that Pike's feller's name?" Harris asked, deep in thought and industriously currying his curly hair.

"Bodman," answered Burgess. "Why?"

Vic let out a yell and jerked his horse into action.

"Listen, pal. Bodman is down at the Swede's place, buying cattle. Oh, I've got it through my tump-tump! I heard the Boss say that he was going down to see Bodman about something he'd got to swear to. Come in, Win! Get your white-tail, an' hit the trail with me. Don't forget your ticket!"

In a few moments they were swinging down the trail in the direction of Steinfeld's ranch.

"You'll be a married man before sundown, Win!" Harris shouted over the racket of the hoofs in the trail gravel and the stinging of the wind in their ears.

Burgess smiled. To be such had been a dream he had clung to with heart and soul; it had been the dream that gave him courage in the long, uphill fight he had waged to build up the broken-down ranch his father had left him. Behind the dream had always been the vision of a girl's bright, understanding face. It seemed too good to be true, that he was on the way to make a dream come true.

From the creek trail which they followed for miles, they swung sharply up the slope, racing up the long grade neck by neck. The low roofs of the ranch buildings came into view, and Burgess's heart jumped to a higher speed. Someone, gray of eye, dusky of hair, brave of nature, and wonderful to him with womanliness, was waiting there for him. Higher the buildings came into view. The ridge dipped to the flat, and a little later they swung up with rattle of gravel on the porch as their horses were pulled up hard.

The door opened and a lithe, eager form glided out, that paused—a girl with bright eyes, cheeks deep-rose.

"Win, have you come. Money. Be quick!"

Vic was scurrying to the corral. He stopped and yelled back.

"Striped nose!" shouted Burgess.

He watched Harris rope out the pony, doing it with a skill that was speeded by greater zeal than he had ever known before.

A sudden figure appeared from the bunkhouse followed by a woman whom Burgess recognized as Ann, the cook. Burgess knew the old man was Pete, one of Steinfeld's oldest men. He had been left in charge evidently by Steinfeld. Burgess saw him go up to Vic, and wrench at the lariat. The next moment saw action. Vic suddenly dropped down, caught the old man

boldly into the air, and rushed with him to the big watering trough, dumping the rheumatic old cowboy into it. With a high cowboy yell of triumph, he came racing up with the pony, just as Esther appeared, ready for a hard ride.

Once more, they swung away. Vic kindly rode on ahead until Burgess had leaped over and the rosy face he loved had met his. Back in the trough, there was a floundering figure that scrambled out and shook a fist in answer to Vic's high swung hat.

Burgess looked across at her, and she looked back. Her eyes were so full of confidence in him, that he suddenly was sobered. Suppose it should all prove a farce? Bodman might have been warned by Steinfeld. Vic happy-hearted, careless, might have been mistaken in what he heard.

Vic was well liked the ranges over, but more for his spirit of good fellowship and love of a good time than for any particular brilliancy of mind or action. In the saloons in town, he was known and admired for his ability to leave after a long night session with the oldtimers—that is, he left them, usually, sleeping the sleep that comes after much dissipation both to the just and those who celebrated just a little too much.

Vic's horse stumbled and began to go lame. They swung up and waited.

"Keep goin'," Vic called to them; "Steinfeld may get back from town, an' Pete will put him wise. I oughter a-drowned the ol' sardine. The colt's got a stun caught. Keep goin'!"

Burgess, remembering that Steinfeld was likely to return early, smiled across at her encouragingly, but motioned for speed. Vic would enjoy the sport of running up when he had removed the stone from the pony's hoof.

As they swept around a curve, both drew up sharply. Before them, placed insolently and calmly broadside in the road was a large, powerful built man; and the sight of him made Burgess mutter and wonder what else was going to hinder them. He recognized the man as a character known where'er drink was cheap and money ready to be spent for it; and one glance was evidence that the man had been stopping at a trailhouse down the creek. His face was flushed.

Burgess thought rapidly. "Beak" Slade was dangerous at any time. He was the "bad man" of the region. Now, he looked as if in a mood for a quarrel.

Before they came close, Vic raced up, and leaning over said swiftly: "That's 'Beak'; he's been havin' too much good stuff, but I know the ol' feller, an' I'll pull him off. If I don't, he'll want to come along. He's death on weddin's; he thinks they're great; an' he'll want to go to yours sure blank."

"Oh, we can't have him," Burgess said. "Great heavens!"

"What do we care, Win?" she asked. "If we are—" She looked what she did not say, but Burgess understood.

"Keep him off, if you can. But—man!—you've got to be there for a witness!"

"Thunder! That's so," Vic agreed cheerfully. "But go on. I'll side-track 'Beak' somewhere." Vic rode on ahead and up to "Beak" who grinned with pleasure when he saw the command of many a joyous bout. He was so glad to see him, that he paid little attention as Burgess and his sweetheart rode by.

Once more free, they whirled away.

The miles sped under the ponies' feet. She smiled across at him, and he at her, in the understanding that is at times the most perfect in the world.

Just when it seemed to Burgess that Kunutson's place would never come in sight, it spread before them.

If Bodman were there! Beyond that thought Burgess did not let himself think.

As they stopped before the house, a group appeared. In the group, towering over the little tow-headed children and the large woman who stood among them, loomed Kunutson.

Burgess's heart sank. "Is Bodman here, John?" he asked.

It seemed an eternity before the big mouth opened and drawled: "Yah, he bane hy-ar. Out dar."

"Thank God!" Burgess said tensely.

From the shed came a keen-faced man. "I am Bodman; what can I do for you?" he asked shortly.

Burgess rapidly, and breathlessly, for it seemed as if his life hung on the next moments, explained their errand. He told it truthfully, simply; but as he went on, he saw Bodman's face harden. When he had finished, Bodman shook his head.

"No, I'm sorry, young man, but I can't do anything for you," he said quietly.

They had dismounted. Burgess turned to her and she came to him with a low cry of grief, and he put his arms around her. Bodman looked on, an odd expression on his face.

"Won't you tell me your reason?" Burgess asked, steeling himself from using the harshly hard, to be so near having a dream come true and see a mere man's word smash it.

Bodman hesitated. "To tell the truth, young man; I have been warned by Steinfeld."

"Yet you are not bound by law or anything else to obey him," urged Burgess.

"Perhaps not," was the cool answer. "I can use my discretion."

Burgess looked at him with forced calmness. "You don't seem to realize what this means, Mr. Bodman. If you don't help us out, we're parted for—"

"Oh, Win! come here a jiff!" a high voice broke in, and the group turned to see Harris, followed by a big horseman come slowly around the curve.

Harris went forward, and Vic, his face sober and full of chagrin, drew him aside.

"Pal, I couldn't shake the ol' ham t' save me! I let out kinda by accident that it was a weddin', an' I'd got to be a witness. He swore he'd come, an' if I hadn't let him, he'd have plugged me. I got him to wash in the creek, an' that kinda sobered him off. He's kinda wet an' sloshy 'round the gills, but he won't bust up the meetin'."

"There isn't going to be any meeting, Vic. Bodman won't come around," Burgess answered, a little quiver threading his face.

Vic's long jaw sagged. The truth gathered, he consigned Bodman where a continent or two of men have been consigned by those who hate them sincerely.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

Linked by Fate; or, Not to Be Bought

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The Rev. Arthur Fleming, in poor health, Vane Manning, an athlete in looks and strong, Dr. Vernon, weak in mind from recent illness, his daughter, Nina, young in years, but mature in thought and action, and six stokers, unprincipled, are cast on an island on the eastern shore of Australia from the wrecked vessel *Alpino*. The stokers, crazed by rum, and believing there is money and jewels saved from the wreck, demand them. Manning grasps the situation and either he or they must be master. They fight with knives and Manning receives a cut in his shoulder. Forcing himself to be calm, he throws his opponent and wrenching the knife from his hand releases him. The Lascar springs to his feet. A well-aimed blow and Manning is victor. Dr. Vernon discovers gold, and showing it nearly faints. The stokers leave in the boat, cutting off means of escape for the others. Dr. Vernon dies that night, and Fleming, knowing how short a time he can live, insists to Manning, that to save Nina's good name from suspicion, he and Nina be married. Fleming explains to Nina—that she will be his wife in name only. Manning believing he is right, plans to avert the marriage by building a raft upon which Fleming and Nina may reach an inhabited island. In two days the raft is finished and the provisions packed. Mr. Fleming falling rapidly marries them. Manning places his signet ring on Nina's hand and Fleming writing some words and putting the paper in Nina's hands falls back dead. The situation is embarrassing for both. Manning leaves her for a while and she goes about her work cleaning her hut.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN.

NINA finished her own "spring clean," and, the strain being relaxed, began to feel lonely.

It was perhaps for the best, in some respects, that he should go off for the day; it lessened the embarrassment of the situation; but she thought rather wistfully of the hours she must spend in solitude. And to pass them she resolved to rearrange his own hut. Sleeping in the men's was not nearly so comfortable for him, and—besides—he was farther away from her than in the cabin he and Fleming had occupied; and, though she was not nervous, she was conscious that she liked to have him within call.

She went down to the hut after a while, and entered it shyly and hesitatingly. Her woman's sense of neatness and order was shocked by the untidiness of the place, and she set to work to clear and rearrange it. While she was folding and packing Fleming's few belongings, and putting them in a box, she came across the kind of diary "log" he had kept on board the *Alpino*. She sat down and turned its pages, and found several references to herself and Manning. One of them caught her attention, and she pondered over it. It ran thus:

"The fellow passengers I like best are a Miss Vernon—her Christian name may be Christina; she is called Nina by her father. She is a very lovely and lovable girl. Her father, a doctor, has come out for change and rest. He is a savant of the old school, a learned and an absent-minded man. She is, I am sure, as good as she is beautiful, and her light-heartedness and amiability have done much to make the voyage so far a delightful one. I walk and talk with her frequently. How happy will be the man who is fortunate enough to win her love!"

Nina blushed at this assertion, and looked up from the diary with a sigh. Then she read on:

"The other is a man named Vane Manning. I have made friends with him, though it was rather difficult to do so at first, for though he is by no means morose, he is somewhat taciturn and reserved. He is a gentleman and distinguished-looking—which some gentlemen are not. In addition to great physical advantages, he has a remarkably pleasant voice, deep and musical. He does not 'mix' with the other passengers, and is given to walking and sitting by himself. I consider myself favored by his liking, if the word is not too strong; at any rate, he does not shun me, and is even willing to stroll about the deck and chat. If I were a novelist I would construct a romance round him; it seems to me that he is just the kind of man who may have had what the lady writers call 'a past.' I don't mean a guilty past; there is something about him which impresses me with a sense of his worthiness. I fancy—how one indulges idle fancies on board a ship—that he has had a recent trouble; may have lost the woman he loved—really, I must take to fiction—or, perhaps, lost a fortune. From a word or two he let slip, I gathered that he was poor, and was going out to earn his living. The more I see of him the more I like Manning. I have—I hope in an inoffensive way—endeavored to make him and Miss Nina friends, but he is shy, in his grave way, and he is disinclined for the society of ladies—anyway, he avoids all of them, which makes me think that his trouble may be connected with one of the gentler sex. Notwithstanding all the efforts of the women on board to 'draw him out of his shell,' he resists their blandishments."

Nina frowned thoughtfully over this. Yes, she remembered, Manning had seemed to avoid her and the other ladies.

The journal was continued to the day of Fleming's death, and his anxiety on her account, his plan of a marriage with Manning, even the reasons for it, were set down.

"I had hard work to induce him to take the course I myself pressed on him," Nina read; "and even after he had agreed to the marriage, and I had gained Miss Nina's consent, he partly executed an idea of escape for her and me in order to avoid the ceremony. I respect his scruples. Alas! they will have to yield to the terrible fate! I am dying! I must make them man and wife before I go. It must be so, for the sake of her future. Heaven will, I feel, give me strength to perform the ceremony, though it may not vouchsafe me sufficient to set it down here. I hope I am acting for the best for both of them. If not, as Manning said, may God forgive me!"

It was the last entry; he did not live to make another; and Nina's eyes, as she bent over the book, filled with tears. And her heart, too, was filled with bitterness. It tortured her pride to read, in black and white, Manning's objection to, dislike of, the marriage.

But she put the book at the bottom of the box in which she had placed Fleming's things, and set to work vigorously. There were very few articles belonging to Manning. He, who had thought of so many necessary things for the rest, had, apparently, ignored his own comfort. There were a few spare clothes, which, quickly, timidly and, of course, without examination, she folded and laid aside, with a strange sense of shyness. It seemed to her as if he might resent her interference; but surely it was her duty to "tidy" the place and make it comfortable. It was the least she could do for him, who did so much for her.

She did away with Fleming's "bed," and altered the arrangement of the rough furniture, so as to give the room as different an aspect as possible, and she completed her work by putting on the table a bunch of gloriously colored flowers in an empty bottle. While she was making up the posy her eyes caught the signet ring which Manning had placed on her finger for a wedding ring. Be sure it was not the first time she had looked at it; indeed, it seemed to her that, even in her sleep, she had been conscious of its presence. But now, after reading the paragraph in Fleming's diary, she viewed it with a feeling of revolt against the fate that had

By Charles Garvice

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placed it there; and, obeying a sudden impulse, she took it off and slipped it in her pocket.

The moment she had done so she was vaguely sorry; she missed the thing; her finger looked bare and "unclad" without it. But she was too proud to put it on again. No, it should not remind him every time that he glanced at her hand of the unwelcome tie which bound him to her.

It was late before Manning came slowly over the hill and toward the saloon—as Nina had decided to call the men's hut—and, as she looked at him, she saw that he was very tired. Now she had on her best skirt—the one she had been mending when Fleming came to propose the marriage to her. She had tucked a bit of dark-blue ribbon under her collar, and had done her wonderful hair with more care than she had taken since the wreck.

Her freshness and the general effect of these attempts at adornment—he was too much of a mere man to take in the details—struck Manning, and he said apologetically:

"If you'll wait a moment, I'll go to the stream and have a wash and tidy up."

"Well, don't be long, please," she said. "I have been experimenting with a soup, and I'm anxious and nervous about it; and nothing sooner puts a cook into a bad temper than keeping the dinner waiting."

He came back very quickly, and sank into his chair with the sigh of a man who has a great deal on his mind.

"I've been to the north end," he said. "It is, as I expected, more barren than this. The trees don't grow so thickly and vegetation generally is sparser—"

"Oh, speaking of vegetation, do you think you could find me some more vegetables? This soup wants carrots and onions—"

"It's a first-rate soup," he said.

"Oh, thank you!" she retorted dryly. "I was afraid you didn't like it. You didn't say so."

"I beg your pardon," he said meekly. "I was pondering over—"

"More important things. I'm sorry," she caught him up in a quick little way that was so rare as to be charming. "Please go on."

"I'm confirmed in my opinion that the largest of the group of islands lies to the southwest; and I propose building a boat—it will be safer than a raft—in which I—we—can make a cruise of discovery."

She listened earnestly, and forgot to serve him; then she remembered it, and with a start begged his pardon, and took his plate.

"I also found more evidence of gold. Some of the quartz, or whatever they call it, show quite plainly on the big stones or rocks, in the dry river beds."

"Yes. Do you like the ducks best this way or stewed? I put it in an empty tin among the ashes of the fire. Is it all right—done enough?"

"It is very good," he said. "It is a delightful



dinner, and I am enjoying it. Where was I?—oh, the gold. And I think there is copper; in fact, the place seems to abound in valuable minerals."

She nodded carelessly, and sighed.

"We seem to find all the useless things," she said. "Now, if we'd been two persons in a book of adventure, cast on an uninhabited island, we should find all the useful things, or the materials out of which to make them."

"Ah," he said, rather resentfully. "I always had, even as a boy, a suspicion of fraud in those shipwreck stories; but I little thought that the thing was so tragic and uncomfortable as it is."

"I am sorry you are not comfortable," she said. Then she remembered the two she had lost, and the tears came into her eyes. He saw them, and tried to divert her mind.

"We haven't tried the old trick they always perform in the adventure books—sending empty bottles with 'We are shipwrecked on an unknown island. Help us! Rescue!' he said, with a smile."

"I've only three empty bottles, and I couldn't spare them," she said. "One is a rolling pin, and worth its weight in gold."

"Yes, but your people. Their anxiety will be, must be, very great," he said, gravely.

"I haven't any people," she replied. "My father and I were alone in the world. I suppose we must have relatives, but I never heard of them. We lived for one another." After a pause she said, with her eyes on the table: "If you would like to try to communicate with your people I will sacrifice my bottle."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It's of no consequence," he said.

She looked at him with almost startled surprise.

"Your sister, brother? Why, surely you have some one?"

"Why should I, any more than you?" he answered. "I haven't father or mother, or a sister or a brother; and as to the rest of my people—well," grimly, "they won't suffer any anxiety over my disappearance."

"Are you not going to smoke?" she asked, after a moment or two.

He thanked her, and sat down on the ground before the fire and lit his pipe. He was terribly tired, and presently, as she glanced toward him, she saw his head fall on his breast—he had fallen into a doze. His attitude was an uncomfortable one, and she longed to put something for him to lean against. The desire grew so intense—she told herself that it was only the sight of him sitting so "adged" her—that she stole on tiptoe to him.

As she stood over him hesitatingly, her eyes wandered over his face and form. She noticed the short curls that clustered closely on the bend of the strong neck, the great shoulders, broad yet flat, the handsome face, the grace of the whole figure. The thought flashed across her that he was the best-looking man she had ever seen.

And how tired he was! The maternal instinct, which lies dormant in all women, awoke in her, and her heart ached with pity for him.

She drew the box gently against his back. But the touch, gentle as it was awoke him; in a moment he was on his feet and had seized her arm in a grasp of iron, his vacant eyes glaring at her sternly. She thought he was going to strike her, but suddenly he was awake fully and staring at her with dismay.

"I—I beg your pardon!" he stammered. "I must have fallen asleep; and I dreamed that the Lascar had come back. I must have thought you were he, and—oh, I beg your pardon!"

"If you'd let me arm go," she said, with a painful smile. "You are hurting it. I am glad I am not the Lascar!"

He released her arm, and in doing so saw that the ring was not on her finger. He did not frown or show surprise; but his face became thoughtful, and he avoided her eyes.

She noticed the subtle change in his manner, though she did not discern the cause.

"I will go now," she said; it almost seemed a formula. "Give me your coat, please."

"My coat?" he repeated vaguely.

"Yes. You have torn it; I will mend it for you."

"Oh, don't trouble," he said, rather coldly. Why had she taken off the ring? Was she afraid of him—afraid that he would forget his promise? His heart swelled with bitterness.

"Give it to me, please," she said, with her queenly air of command. "You have not too many coats, I know."

Obediently he took off his coat, and she flung it over her arm, wishing him "good night," and left him. He refilled his pipe with her tobacco.

It was not half bad, but he sighed as he thought of his favorite brand—and sat over the fire smoking for a time, then swiftly he rose, resolved to conquer his reluctance to take possession of the hut. As he passed hers he saw that the light was still burning.

He lit the pine torch at the door, and stood dead short at the threshold, astounded by the change she had wrought in the hut. Looking round, his eyes caught the flowers she had put on the table, and he took them up and smelled them, then put them down and frowned at them thoughtfully. Why had she taken the trouble to turn out the hut, to alter the arrangement so that he might not be haunted by the memory of his dead friend? Why had she put the flowers there for him? Something lit a fire in his eyes, then they grew dull. She had taken off his ring.

It was just a woman's idea of pity that had impelled her to tidy up and arrange the hut. With a sigh, he set down the bottle of flowers and began to undress.

Nina carried the coat to her hut, and, finding her needle and thread, lit the ship's lamp. But she paused, with the coat in her lap, and, turning up her sleeve, looked at her arm. The marks of his fingers showed on the white flesh. She held her arm to the dim light and looked at it

with a faint, pensive smile. How strong he was! His grasp had been like that of a vise. She had felt that if she had moved her arm it would break. How strong he was, how handsome, and yet how gentle too, and considerate of her! He was treating her with the chivalry of a knight errant. Yes, he was good, good! If she had met him, say in London, under ordinary circumstances, and they had grown to know each other in the usual way, mid all the surroundings of civilization, perhaps he might—she might—they might—

The color rose to her face. Whither were her foolish thoughts leading her? With a gesture of self-rebuke she took up the coat, and mended the worst rent the bushes and undergrowth had made in it. She could not do much for him, but at any rate he should not go about in a ragged coat.

As she turned it over something fell from the breast pocket. She groped about on the ground and presently came upon a small, flat leather case. She turned it over and over curiously, then put it on the table. Whatever it was it did not concern her. It might contain banknotes, letters—no; it was not bulky enough for that; it was just simply a flat case. It haunted, mocked, fascinated her. She tried to keep her eyes from it, to concentrate her attention on the over her, and at last, with a gasp of shame, she snatched it up.

It was fastened by an ordinary spring clasp, pressing it, it flew open slowly and revealed the portrait of a woman. It was a colored miniature, and of so lovely a face, of such almost perfect beauty, that Nina's first emotion was one of unalloyed admiration. The eyes were blue, the complexion a delicate ivory—old ivory—the hair a rich auburn. The neck was bare, perfectly modeled and of snowy whiteness.

Admiration at first; but suddenly it gave place to—what? The blood rose to Nina's face, her eyes darkened and grew hard. Her bosom—as white, by the way, as that of the portrait—rose and fell with instinctive resentment, and her breath came thickly.

He carried a woman's portrait in his pocket—over his heart! Her own heart grew cold, then burned hot. She put the miniature close to the lamp and studied it. There was some writing at the bottom of it:

"To my dear Vane, Judith."

The words struck her like so many strokes of a dagger. Her "dear Vane." Here!

Who was she, this beautiful, perfectly beautiful woman?

With a sudden thrill of relief that seemed to set the blood running in her veins again she thought that it might be his sister. Then, cold as ice once more, she remembered that he had said he had no sister.

Her hand closed spasmodically over the portrait, and she rose in passionate indignation and resentment.

This portrait she had found in the pocket of her husband's coat. Her husband! Her husband! Ah, yes; but her husband in name only.

He had married her under compulsion; he had fought, argued against the marriage. No wonder, with the portrait of this beautiful woman on his breast! Oh, what should she do, what should she do?

With a gesture of loathing and despair she flung the miniature from her and, sinking into the chair, buried her face—in his coat.

CHAPTER VII.

NINA FLEES FROM LOVE.

Nina lay awake all that night. Wedded to a man who married her against his will, and who carried the portrait of another woman—and how beautiful a woman—in his breast pocket.

But Manning slept soundly, rose a little after the wondrous dawn, and, having got through his usual work, went to the saloon. Nina was not there, and he saw that breakfast was only laid for one. She came in as he was pondering over this fact, came in with a quick step, and said, in a matter-of-fact way:

"Good morning. I have had my breakfast." She had not been able to eat anything. "I had so many things to do. Have you got everything you want?"

"Yes, thanks," he said absently. Something in her tone, a coldness and aloofness, struck him; and, glancing at her, he saw that she was paler than usual, and that her eyes were dull.

"I hope you are not overworking yourself," he said earnestly. "There is really no need for it. We have plenty of time to do what is necessary; and I could help you in ever so many ways. For instance, for the future you must let me bring the water from the spring; the can is heavy. And I will light the fire."

She laughed, but mirthlessly. "And do the cooking, and lay the table, and wash up the things; and I could sit by with some fancy work and watch you. Oh, no, I am not working too hard; if it were not for the work I should—"

"Go mad," she was going to say; but she stopped short and made a gesture of impatience.

"I am going to set about that boat," he said; "but I shall be back to lunch."

"Oh, I've tied up your lunch for you," she said coldly, pointing to the package.

"Very well," he responded, almost meekly. "Perhaps it will be better; it will save time."

"There is your coat," she said, taking it up and holding it out to him.

"Thank you," he said simply, as he put it on. He did not know that her eyes were raised to his searchingly, almost accusingly. "I'm afraid you sat up late last night to mend it. I saw the light in your hut. I'm sorry. I'll be more careful in future. You look tired this morning."

"I'm not in the least tired," she retorted, with a little snap in her voice, usually so calm and low. "If you do not want anything else—"

She went out, and Manning turned to his breakfast again; but her coldness, her strangeness, had spoiled his appetite. What was the matter with her? She had removed his ring from her finger, was standoffish and sharp with him.

With a sigh he pushed his plate away from him, and, shouldering his gun, went off to the woods. Nina watching him from her partly opened door.

Manning selected the biggest tree felled it and, scooping out a length of the trunk, made a fairly good canoe.

It was a tremendous day's work and he regarded it with pardonable pride; but he was too tired to haul it down to the beach, and he left it reluctantly.

When he entered the saloon, she was standing by the table. He saw, with a sigh of relief, that it was laid for two. But she had on her old frock, and the bit of ribbon was absent from her neck; and she scarcely lifted her long lashes as he wished her "good evening."

"I hope you're better," he said, blundering like a man.

She bit her lip impatiently. "I have not been ill," she said with ominous emphasis as she passed him his plate.

"I've finished the boat," he said, trying to speak as if he did not notice her coldness. She fixed her eyes on the plate.

"Why did the raft not do?" she asked. "Oh, it is not nearly as safe as a boat. I could not steer it or sail it as well. I made the raft because"—he hesitated and stammered—"there is no immediate hurry now. Oh," hastily—"this boat—it's only a canoe—is ever so much better! I'm hoping that we shall be able to reach one of the inhabited islands; perhaps, if we have luck, the mainland."

Her face grew set and her lips came together straightly, as if she were bracing herself to an effort.

"And—and—if we do, Mr. Manning," she said in a low voice, which palpitated with her agitation, "what will you do? Will you tell the people to meet that—that we are married?"

Manning gazed at her blankly, as if he were trying to see what was passing in her mind.

"I don't know; I haven't thought of it," he stammered, his face flushing. "What—what would you wish me to do?"

"I—I would rather you did not," she replied. "I—I want to make a—bargain with you."

"Yes?" he said interrogatively.

She raised her eyes and looked him steadily, bravely, in the face.

"I want to tell you that I know how great a sacrifice you made in marriage—in doing what poor Mr. Fleming wished."

"As to that—the sacrifice was yours," he put in eagerly, earnestly; but she ignored his interruption and went on:

"If we escape to England—and, oh, I hope and trust we may—I want you to understand that—that the marriage, what we have done—hasn't any meaning, significance; that we shall part as if—as if it had not been done. I will give you my word—I will swear it if you wish it—that I will never tell anyone of—of the ceremony we went through, never, as long as I live; and I need not say that I will never—oh, never—I make any claim on you."

Her voice broke and the tears burned in her eyes; but she drove them back and continued:

"And I want you to promise that you will tell no one—that you will never make any claim on me."

He was silent for a moment or two, his eyes bent on his plate.

"I understand, and, of course, I promise," he said in a low voice and rather grimly. "I know how you feel, at least I think I do, and I respect that feeling. It would be very strange if I didn't see the way in which you regard our marriage."

"Was it a marriage?" she broke in abruptly. "There were no witnesses; we were not in church—"

"It doesn't matter," he said, almost gently. "What I have to do is to study your wishes—to follow them. All I ask is that—that while we are together—"

He stopped and gazed at her earnestly. "Well?" she asked, as he paused.

"That you will not treat me as if I were an enemy—as if I had planned the shipwreck and the—marriage from sheer malice. See, now, Miss Nina, you and I are the victims of fate. It was not my doing that you and I were left alone on this desolate place, but the will of Providence."

"I know, I know!" she broke in. "I am not blaming you. But for you I should not be alive at this moment. Oh, I am grateful for all you have done for me; but, oh, don't you see how I am placed? I want you to promise that you will not—claim me, if we escape, if we reach England; that you will not tell anyone that—that we were married."

"I promise," he said gravely.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.

To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.

To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all! Christmas gives us a glimpse of that glorious time that is yet to be when we become civilized, and learn that there is more happiness in loving one another than in robbing and murdering each other, as we are doing today. As I have told you in the past and shall continue to tell you, as long as I am permitted to express my views in these columns, and not the views of others (few publications remember, ever permit a writer to express his own honest opinions), there is only one day in the year when the world tries to be human, and does just actually succeed in being somewhat Christ-like, and that is Christmas Day. Here's another thing you ought to know, and Teddy Roosevelt is responsible for this, and he knows: "The Fourth of July, is the only day in the year that the American citizen is allowed to own his own country, the rest of the year the politicians and big interests own it." On Christmas Day as on the Fourth of July, we rejoice, not so much for what is as for what is to be! On the Fourth we do not celebrate a real independence. Real independence is but a dream of the visionary, for we possess only the shadow of liberty, not its substance. Humanity is still in chains, as it ever has been, and the chains will never be severed by anything we commemorate on the Fourth of July. Light, love, liberty, and happiness can only come as we learn to square our actions by the rules of conduct laid down for us by the founder of Christianity, and then making those rules the basis for all conquering political action.

Thousands of ministers will go into their pulpits on Christmas Day, and preach the same sermons that have been preached for two thousand years, every one of these sermons will be along the same lines, without a new thought or a new idea. I would guarantee to reproduce almost the exact words of every one of them. All these sermons will be very sweet and very lovely, but there won't be a line in any one of them that will go beneath the surface, or a single thought that will haunt a man at his Christmas dinner, and make that function, differ in any way from the usual annual gorge. To indulge in the Christ spirit one day in the year, is a glorious thing for humanity, but the day we celebrate is but a mockery, a cheat and a lie, and Christ came to earth and lived and died in vain, unless we have Christmas the whole year round, unless we can await the dawning of each new day, just as we now await the morning of the twenty-fifth of December, with our faces beaming with happiness, our hearts throbbing with gratitude to the Creator for this beautiful world and the privilege of living in it, and the whole atmosphere around us electrified with the spirit of brotherhood, good fellowship and good will to all men, women and children. On Christmas Day I have felt that I could take all the human race to my heart and hug it. I have been so deliciously happy that I could have hugged the lamp post, for even that inanimate object seemed to wear a smile and looked as though it was enjoying the day as much as anyone. On the day after Christmas, I've worked fifteen hours for a slave-driving boss, shouldering tremendous responsibilities, receiving starvation wages, and never a word of encouragement, and have gone home feeling so mean and ugly, that I wish all humanity had one nose, so that with one blow I could have punched the whole world and vented my spleen and disgust on the entire universe. On the twenty-fifth of December Christ controlled, on the twenty-sixth, thanks to man's greed and nerve, the Devil reigned supreme. The man who loves Christmas only because it fills his stomach and gives him a day of rest, is on a par with the animals and does not know what Christmas Day means. The real enjoyment of Christmas does not come from stuffing one's innards and making a hog of oneself. The real joy comes from feeling the good nature that bubbles up spontaneously from the eternal well-spring of heaven within us and all men, and which 364 days in the year is smothered over with greed and selfishness. Lying latent in the hearts and souls of all of us, is all the necessary material for a billion consecutive Christmas Days, but on top of all these ennobling forces, sits the Devil of greed and ignorance, keeping the lid tight on all that is good, noble and best in the world. Christ came on earth to let loose all those latent forces for good, love, sympathy and kindness—on a barren, cruel, heartless, suffering world. Christ came into the world to drive the devil from off the lid, and hell from off the planet, and for one day in the year the Devil of Greed and Power, gets off the lid and consents to let us be human and enjoy ourselves for a few hours; then the Old Fiend squats squarely down on the lid again and the pitiless rush for dollars goes madly on once more, and the weak, the unfortunate and the oppressed are ground to dust, in the merciless conflict. Christianity working along practical lines, with one eye on the earth where men toil, and the other on the stars, is the mighty force that is to regenerate the world. The Church working faithfully one day in the week, while the Devil is busy the whole seven, can, with its closed doors and silent cloisters, accomplish little that the Saviour intended it should do. The synagogues of darkest Russia are ever open day and night to give warmth and shelter, to the cold and hungry Jew. In Christian America, the doors of the sanctuaries that could educate, shelter and warm the poor and unfortunate are locked, and the well-heated, brightly-lighted saloon, the church of the Devil, alone beckons wayfarer and prostitute and offers them warmth and shelter.

The Church which should be the instrument for prodding the Devil of Greed and Ignorance from the face of creation is a comparatively weak reed instead of a mighty weapon. The great trouble with the church is it does not sense its true mission—which is to look after sick bodies as well as sick souls, and to hold up the civic sinner to the scorn of all men. It holds itself aloof from the affairs of a world that is fairly starving for its influence and support and concerns itself almost solely with the world beyond. One cannot, however, blame it too much for its frigidity and social indifference, for, like so many other organizations, it lives by the dollars of the rich and not the pennies of the poor, and in a world where money rules, and where nothing can be done without money, it is not surprising to find that the church, as well as the courts and legislatures, has become an apologist for the interests and largely a tool of the well-to-do. But the church is waking up slowly and organizations for social service are being formed by all denominations and sects, and from this movement (if real backbone is put into it) much good will be

accomplished, for only as the church works along these lines can it hope to achieve both man's economic and spiritual salvation. Live ministers, discarding the dog collar of wealth and defying ecclesiastical conventionality have thrown themselves into this movement with all their hearts and souls, and are discussing social and economic problems from the pulpit, and where these strong men go, others must and will follow, for it is these practical Davids facing the Goliaths of corruption with the Gospel sling, who will eventually force the church to shed its light upon material as well as spiritual things, and thus eventually teach men to make the golden rule the inspiring precept for everyday living.

Christ mixed with the world, and especially with the exploited ninety per cent of it, and the church to accomplish anything must be a good mixer too. It must Christianize progress, instead of leaving reform and uplift largely to those who weary of its inaction, have become disgusted, disgruntled and actually hostile to its tenets and are seeking their own and humanity's salvation without its pale.

Peace on earth, good will to men! The world has been reaching those blessed words, and is still echoing them when there is no peace, and when good will is chiefly distinguished by its absence. Beautiful indeed is that angelic message. How it should stir the hearts of men, and make the churches the rallying places of militant Christians, fighting not one day a week but all the year round to establish the Kingdom of God on earth. But alas! Christianity has never been properly taught and has never had a show. It has become a seething sea of warring sects, swept by a never ending tempest of words, words, ever words, without one smiling island of golden deeds rising inspiring above its surging surface, to which weary humanity can drag its tired and aching limbs, and find there that worldly peace that is a foretaste of that heavenly peace yet to come.

"Peace on earth, good will to men." Instead of prating of good will and talking of it one day in the year, why not let us work for it, and strive for it all the year round? Instead of temporizing with wrongs, why not right them? Why not have the churches open every day in the week and a lecture afternoon and evening whenever possible?

Why not, while the government at Washington cackles eternally of tariffs and other matters that will never settle the burning problem of the too much and the too little, the problem of riotous luxury and paralyzing poverty, have a People's Parliament also sitting in Washington where the greatest scientists of the nation and the brainiest men and women, and above all the big heads of various religious denominations could get together and discuss matters that vitally affect the home and the affairs and lives of the people, the great masses of the people for whom little of anything that is worth while is ever done?

Poverty and its underlying causes have never been properly investigated, and no serious effort has ever been made to combat it except with the cold hand of charity, which only aggravates conditions and makes them worse. A People's Parliament could trash out all these matters and decide on some definite course of action. Every religious denomination and every pulpit could volley and thunder and fire hot shot at the cancerous spots in the body politic and show moving pictures of consumptive children being swept into mill and mine. The People's Parliament could report the result of its investigations to Congress, and if it had the moral support of all good people it would make child labor and all other abuses and the election of grafters and political pinheads to office impossible. It could put its own men and women in the field at election time, for no one can legislate as well for women and children, as can women. Above all a body of this kind could investigate the causes of all strikes. If the workers were in the right it could give them moral and physical support, and could make known to the public exactly how matters stood. High dignitaries of the church, could and should lead every procession and parade that the workers make in their efforts to enlist the sympathy of the public in their fight for living conditions. This support of the workers by men of national repute would instantly stop all the insolence of the employers, stop too, the violence of the enraged workers, and the overbearing, hostile attitude of tyrannical officials armed with a little brief but often too strenuous authority. They would hear the workers and give them faith in God and humanity, which most of them alas! are rapidly losing. It would tend to run the grasping and greedy employer out of business and head off the hot-headed expounders of direct action, Syndicalism and anarchy. What we want then to bring about peace on earth, good will to men, are not rose water sermons or doctrinal platitudes, but practical Christianity, the Christianity that sends men out into the highways and byways; the big men, the strong men, men who will take their weaker brothers by the hand and give them new faith in God, new faith in themselves, fight their battles and lead them back into the fold. Christ was the Good Shepherd. He did not wait for His sheep to come to Him. He went to them and carried the weaker ones in His bosom, and led His flocks into the paths of peace, and were He on earth today He would have been right there at Lawrence, Little Falls and Patterson, where never a preacher man showed his head. He was not silent in the presence of the hypocrite and the sinner. Do you remember how Christ launched His vials of wrath upon the oppressors of the poor and the corrupt oligarchy that controlled Jerusalem? Most of you picture Christ as a diaphanous, angelic person, a sort of sublimated semihuman, ghost, effeminate in appearance and actions. Discard those ideas. Christ was the Great Agitator of His and of all time. He stirred up the people, and was a menace to the settled order of things, and it was for that reason the privileged classes of that time put Him to death. (The world despises its reformers and agitators, and puts them to death, and after they're dead it honors and worships them. Poor savage, foolish old world!) Listen to the furious invectives Christ hurled at those who had incurred His wrath: "Woe unto you!" "Ye have said: 'Child of Hell!' 'Ye blind guides!' 'Ye fools and blind hypocrites!' 'Ye strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.' 'Full of extortion and excess!' 'Whited sepulchres, full of dead men's bones!' 'Serpents,' 'Generation of vipers.' 'How can ye escape the damnation of Hell?' Those are words of fire! Those words uttered in any church today would lead to the immediate expulsion of the minister. Even the

gentle spirit of the Son of God became at times a raging furnace, and even though we are told that abuse is no argument, the gentle spirit of the Master was so lashed to fury by the wrongs he saw about Him, that even He could not contain Himself and had to find vent for His overwrought feelings, in words of flame and fire. The man who does not feel cannot make others feel, and it was because Christ bore our burdens, plumbd the bitter depths of human sorrow and grief, submitted to indignity, torture and death (that we by the example of His great and sacrificing love for us, might glimpse the larger and higher life that is yet to be ours both here and beyond) that He is our Good Shepherd, our Hope, the Light of the World and the Savior of Mankind.

And today it is that we celebrate His birth, and I beg and plead with all those who love their fellow men to make this Christmas mean more than the Christmases of yore. Do not be satisfied with one Christmas a year. We do not wish to gorge ourselves with turkey and pie three hundred and sixty-five days in the year; we do not wish either to feast or loaf, but we do wish to feel from January to December, that the spirit of Christ is animating every heart, the spirit that for one day at least inspires us with love for all men, and the desire to forget and forgive, the desire to fill every plate in the land and see that not a soul goes hungry. On that blessed day good nature, kindness, friendship, fellowship, brotherhood are all infectious. They are in the air, they are everywhere, and man forgetting his cunning and greed, casts off the old Adam and becomes divine, a son of God, thus making the Kingdom of Heaven on earth for a few hours, a living and beautiful reality. Nothing can be accomplished without working for it. Talk is cheap, we have heard it from pulpit and platform for two thousand years, and yet we are little nearer to the goal that the true Christian is ever seeking, than we were centuries ago, and that is why instead of talking narcotizing platitudes or indulging in destructive criticism (and any fool can do that) I have tried to suggest ways and means for making Christmas, not a fleeting feast but a permanent institution, a part of our everyday life. In a material way we have advanced and are advancing marvelously, but the spirit is dead within us, and instead of man's genius making life brighter for the masses, too often it only makes it cruelly harder. But the Christ spirit will conquer yet, and it will conquer when the shadow of the dollar no longer falls upon the holy places of Christendom and the church militant goes out to fight the battle of the heavy laden and oppressed, in every walk and avenue of life.

Turn your eyes once more to Bethlehem and listen to the songs of the angels announcing the birth of One, Who is the hope of all human kind, and Who came on earth not to destroy life, but that we might have life more abundantly.

On Christmas Day, if Providence spares me, I shall drink promptly at one o'clock, the health of the entire COMFORT family, in a glass of boiled milk. You see boiling, makes milk and water typhoid proof, and we have enough troubles without typhoid. I trust you will remember me at that hour, for I shall send my love and a blessing to you all, and I want you to wait the same to me. Your love, affection, sympathy and regard, with eggs, milk and a few lamb chops thrown in for good measure, are the things that keep me alive. It is on this blessed Christmas Day that my heart hungers for affection and sympathy more than at any other time, for that is about all I have to live for anyway. But for all to do good and to be loved, what is there to live for grander than that? You thank me in the most enthusiastic manner and give me your love in abundance for the little I do for you in the course of the year, but it's little I can do for you, compared to what you do for me. You risk your lives in the mines, getting the coal that keeps me warm. You are up in the morning in the pitch dark along the icy roads when it's

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away below zero and the stars are still twinkling in the skies, to get to me the milk on which I chiefly subsist. All we city folk would die of hunger if it were not for you. I want too, to thank that big-hearted band of kindly souls, the noble, helpful few, who are always foremost in good deeds, and who worked so hard to make my birthday a success, and who try to make every Christmas the brightest and loveliest time of the year for me. And those thousands of you who have made my books the laugh provokers of your scanty libraries, I also want to thank with all my heart. I am sorry you can't all dine with me Christmas so that you could see me biting holes in a glass of milk and watch Billy the Goat chasing the turkey round the ceiling, and chewing crusts for me in the most sanitary manner. Well you can be with me in spirit, and I will be with you, and then in that brighter land, where it will be Christmas all the year round, we will all join together far beyond where the stars are shining in singing that blessed song of the angels: "Glory be to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men." God love and bless you all.

Christmas is almost here, and as you all want to give presents that will make everybody happy, don't forget that Uncle Charlie's two wonderful books, one of poems and the other of songs, a source of endless joy and amusement which should be in every home, can still be had free; the poems for a club of four, the songs for only two subscriptions. See full particulars at end of this department. Don't miss it. These are the books that will make your Christmas joyous.

Now for the letters:

HUSTONVILLE, Ky.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:
My brother takes the COMFORT and has been tak-
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Music Lessons For All In Your Own Home Free!

Good paying positions of all kinds are open to young men and women who can play some instrument, or who have trained voices. The Government needs musicians for the Army and Navy; Churches need musicians to play or sing at services; in every community Music Teachers are sought for and command liberal remuneration; and to the stage and the theatre musicians are an absolute necessity. In short, opportunities for musicians abound on every hand.

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Read what some of them say:

J. O. Castle, Fulton, Mo., writes:—Our little daughter, Vera, has been elected Organist of the Junior Epworth League of the M. E. Church South. After taking 48 of your lessons and at the age of 12 years that is speaking well for your school. Melvin Vreeland, Macopin, N. J., writes: I received my last lesson for your second years' course. Since I have been taking your lessons, I've made over \$60.00 with my violin. Your lessons surely are fine. C. N. Pitts (Violin Student), Macon, Ga., writes: Having completed your course on the Violin, I desire to ask for my Diploma. I would not take \$150 for the instructions I have received. I play lead violin in the Eureka String Band and first violin in the Macon Symphony Orchestra and have fifteen students on Violin and can handle them with ease. Miss Edith Fortier, Granite Falls, Minn., writes: "I have a studio of my own and have 45 pupils besides leading an orchestra after taking but 96 lessons of the U. S. School of Music."

It matters not where you live or whether you are a beginner or an advanced pupil, the lessons will be made suitable to your individual requirements. If you have not yet received a free Scholarship from COMFORT you can obtain a certificate, free, by writing to the U. S. School to-day, stating what instrument you wish to learn to play, and that you or some member of your family is a subscriber to COMFORT, and you will receive one with full information by return mail.

Address your letter or post card to—

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Box 12, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

thought, be it for good or bad, governs our acts. There is an old, old saying that ought to be framed and hung on the wall in every home: "Sow a thought, reap an act, sow an act, reap a habit, sow a habit, reap a character; sow a character, reap a destiny."

Let us all put a ban on small worries that our minds may grow to receive larger things. It isn't easy, but it's worth while.—Ed.

VICAR SWITCH, VA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you make room for one more in your corner? I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for a long time and often thought I would write a letter to our corner. One thing I want to tell you all about is my happy home and what it takes to make one, and that is a darling baby. I have kept house six years and there were no children in our home, but now I have a darling baby two months old and she is the sunshine of our lives. Her name is Alice Rosemond. Oh, how my heart did ache when I saw every body with their little ones and I did not have any! Everybody would say: "You are blessed." But it was not that way. I now feel that I have received a great blessing for no home is complete without children. I know for I have had six years' experience. I have a dear good husband and we have always lived happily, but now we are happier and feel that our home is complete. You who have no little ones don't realize the love a mother has for her child. There is no love like a mother's love. I married when I was only sixteen years old and I am now twenty-two, so you all can see that I am a young mother, but I certainly do want to try to do my duty. I read every letter in COMFORT Sisters' Corner and there are some good ones about rearing children. I get so much help and comfort out of them. I want to say that everyone in our corner writes something helpful and everyone is a friend.

I agree with Mrs. Malinda J. Lilly, that a woman's place is at home with her children. How can we do our duty if we are always away from them. My greatest pleasure is at home attending to my household duties. I love to work. It seems a great pleasure to me to see that my work is not in vain.

We certainly had a nice lot of vegetables last summer. I canned my beans and tomatoes. We didn't have any fruit to can for it was a failure this year. We have a young orchard out, mostly peaches. We own our own little home and have one acre of land. Our house is a four-room cottage, but we expect to build more as we get able. My husband works on the railroad, and has fifteen days' vacation every year. He will take his vacation now in about three weeks and we are going to visit mother who lives one hundred miles from me. I go once a year. My husband's mother lives near me and she is certainly a mother to me; she is our dear good woman. How I do wish I was close to my own mother too, so I could see her every day, but as I cannot, it but makes me glad when we can see her. I say be good to mother, for she is our best friend on earth, and when we lose her our treasure is forever gone.

I would be glad to hear from COMFORT sisters. With love and best wishes for COMFORT's family,
MRS. JAMES L. FURROW.

102 COTTONWOOD ST., GRAND FORKS, N. D.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber of this magazine for four years now and must say it is certainly a right named COMFORT. I'm anxiously awaiting it every month, and enjoy the Sisters' Corner so much, also Uncle Charlie's witty sayings. I have tried so many of the recipes; they are just fine.

I would so like to ask a favor, for among so many of you, I'm sure someone knows how to make ice-cream cones. Will appreciate it so much, if you could let the sisters know as I'm anxious to try and make the cones. You see we are "little plain folks" or poor rather, so if I could earn a little plain money selling cones to the numerous little stores in our town, I always remember that it was your paper, COMFORT, that gave me the start. Pardon this intrusion, dear Mrs. Wilkinson, but you seem just like a friend. Whenever I read what you say in COMFORT, it's like having a chat with someone you like.

Thanking you in advance and hoping to see my request in your next paper, I am always your friend and subscriber,
MRS. JAMES LEONARD, JR.

Mrs. Leonard. Your friendliness pleases me very much and I do hope you will get the information you seek through our corner. I will tell you what I know about ice-cream cones. One day, about a year ago, I was waiting for a car, in a little ice-cream parlor, when from a room in the rear came a young woman asking me if I would like to see her make ice-cream cones. Adding that this was her work and she was not waiting on customers. I thanked her and gladly followed.

The young woman seated herself before a small bench on which was the baker or stove that cooked the cones, and I thought a most interesting affair. There was a row of ovens (I shall call them), just the shape and size of a cone, and into each loosely fitted a solid piece of metal, one shaped, having a handle at the large end. The whole thing was heated very hot by a gas flame which circulated under the little ovens. On a table at one side was a pail of very thin egg flour and water batter (I believe there was a special trick about mixing it), and when the solid pieces that fitted the cone-shaped ovens were hot, each one was taken out by the handle, very lightly brushed with olive oil and dipped into the pail of batter and put back into the oven to bake a golden brown. By being just the right temperature the thinnest possible amount of batter would adhere. I believe the tops of the little ovens opened, which was done from time to time to watch the baking.

Now I realize this doesn't give you a bit of information, but like myself, there may be sisters who have wondered how anything so papery like could be cooked.—Ed.

SENTINEL BUTTE, N. DAK.

TO THE COMFORT SISTERS' CORNER:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for a number of years and it is the only paper I care to read, and would not like to do without it. I love to read the Sisters' Corner and Uncle Charlie's letters. I don't see how he can think of so much and write so much. I am going to tell you how I pack eggs for winter use. Take clean, fresh eggs, have a kettle of water boiling and dip the eggs once or twice. I use a tea strainer. I can only dip one at a time, but I can dip several dozen in a short time, lay them on a cloth to dry and pack in oiled paper. I use plenty of oiled paper and keep in a cool, dry place and they will keep all winter and be as nice as fresh eggs. Be sure to cover to keep the mice from working the oats off of eggs.

Do any of the sisters know how to make cake with poppy seed and does it make any difference if double or single poppy seed is used? Hoping to see the cake recipe in COMFORT I remain your COMFORT sister,
MRS. M. A. KIRK.

COCOLALLA, RAMER CO., IDAHO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I join the band of sisters and chat for a few minutes, then I must run away as I have so much to do.

We live on a homestead so you see I am busy most of the time. As I see a request for tomato catsup will send recipe, also for chow, chow.

I am interested in anything on the rearing of children as I have two little boys: Herbert, nine and Eugene six, and would like any advice as to "Lifting the Veil," as they ask things at times which I am at a loss how to answer. I was always put off at home, so soon lost confidence, and I want to teach my boys to always look home for advice. I have won their confidence and want to keep it.

We have been on our homestead three years and intend to make final proof in December. I am beginning to like it, but get very homesick at times. My husband was a volunteer of the Spanish-American war. I was born and reared in Wyoming. I would like a post-card shower.

Will close now with love and best wishes to all.
MRS. J. H. BENEDICT.

GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

May I be permitted to join your COMFORT corner? This is my first offering so naturally hope it may be accepted favorably. I have been a subscriber but a short time, only since November, 1912, yet the magazine has become very dear to me. I find so much of interest, of course I most eagerly read over what the many sisters have had to say and so many times have enjoyed their ideas, that I now feel I have been selfish not to at least make an attempt to add my bit. How often after I have read letters sent to this department, when I see how many trials that

are gone through with so much fortitude. I am compelled to look at my own little ones, very lightly. My greatest trials are I am often very lonely, for there are only two of us at home, and we go out very little. Mother's health does not permit it.

It seems quite strange with all the subscribers there are from this little village that not once have I seen a letter published that came from here.

Just a word of our village. We are nearly six thousand in number of inhabitants. Our village and of course know so much that is beautiful and of progressiveness. A very healthy place to make a home in, and with ordinary intellect and ambition no reason why any could not prosper here. A plenty of wealthy residents are here who need help in all capacities. There must be attractions that are tenacious so many of the mechanics who move out here to work on buildings bring out their families and make it a permanent home; indeed they are here by the thousands and all in a few years. We have good schools, plenty of churches and amusements for all needs.

I hope my start may be taken up by the subscribers from this section who are more interesting. With best of good wishes to you and success to COMFORT, I am,
GRACE S. CLARK.

261 SPENCER ST., SAN JOSE, CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I always enjoy the Sisters' Corner very much so am venturing to write this to add a few helps and also ask a favor.

For those who have dyspepsia, try this tried and true remedy: Take an ounce each of boneseed, mandrake and golden seal, have them well powdered and take from one quarter to one half teaspoonful in water half an hour after eating.

If children or delicate people need a laxative, take a pound each of figs, dates, dried prunes and raisins. Remove stones from prunes and dates, chop all together until like a paste, then moisten with honey or any good syrup and pack in jelly glasses. Give a tablespoonful or more as needed. This will keep indefinitely and is palatable and efficient.

A liquid for removing grease spots or other stains from clothing is made by shaving one quarter pound of white soap into two quarts of soft water and boiling until soap is dissolved. Let cool, add one half ounce of saltpeter and stir well. Strain and let settle, then skim and add one half pint ammonia. This will not harm the most delicate of fabrics.

I often wish that COMFORT would offer some pin or badge as a premium so that the sisters might recognize each other when at fairs or other gatherings. I think many pleasant friendships might result. I know that some societies have badges that are not expensive, and at the same time look well and wear well. Now for the favor I would like. It is that all the readers of COMFORT whose birthdays are the same as mine (December 30) would send me a card or letter giving their age. I hope to find at least one "twin."

I hope to send some more hints in regard to home helps and remedies in the future but will close for this time. With best wishes for all,
MRS. C. R. FIELD.

Mrs. Field. I have often thought of a COMFORT sisters' pin, and wished we had one. It could be sufficiently attractive in color and shape to make it desirable as an ornament, besides being emblematic of our COMFORT friendships. I wonder how many there are who think as we do concerning this.

Thanks for the charming postal you so kindly sent me, and I can but voice your wish that we could have a COMFORT Corner in the New England building at your 1915 Fair where we could all meet and clasp the hand of each coworker. I hope your fair will be a great triumph, both financially and historically.—Ed.

LIBERAL, KANSAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I say a few words in this corner concerning, "Lifting the Veil," for children?

You should begin the education when boy or girl is about twelve years old, as they are inclined to be silly at that age. Tell them in a serious way the things that seem mystery to them, for they will surely hear the tale lightly spoken of, which might cause trouble, but for the grave way in which you taught them the truth.

Get a good doctor's book, which tells these things in plain words and let it lay where your child will find and read it. Pretend you do not notice their interest in it, which will tend to preserve their modesty. Above all, do not make fun or joke about their interest in a doctor's book. If they ask you any more questions, tell your child how to find the answer.

I am a great reader myself, and lived for a long time in the city, but I had been taught sex hygiene which I know saved me from many temptations. Don't neglect the boy. Teach him also the dangers of disease and ruin which follow ignorance.

Everyone says: "Sis and I are so quiet and sensible."

Hoping my advice helps solve some mother's problem, I remain, sincerely yours,
MISS ELLA SINTER.

WATSONVILLE, R. R. 3, CAL.

DEAR OLD COMFORT:

Last month I saw a request for information regarding tomato raising. The editor's answer was correct as to cause, but did not give remedy.

Tomatoes do not require very rich soil and do far better on clay or adobe that has been fertilized than an extra rich loam. I plant mine about two and one half to three feet each way, and when just ready to fruit, trim or prune off the lateral, just as done in pruning apple trees. This method does away with surplus leaves, and gives the plant a chance to ripen. Another year I intend to do as my Italian neighbors do, prune some plots to hurry them on and leave others unpruned to protect from sun in case of a hot wave like we got this year—the mercury being up 105, normal 75 to 100. Of course I do not understand your climate, or what best plants are used to, so I cannot say what will help in several ways.

Another thing that does which helps in several ways is to check their ground with shallow ditches in which they plant their tomatoes, inclining them to high squares, thus keeping the fruit out of irrigation water that is run in ditches. When fruit is ready to ripen, stop irrigating and that helps to hurry them. Many claim that this is better without irrigation; granted, but not so heavy a yield. It is not really necessary here.

Someone else asked for a prevention for corn worms. Try cayenne pepper sprinkled on silk as soon as it appears and three to four times after before it dries and see if your corn won't be called for in the market. Now will some kind friend tell me what to do for blarries in turkeys? I have tried sulphur with very good success, but it does not always do. What can be done for same complaint in hens? Think they have worms, too.

Would be pleased to hear from sisters,
MRS. IVEA B. POWERS.

MAHANOTY CT. R. R. 1, PA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please admit a girl of fifteen into your very happy circle. I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for quite a while and have enjoyed your letters so much.

I should be very grateful if any of the COMFORT sisters could give me a clue for help. I had them for years and have not been able to find a remedy. Even the doctor failed.

Liquid ammonia on a piece of clean cotton is a cure for toothache.

With best wishes to COMFORT sisters,
ESTELLA IRENE KISTLER.

Estelle. Being a COMFORT sister as well as a COMFORT editor, I will suggest something that may in a degree relieve you of those troublesome hives. To begin with, there is an accepted theory that hives are caused primarily by fermentation in the stomach, and that this internal irritation shows itself on the skin.

Now for the remedy: For three days eat just enough thin corn cake and milk or light cream (no sugar) to keep from becoming faint. One hour before breakfast drink two glasses of water (hot is preferable) to which has been added a quarter of a teaspoon of salt, two more without salt between ten and eleven in the forenoon, two between three and four in the afternoon and two in the evening. The idea is to flush the system of poisonous matter. You may find this rather tedious treatment, but you know it is easier than to endure the discomfort of hives. Following this treatment eliminate from your diet all fried foods, all pastry, no cake except sponge, and no acids in the form of pickles or fruit, no meat except lamb. Drink four glasses of water a day: one in morning with a little salt, one between meals and one on going to bed. Do not drink with meals. Drink nothing except water. I feel confident if you can carry out this diet that you will overcome the hives. Bathe the body in soda

water, four teaspoonfuls to a quart of water. This will soothe the skin but the cure must come from within. If you try this, write us how you get along. I forgot to add, take no medicine.—Ed.

DELEON, TEXAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As I never see any letters from here I will send a few lines. I always read COMFORT from start to finish. I have a happy country home, just husband and I and the two children, aged twelve and ten. I get lonesome as the children are in school most every school day. We have been blessed with health, no sickness except measles and whooping cough when the two children were very small.

I do all the housework except small chores the children do before schooltime and when they get home.

I will tell the sisters how I get along with my work. When the children return from school, I have a list of things written down and laid on the center table or dresser where they will see it. They always look for their letter, as they call it for they are anxious to see if I have anything new for them to do. The boy's work is to feed and water the mules and pigs, get wood for morning, feed chickens and cows. The girl's work is to gather the eggs, get kindling for fire, feed small chickens and prepare the table for supper. They always seem so glad to do for papa and mamma.

Oh, how proud I am of my happy home and kind husband and two healthy children. I think the saddest thing on earth is a lost soul, and the next thing to that is a little sickly, weak child, that cannot enjoy life, and never grows any. I have a tender feeling for the poor, little, motherless children also. Wish all had a happy home as we have. Neither husband nor I try to boss; we just sit down and talk things over and try to rule everything with love.

I think the sweetest thing on earth is to trust Jesus for all things, for He will surely carry every burden if we will just ask Him. I married when I was but sixteen and have never regretted one moment for I have been happy enough.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson, please excuse my sorry scribbling, as I haven't much talent for writing. I doubt if the good Maker intended all the nice things for me, so I remain content with what I have.
MRS. EULA WILSON.

SCIPIO, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you all please make room for an Oklahoma sister in your writing circle? I have been a silent reader of dear old COMFORT for a long time, and it is comfort to me. I am the mother of two little darlings: a little boy and a girl. My little boy is three years old, and my baby girl a little more than one year.

I want to ask if some of the COMFORT sisters know of anything that will help my baby who was stricken with infantile paralysis about two months ago. She is a great deal better, but has lost the use of her shoulder. She can use her hand some, but can't raise her arm. I have had two doctors with her, but they don't seem to help her much. Now if any of the sisters can advise me I shall be thankful.

I remain a COMFORT sister,
MRS. W. J. TROTTER.

Mrs. Trotter. Massage with olive oil seems to be the recognized treatment for this form of paralysis. The process is tedious and will greatly tax your endurance. Begin with the most gentle massage possible, using the circular motion with plenty of oil. Increase the time of massage to three hours daily. It may take months to effect a cure, and you will often be discouraged, but this treatment has cured some obstinate cases. I would extend massage over the shoulder, down the arm and hand, and under the arm and across the back; in fact, the whole side should receive massage.

I feel extremely sorry for you, and hope to receive an encouraging report of baby's condition. Since writing the above I have received Mrs. J. E. McCall's letter which follows, and is very encouraging.—Ed.

ELDORA, IA.

DEAR SISTERS:

Three cheers for COMFORT! Here I am again to tell you I received so many letters requesting the olive oil treatment that I decided to turn to COMFORT to help me answer them.

I do not say the olive oil treatment will cure; I merely wrote how it helped our daughter, and hope it is doing so good to those I have written to. I took pure olive oil in a pint bottle, turned some in a saucer and warmed it, pressed my hands well and applied to baby's limbs, having previously stripped her by a warm fire. I always used the round and downward movement, and was very gentle at first, as where the child is young the flesh bruises easily.

Our girl was only three months old, and I worked on her five months before I obtained the desired results. I used the oil in the morning after the bath only, but every time I took her up I would keep her quite warm and rub and massage, kind of keeping the blood going so to speak. I also fed her a little oil every morning after I washed her mouth. This is excellent for the bowels and as a flesh builder. Our baby was thin.

I suppose you would all like to see how she (the writer) looks; rather chubby, about one hundred and fifty pounds, five feet three inches tall, brown wavy hair and dark gray eyes, rather dark complexion and age twenty-two.

Also want to thank the reader for the ancient prayer from Missouri, but will say I broke the chain by destroying that letter. The sender could not have read COMFORT on that subject.

Wishing COMFORT and its staff of workers and readers success and prosperity,
MRS. J. E. MCCALL.

ROBINSONVILLE, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for three years and think it the best paper I ever read.

Can some of the sisters tell me what to do for my baby, who is ten months old and cannot stand on her feet, and does not try to. I did not nurse her after four or five months, and have tried cow's milk and prepared food, and malted milk, and not any of it agrees with her. She is thin and doesn't seem to grow any, and can't sit alone.

With best wishes,
MRS. PEARL HARWOOD.

MEMPHIS, TEXAS.

Mrs. Harwood. I would try Mrs. Harry J. Byers' rice-water and milk diet for your baby. I do not want to alarm you, but your baby's condition is serious and requires prompt treatment. The child lacks nourishment and is liable to have rickets. Consult a reliable physician.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I came to tell the sister (whose name and address I have forgotten) what to do for stomach trouble. I had catarrh of the stomach for about three years and tried several fine doctors all of which did me a little good for a while, but I would soon be worse than before. I could not keep anything but ice-cream on my stomach and was so weak I could hardly walk. And now for the cure which was so simple and good. Our family doctor washed my stomach out with a stomach pump, and after about eight or ten washings I could eat all I wanted of anything. I now weigh one hundred and twelve pounds. Now I do hope all who suffer with catarrh of the stomach will give this a trial; it can't hurt if it does not help.

With best wishes for each and all, I remain a COMFORT friend,
MRS. A. P. TOPP.

LONOKE, R. R. 1, BOX 36, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please admit a little girl of eleven years into your happy circle? This is my first attempt to write, although we have been enjoying COMFORT for quite a while.

I will take up the subject of helping mother. My mamma's health is very bad and when she is not able to do anything, sister and I do all the housework ourselves (with papa's good help) and I am so glad I have a dear, good mamma that I can help. I think all little girls should help their mother. Sister is eight years old. Papa bought us a nice organ this summer and we are learning to play fast. I think it is nice to have sweet music in a home.

I hope Mrs. Wilkinson will kindly print this for I want to surprise mamma and papa.

Wishing COMFORT success, I am, FLORENCE BAILEY.

BOOMER, R. R. 2, BOX 36, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Here I come again to ask for space to thank all who wrote me such nice cheering letters and cards. Of course it is quite late to render my thanks as it has been almost a year since my letter appeared in COMFORT but it's better late than never, I suppose, and I hope those that didn't hear from me will take this as a personal thank-you letter. I replied to all who sent a stamp, and would have written those

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who did not had I the means to buy the stamps with. I only have a very limited store of this world's goods, owing to the fact that my husband has been out of work so long. He has been as helpless as an infant for eleven years, and I have to wait on him day and night. His helplessness was caused by being thrown from a wagon by a runaway team, and he received an injury to the upper part of the spinal column which paralyzed him from the neck down. He cannot ever use his hands or fingers, which are all drawn down on the palms. I write this for the benefit of those that inquired the cause of his helplessness. Our boy is still wanderer. I would be so glad to receive letters from any of the sisters who will write me, as I get so lonely and discouraged at times. Now, thanking you all again for your loving kindness, I give place to the more competent.

Your grateful sister,
MRS. LAFAYETTE SWANSON.

1203 HOWARD AVE., TAMPA, FLA.

DEAR WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

This is my first attempt to join your interesting corner and sincerely hope I will be admitted. I am a new subscriber and like your paper so much. I don't think I shall ever be without it. One thing, it has so many helpful remedies, and I am asking you, kind sisters, for more help, can someone give me a remedy for stones in the kidneys and bladder. I have been suffering very much from them lately.

I would also like to know how to make unfermented grape juice.

I will add a simple remedy for the sufferers from constipation that has been very helpful to me. Or arising in the morning, take a cupful of hot water, add salt to taste and sip slowly while very hot. If this is kept up regularly it will overcome the most obstinate case.

Dear sisters, I feel that we are one big family and I do enjoy reading your helpful letters so much. I am a sincere believer in the "Golden Rule," and try to live up to it to the best of my ability.

Will close by giving you a description of myself. Am twenty-four years old, height five feet six, weight one hundred and sixty-five, have dark hair and hazel eyes. Have been married seven years and have a good kind husband and one darling little boy. Would like to correspond with sisters of my own age.

With best wishes,
MRS. V. W. EDWARDS.

Mrs. Edwards. A preventive of gall stones, and in your case what may prove a relief, is a light diet and free water drinking; also, all the olive oil you can eat. Eat no meat, but in its place milk and raw eggs. Eat coarse bread, cereals, fruit and vegetables. No cake or pastry. Live regularly and avoid fatigue. Gall stones are the result of a generally disturbed condition.—Ed.

ROME, BOX 267, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Do you remember two years ago a letter of mine coming out in the good old COMFORT paper, from a poor cripple that never walked a step in her life and was fifty-eight years old last March? And how happy you made me by writing me so many nice letters and cards. I get so lonesome here in the Onondaga County Home, that I would like to be remembered by my COMFORT sisters again at Christmas-time with letters and cards, for I think so much of the COMFORT sisters I do not want them to forget me.

From your shut-in friend,
MISS PHEBE A. HOUGHTON.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

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Who Discovered Gold in California?

By Clare Bartlett

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ALTHOUGH the existence of gold in California had been known since the early years of the last century, historians have accorded to James W. Marshall the honor of having been the discoverer of the yellow metal in that state; and the Legislature of California has endorsed this view of the question by erecting a marble monument in commemoration of the event, and by its inscription places the date of the discovery as January, 1848.

But before the actual finding of the precious metal, romance and tradition had for centuries pictured the mystic California as a marvelous El Dorado. As early as 1524 Sandoval gave Cortez an account of a "wonderful island in the Pacific exceedingly rich in pearls and gold," and in 1537 Cabeza de Vaca "had been told by a people whose language he did not understand" that the land was full of riches. Following him the chaplain who preached to Francis Drake, the pirate, said in his diary that "the earth of the country seemed to promise rich veins of gold." Coming down to a later period, in the first years of the sixteenth century the native Indians are said to have told Vizcaino of the presence of much gold in the interior. And still later, in 1766, Jonathan Carver wrote that "probably in future ages the lands (referring to what is now California) may be found to contain more riches in their bowels than those of Indostan." Humboldt, in 1803, expressed the belief that gold might be found in upper California in quantities. There is no question that at different times between 1812 and 1841 the Russian officers procured considerable quantities of the metal from the native tribes of Yuba and Chico. None other than Vallejo is authority for the statement that the Spaniards of the early Mission days had knowledge of the existence of gold in the mountains, but they could not profit by this on account of the warlike attitude of the Indians. Alvarado considered it imprudent of the grossest kind on the part of Sutter and Marshall to claim any honor for the chance discovery made in the mill race at Coloma. And in support of this contention Alvarado said the rings used at his marriage in 1839 were of California gold, which had been procured from the mines at San Fernando. There is indisputable evidence that gold mines were successfully worked within eight miles of the San Fernando Mission and yielded considerable quantities of the metal as early as 1842. The operation of these mines was confirmed in an official report made in 1846 by United States Consul Larkin, who was located at Monterey. He said that "by washing the sand in a plate any person can obtain from one dollar to five dollars per day of gold that brings seventeen dollars per ounce at Boston." And this was fully two years before Marshall made his discovery!

Abel Stearns in 1842, sent twenty ounces of the output of the San Fernando workings to the mint at Philadelphia, and by the end of the next year it is estimated that fully two thousand ounces of the precious metal had been shipped out of California. Mystery has ever attached to the finding in 1850 of a cabalistic stone. This was picked up on the west branch of Feather river. The stone was of hard, yellowish sandy texture, about a foot long, an inch thick and about three inches wide. It was flat, and on one side were deeply cut in legible letters these words:

1818
GOLD
CAVE
IN THIS
M. SHIP
LODES
L M

Diligent search was made for the cave; but none was ever found. The clear meaning of the letters on the tablet was never known, and to this day it is uncertain if the inscription referred to an actual occurrence of 1818, or if the work was that of a practical joker of the golden days of '49. This tablet passed into the hands of the Society of California Pioneers in 1868 and by the members of that organization it was greatly prized. The tablet was from time to time the subject of deep study and searching inquiry; but with its destruction the secret of the stone has been lost to the world. Writing from San Francisco concerning it, J. I. Spear, the secretary of the Society of Pioneers, in a recent letter written in reply to an inquiry relative to the present state of the tablet, said:



THE BENNETT MONUMENT.

And there was yet another claimant to the honor which Marshall said was his own due. This man was Charles Bennett. The brief story of his contention to a place in the hall of fame is contained in a few words inscribed on the monument erected over his grave. It is a plain marble shaft, engraved many years ago. Standing today in the Odd Fellows' cemetery at Salem, Oregon, this is the story told by the tomb:

Capt. Chas. Bennett
Was the Discoverer
Of Gold in California,
And Fell in
Defense of His
Country at Walla Walla.

The monument contains the additional information that Capt. Bennett crossed to the golden shores of another land on Dec. 7, 1855, at the age of forty-four years, three months and twenty days.

The story of the discovery of gold, as told by Marshall, is so familiar to the general reader that for the purpose of this article it will not be reviewed. An Oregon pioneer who knew both Bennett and Marshall in the early '40's has this to say: "Bancroft and all other Californians claim the credit of the discovery for Marshall, because he was a Californian, when the truth is that Bennett and Marshall were both from Oregon."

Perhaps the best connected story of the Bennett claim is that told by George H. Himes, Secretary and Curator of the Oregon Historical Society. Speaking on this subject in a letter bearing date of March 22 of the present year Mr. Himes says:

"So far as I know, Capt. Bennett always claimed to be the first discoverer of gold in California. At the time he died—he was killed at the head of his command while fighting Indians at the battle of Walla Walla, Wash., Dec. 7, 1855—nobody was particularly seeking distinction for having made such a discovery, and I think there was not any particular emphasis given to that event for several years thereafter. On June 16, 1877, Stephen Staats, a Polk county, Oregon, Pioneer of 1845, in an address before the annual meeting of the Oregon Pioneer Association, at Salem, said:

"I now wish to revert to an individual (formerly a citizen of Salem, now deceased) to whom no person has referred in their addresses before the Pioneer Association. I refer to Capt. Charles Bennett, an emigrant of 1844. I first became acquainted with him in 1835, forty-two years ago. He was then a subordinate officer of Co. A, U. S. Dragoons, stationed at Ft. Leavenworth, Kans. In the spring of 1847 I made a trip to California. Bennett was with us and assisted in camp duties. He was a very active and energetic man and always on the lookout for something ahead. Upon our arrival in California he left us for Sutter's fort. After being there a short period, he and a man named Marshall (he of gold fame) entered into a contract with Sutter to erect a sawmill, and while engaged in its erection the first discovery of gold was made. Now Marshall has always been credited with being the first discoverer, but had I not been for Bennett in all probability that auriferous region would never have yielded up its golden revenues to the enterprising Yankees. Bennett's searching eye was the first to behold the sparkling 'dust' glistening in the mother earth, where it had been imbedded for centuries. He it was who first exhibited the first ounce of gold dust to the wondering gaze of Californians. Well do I remember, when, with sparkling eyes and enthusiastic hopes, he brought that first specimen of gold and recounted to us the manner of its discovery, and the extent of its deposits, saying, at the same time, 'If it really is gold we can get all we want and become as rich as Croesus.' I claim for Capt. Bennett the credit of being the first discoverer of gold in California. He made our



SUTTER'S MILL NEAR WHICH MARSHALL DISCOVERED GOLD IN 1848.

house his home when not employed, and I received from his own lips an account of the manner of its discovery in 1848. But Bennett is now for which he met his death with that true bravery the settlers on our frontiers."

"So much for Mr. Staats' statement," writes Mr. Himes. Continuing he says: "Many years ago I talked this matter over with John Minto, also a pioneer of 1844, Col. Frank Shaw and W. S. Gilliam, both pioneers of 1844, and they confirmed the statement above given. The last three men, and also a number of others I have known, came across the plains in the same company with James W. Marshall, and knew him well, as he stayed in Oregon until the summer or fall of 1847 and did a little cabinet work. The fact is, from all the information I have been able to gather, that Marshall was an indolent man with a constitutional objection to hard work, and also possessed of little education. He had no object in life further than to merely exist. He never had a family, and had no ambition to 'get on' in the world and be of any service to it—If he had enough tobacco to chew and smoke, and an occasional 'suffer' and a place to eat and sleep, without caring much what kind of a place it was he was satisfied. On the contrary, Capt. Bennett was a very intelligent and energetic man. Early in 1835 he was in North Carolina and Georgia and did a little mining in those states, hence he knew or at least had an idea what native gold was. He came back to Oregon in 1840-50, built a hotel—the Bennett House at Salem—and prior to this, in 1851, assisted in building the steamboat Canemah, which ran between that point and Albany (on the Willamette river) for a number of years. At the breaking out of the Yakima Indian War of 1855-6 (September of the first year) having had some military experience, he tendered his services to Gov. George L. Curry, raised Company F, and was killed at the head of his command on Dec. 7, 1855. He left a wife, but no children. By the time that the people of California began to 'sit up and take notice' that the discovery of gold was one of great importance, no one was living to speak for Bennett; but Marshall was yet in the flesh, and of course claimed the honor, and there was none to contend against him. And now that is 'history,' and like many another page of history credit is given where it does not belong.

"As a matter of fact, I have knowledge of the discovery of gold not far from Sutter's fort in the winter of 1845-6 by a young lady named Miss Bonney, whose parents spent the winter in that vicinity; but it was not made known publicly because the United States had not yet acquired title to the country.

"I cannot supply a photograph of Capt. Bennett, because there is none in existence, so far as I know."

While giving but little credence to Bennett's claim, even Bancroft—always a strong Marshall partisan—was forced to admit in his historical tales that "Bennett was at the Brown hotel in San Francisco in the summer of 1847 and had at that time two small bags containing what he declared to be gold." And in the autumn of the following year, to quote further from Bancroft, "Bennett again visited San Francisco and exhibited three hundred pounds of gold dust."

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THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

ing it quite a while. I enjoy reading the letters and stories in it. I am twelve years old and do all the housework. My mother died when I was but three years old and father, three brothers and I were left to keep house. Two of my brothers married Elmer and Claud. I have a sister married, she married before my mother died. I have a lonesome time staying by myself, don't you think you would be lonesome if you had to stay by yourself? This is my first letter to the COMFORT and I hope I will see it in print. I go to school in the summer and enjoy going. Wish you were here to go with me, don't you? Uncle Charlie will you please not let Billy the Goat get this letter? I don't want him to get my first letter. Tell him to let you put it in the paper, that there has not been any letters from Kentucky, that there has not been enough tobacco raised to send a letter.

Well I guess I had better close. Hoping to hear from the cousins soon. I will try and answer all the letters that I receive.

Yours truly, GRACE MULLS.

Grace, as you feel lonesome, I must see if I cannot cheer you up a little bit. You say you enjoy reading "stories." Now s-t-o-r spells stor, and y-e-s spells yes. Will you kindly draw a diagram and a couple of maps and give us some kind of idea of what these "stories" are like. We've had lots of stories in COMFORT, but no stories to my knowledge. I've no doubt you mean stories of the kind I hope so. I don't like this idea of you doing all the hard work and your tender age. It isn't fair and it isn't right, and the fact that it is probably unavoidable does not make it any the more right. Thank God we've got civilized enough at last to give, in many states, a pension to widows who have been left out of them, and the joke of it is that the widows in many instances, will receive more for the care of the children than the husband while living, was ever able to earn for them, and thank heaven it does not cost so much to keep children in the home with the mother they love, than to barbarously tear them from her side, as cold-blooded, organized charity, has done hitherto, sticking them in miserable institutions where all the life, spirit and individuality, are crushed out of them, and where they are brought up like a lot of buttons, and with about as much intelligence. I hope now the wisdom is provided for, the state will do something for the child housekeeper, for she in my opinion gets a cruel deal, in this world. There are thousands upon thousands of these juvenile housekeepers scattered all over the agricultural regions of the United States. Unless the woman of the farm has a constitution of iron, she gradually crumples up, and finally the vital spark flickers out, and she is no more. I hope when all the women of this country get the ballot, they will have Congress make an exhaustive inquiry into the physical well being of the women on the farm. These noble, hard-working, unselfish, uncompaining, devoted souls are the most valuable asset this nation has. The service they render their country, exceeds all services rendered by warrior and statesman, a thousand times over, and we can't have them cut down in their prime, or rather long before their prime, and have their daughters put through the same merciless process a few years later. But to more cheerful subjects. Grace you say: "Two of my brothers married Elmer and Claud." I was simply astounded when I read that sentence in your letter, for this is the first time in my mortal career that I ever heard of two boys marrying two other boys. Are the girls so scarce in your section that the boys have to marry one another? If that's the case I should like to see one of these male housewives in a hobble skirt punching holes in the bottom of the wash-tub. That would be some sight, believe me. Whatever was it caused your brothers to form members of their own sex when there are so many nice young ladies around, looking for nice young men to marry them? The Goat says he thinks you intended to say that two of your brothers, Elmer and Claud were married. I feel exceedingly grateful to William for his explanation. No, I shouldn't be lonesome if I had to stay by myself. My mind is always too much occupied to feel lonesome. If you feed the mind as regularly as you feed the stomach, you will find it the best companion in the world. Of course all those who are human, long for the society of others, for man is a social animal, with gregarious tendencies, but if you make your mind a storehouse and keep dipping into that storehouse for various bits of knowledge you have stored away from time to time, you'll find instead of being dependent on others for society, you'll be able to supply your social wants from within, and if you have plenty of books, well, you never can be lonely. I always made it a point when I was up and around to seek only the society of those from whom I could learn something. If you forever associate with those who knew no more than you do, and in many cases a great deal less, you never can learn anything. If, however, you find yourself among those who know little compared to what you know, that is your opportunity to teach and instruct those who are willing to listen, and most people are willing to listen if you know how to approach them. The world is hungry for knowledge, the right kind of knowledge, but the majority of men remain ignorant because they never have the opportunity to rub shoulders with those from whom they can learn things. The ignorant man is surrounded by ignorance, and having no time or opportunity to learn, remains ignorant. Listen when you can learn and talk when you can impart and educate. You ask me if I would like to go to school with you. Oh, say wouldn't I just! Wouldn't I like to go back forty years and be a ten-year-old kiddie and grow up with this century and watch the wonderful changes that are going to take place in this and all the countries of the earth in the next fifty years. Yes, Grace, I would like to be toddling off to school hand in hand with you, care free, pain free and pop-eyed with happiness and the joy of living and rubbing cross-eyed at those two brothers of yours who married Elmer and Claud. Ah, that would be some fun. Well I should worry as the man said who could not kneel to pray because he had chilblains on his knees. Well I should worry, swallow a spoon and get all stirred up.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: FERRY, Box 42, S. C.

Will you allow a little girl from old South Carolina to come in and chat a little while? I live on the farm and like it a great deal better than the city. I can do almost any kind of farm work and enjoy it very much. I can also do any kind of housework. Papa tells me I am a good cook. I am going to school now and am in the eighth grade. How many of the cousins like music? I do for one, but I cannot play very much. I have a sister that plays very well and I believe she likes it better than I do but I just cannot help it. I believe I like an interesting book the best and I don't believe you'll be angry with me for it will you, Uncle Charlie? Well, I suppose I will have to

describe myself. I am five feet and three inches tall, have blue eyes, light complexion, brown hair, and weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds. Oh, Uncle I almost forgot to tell you how old I was, but not because I don't want to tell you. I am sweet sixteen. I don't mind telling one bit.

Uncle Charlie I think you are doing a noble work and may God's richest blessings rest upon you and help you to be as successful in the future as you have been in the past. Tell all the cousins to write to me and I will try to answer them all.

Lovingly your niece, MAY COOPER.

Delighted to hear from you May. So you live in South Carolina. By the way can anyone tell me why it is there is so much sickness and invalidism in North Carolina. We get more appeals for assistance from North Carolina than nearly all the rest of the states put together. South Carolina scarcely ever calls on us for help. COMFORT circulates largely in both states, so it has nothing to do with circulation, and as nearly all those who ask for aid are afflicted with rheumatism, we can't blame the hookworm for causing all this invalidism, and the poverty that ever goes with chronic illness. I am glad to hear your father tells you that you are a good cook and I rejoice that you have a father that knows good cooking from bad, and is willing to give credit where credit is due. So many people sit down to the table without ever noticing or commenting on the well-cooked food that has been placed before them. There are a lot of pious grouches who never neglect to say grace, and who are ever ready to thank Providence for sending their food, but they wouldn't in a thousand years, say a word of thanks and appreciation to the devoted little housewife who had cooked the food. Whenever I say grace, I always thank the cook as well as Providence, for unless we can live on grass, it isn't of much use thanking one without the other. Billy the Goat says sometimes I cuss the cook. Well the man who praises the cook has got a right to scold the cook, but the luncheon who never praises anybody, has no right to scold. Praise good cooking, and it is to the skies, and make a howl that can be heard all over town when the cooking is bad, for there is no excuse for bad cooking. That's the way to get good cooks. Praise good and hammer bad. May, you say that you like music for one. If the music is bad, I don't blame you for only wanting it for one, but if the music is good let all the world have it and don't let anyone person hog it. I don't wonder that you can't help it because your sister likes her music better than you do. Of course that isn't very complimentary to your sister, but it's only natural your sister would think more of her music than you do. If your sister makes bad music I'm very glad to hear you can't help it and are not responsible for it. No one who is producing bad music should receive help, unless it's help that puts a stop to it. I won't scold you for preferring a good book to music. Everyone can enjoy a good book, but not until music is well interpreted can anyone enjoy it, and oh, my, how seldom it is well interpreted. May, you have one very exciting sentence in your letter, so exciting in fact that Billy the Goat and the rest of the family have been quite worked up about it. You say: "I don't mind telling one bit." Now my dear, won't you tell me privately, confidentially, and between ourselves, and honestly I won't tell a living soul if you'll confide in me, who it was or what it was that bit? The great question is, was it a male thing in pants, or a mosquito or insect that bit? If you were near Billy the Goat during the hot summer days I would not have

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Clean Up Before Snow Flies

CITY dwellers as well as farmers find it to their advantage to put their gardens and dooryards in shape before winter sets in. Clean up around shrubbery, cut out dead canes, rake up leaves, pile up rubbish, weeds and dead grass and burn. This will save time in the spring; besides all this rubbish is infested with disease and insect pests which if carried over the winter may escape and begin their pestiferous lives before we get around to clean up in the spring.

Loosen up around the perennial plants and if they are in the habit of winter killing try using a light covering of clean straw.

If the house, the barn or other outbuildings need paint or repairs, before snow flies is the best time to attend to these matters. When spring comes you will be too busy. Besides, harvest is over, the crops safely garnered and stored and there is little to do at this time. Then winter requires plenty of good kindling, and old buildings and fences furnish an abundant and splendid supply when such repairs are made. If torn down in the spring and the rubbish lies around all summer in the rain it will not be half so good for fuel.

Better start in the winter with a clean barnyard. If the manure that has accumulated lies around all winter in the rain and snow much of its fertility value is lost. A sleek, shipshape appearance of buildings, a clean barnyard and a tidy garden and lawn cost little but add hundreds of dollars in appearance to the value of the farm.

How to Get Water into the Silo

In September COMFORT we discussed filling the silo and suggested that water must be added if the silo was filled with dry or very ripe corn. Since that time our attention has been called to the fact that we did not tell how to add this water, so now, even at the risk of being a little behind time, we are setting it down here.

The water should be added before the cut corn gets to the carrier, whether by blower or elevator. The most convenient way is to place a barrel close to the elevator so that its bottom will be about six inches above the level of the machine. A small hose provided with an adjustable pinch cock may be used as a siphon, the flow being adjusted by use of the pinch cock. Or a faucet may be placed in the bottom of the barrel and so adjusted as to give the desired stream. The water then flows readily into the machine, is mixed with the cut silage and elevated without trouble.

Wintering Young Pigs

Many farmers make a practice of carrying fall pigs over winter rather than depending for pork on early spring pigs. While pork may be produced more cheaply from early spring pigs, the market isn't always right when these spring pigs are ready for sale. The fall pig, fattened ready for the early market, may prove even more profitable than the early spring pig.

The Quarters

Fall pigs should be kept growing and healthy over winter. This cannot be done by keeping them in cold and dirty quarters and feeding a ration consisting chiefly of corn. Winter piggeries should be light, clean, dry and warm and provided with plenty of clean straw bedding. This should be changed as frequently as it becomes wet or soiled. Nothing is more important than keeping the pigs clean, dry and warm. Clean warm pigs will keep healthy; cold, wet ones will not.

The Feed

Young pigs should be fed a ration rich in protein. Corn alone will not do. Corn fed pigs have weak muscles and weak bones. Corn does not contain the materials necessary for growth and young pigs should be kept growing. A slop ration consisting of skim-milk, bran, ground oats and ground corn, to which is added a small proportion of these ground feeds, with about one quarter the amount of oil meal, and milk enough to make a good, heavy slop is a good proportion. If skim-milk is lacking water may be used by doubling the amount of oil meal.

Here is another good winter ration for pigs: Skim-milk with chopped alfalfa hay and three or four pounds of oil meal for each hundred pounds of skim-milk, or hot water, chopped alfalfa hay (good clover may be used instead), equal parts of ground corn and wheat bran and about one quarter as much oil meal as of wheat bran. Make a good heavy slop and feed warm but not hot. If skim-milk is to be had so much the better. Never attempt to winter pigs on skim-milk or water with corn alone. It don't pay; the pigs will be small and stunted.

Qualities Necessary in Beef Cattle

There are certain qualities which good beef cattle must have if they are to finish well, lay on weight economically and sell at a top price. The beef animal must be blocky in form, short, compact and muscular. He should have a short head, broad muzzle, wide, strong back, big girth and a smooth, evenly fleshed body. He should not be "cut up" at the flank nor "tucked in" at the hips. Hams, flanks and brisket should be broad, thick and carried low down. A side view of the body forms a rectangle and a rear view resembles a square, so that a good beef body is "blocky" in form.

The good feeder has a large barrel with plenty of room for vital and digestive organs. Now this form is seldom seen in the "scrub" steer or those of dairy cattle breeds. It can, however, be obtained by the use of pure bred bulls of the beef breeds on common cows. All calves that are to be raised for beef should, if possible, be from such sires, for only by getting this good form in beef cattle is it possible to produce high grade beef at low cost that will command top prices on the market.

More Beef Needed

At a recent meeting of hog packers in Chicago it was declared that, owing to the greatly reduced supply of beef cattle, choice beef steak would soon be worth \$1.00 per pound. This price would be prohibitive for the average family and when this time does come beefsteak can only grace the tables of the rich. So deeply concerned

were the packers over this possibility that they appropriated a half million dollars to be used in an effort to secure an increased supply of beef cattle.

The facts and figures stated by these men in support of their argument that our meat supply was rapidly decreasing in the face of a rapidly increasing population are true, there can be no doubt. But it is well to remember that this changing ratio of demand to supply is not the only reason for the increased price of meat. Aside from the monopoly which the packers themselves control and which to a very large degree fixes meat prices, there still remains the fact that it costs more to produce a pound of beef now than ever before. Feed costs more, land is much higher, consequently, pasture costs more, labor is higher and farm costs more. Since all these are factors in meat production it naturally follows that beef costs more.

Now the encouraging thing about it all is, so far as the farmer is concerned, that in producing beef on the small or medium-sized farm he no longer has to compete with the great free, open cattle ranges of the West. These have passed into history, hence he can be certain of getting good prices for the meat he produces. If these prices do not equal the cost of production then he turns to some other line of more profitable farming.

The facts then are these:

- I. We need more meat in this country.
- II. Prices are high and will so remain comparatively stable.
- III. The farmer can be reasonably certain in the future of good prices for meat products which will increase rather than decrease.
- IV. There is little danger of a decline in prices resulting from overproduction.
- V. Hence meat production is a good thing to go into.

Marketing Meat

"When to sell—that is the question." It is a question that can't be answered except in the most general way. But there are a few well-established principles not always recognized that may be accepted as guides to the answer of this perplexing question. In the first place, sell if possible when the market is right. Many farmers can't do this because their stock is not ready to sell when the market is at its best. A study of market quotations will show that there are certain times in the year when prices are best and that these days of high prices recur with great regularity year after year. The prudent farmer will then study the market with a view to having his stock ready for it when prices are best. Of course this involves breeding and feeding as well as market reports.

In the second place it is well known that meat is most economically produced that is ready for market at the earliest market age. Pigs at six or seven months, beef cattle at two years or less, lambs at six to eight months, chickens and ducks at ten to twelve weeks—these are the best market ages. They are the best market ages because after animals have reached these ages it takes much more feed to produce a pound of meat. Experiments show that it takes twice as much feed to produce a pound of gain on an old hog or sheep as it does on one six months of age.

In the third place, meat stock should be kept growing and fitted as quickly as possible. This is true because the longer an animal is fed the more feed it takes to produce a pound of gain. It has been conclusively shown that six months-old pigs may lay on one hundred pounds of gain for each four hundred pounds of feed during the first four weeks of feeding, but after being fed twelve weeks it takes double this amount to produce a hundred pounds of gain.

The man who studies the market with a view to learning the best time to sell must recognize the three principles set down above which may be summarized in another manner in the form of the following rules for successful meat production and marketing:

1. Select a type and breed that will produce marketable meat at an early age.
2. Breed these animals so that they will have arrived at a marketable age at the time the market is usually the best.
3. Keep young animals growing but not fat.
4. Plan to have sufficient feed on hand to fatten quickly when proper time comes.
5. Fatten as best time to sell as possible and sell if prices are right as soon as animals are fit.
6. Do not unnecessarily prolong the feeding period. Get animals ready in from four to six weeks if possible.
7. It pays best to feed young animals for meat. Such animals bring the highest market prices.

Spreading Hog Cholera Infection

Hog cholera has been terribly prevalent in the hog breeding states this year and in many instances the owner of hogs has unwittingly imported the disease onto his farm. Hearing that his neighbor's hogs have been taken down sick he immediately does the "brotherly kindness" or "do as you would be done by" act, by visiting his neighbor, wading about in the hog pens, examining the sick hogs and giving advice as to what should be done. The time was when every farmer had a favorite remedy for hog cholera, hidden away in the closet or some such secret place and it was brought to light and taken over to the neighbor's farm, near or far, when cholera broke out. In making these visits the neighborly visitor gets the contagion of cholera onto his boots, or clothing and brings it home with him. Arriving home he talks to the good wife for a few minutes and then walks into his hoghouse or yard and examines his swine, just to make sure that they are all right, just to prove to his own satisfaction that the done he has been feeding right along has perfectly protected the animals against the scourge. In doing this he carries the disease to his hogs and soon they take sick and die. Now don't go and do likewise. Take our advice and stay at home when cholera is out and advise. Use the telephone to convey sympathy and advice. Let that advice be to employ an expert to vaccinate the hogs with reliable serum. Not only stay at home, but keep visitors off the farm and let this especially include the pedler of worthless remedies and preventives of hog cholera. The disease cannot be prevented or cured by drugs. Vaccination, along with sanitary conditions in the hoghouses and yards and adequate exercise, good food and abundant water are the only known preventives of cholera. The careful hog raiser who is vaccinated his own hogs, does not go among your

hogs, or that he takes precautionary measures, by disinfecting and the wearing of clean clothes and different boots from the ones he has worn when treating affected hogs. If vaccination is decided upon employ only a graduate veterinarian and make sure that he is going to use vaccine pronounced reliable by the state veterinarian, or the veterinarian of the agricultural experiment station, of the state in which the hog owner lives. Don't import disease and to that end it also is necessary to quarantine all new bought animals for at least two weeks, before allowing them to mix with the home stock.

Care of Implements

The other day we were riding on the cars and saw a fine new binder standing in a slough, near the grain field where it had been used last harvest-time. No doubt it will be there when snow falls or flood water covers the slough and it will have many a companion, in near-by fields, where plows, hay-rakes, mowers and hay-loaders remain just where they stopped when last used. What a sinful waste is this! Those implements cost good money and they soon will go to wreck and ruin if left exposed to the weather. Get them under cover at once and then on wet and stormy days work on them with palm brush and grease and oil to put them in good condition and keep them so until needed again next season. Have you oiled or greased the plow? Have you cleaned the seeder sprockets? Have you removed sickle bars and cleaned all the working parts and bearings of the mower and binder and oiled them properly? If you have not, dear reader, you will be the one to pay the penalty. The plow will have to be scoured somewhere before it will work sweet next spring. Maybe that creek sand bed is far away, or the gravel patch at the side of the highway equally distant? Then it is going to be a waste of time to travel that far for the scouring process next year. One might as well do away with the necessity of the scouring act by attending to the plows now. How nice and pretty the new implements look when bought. Paint explains that and paint is cheap, easily applied and worth applying; for it preserves the implements and besides that it gives the tools an attractive look and their appearance will give their owner a reputation as a farmer. Depend upon it that the man who takes care of his implements is a good and successful farmer and we are certain that he properly looks after his "tools" and sees to it that the housewife has the modern machinery that will make her work indoors light, effective and pleasant. There is lots of time on every farm during winter and before spring work starts again to give these matters due attention and it will pay to attend to such work now.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as the answers to the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions in the first place and had remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

SOWING OATS WITH ALFALFA.—What is the right proportion of oats to sow with alfalfa?

A.—Sowing alfalfa with a nurse crop in Wisconsin is not advised. If this be done, however, sow oats at the rate of one bushel per acre and cut for hay before ripe in order to save food and moisture for the alfalfa during the dry, hot months of July and August.

PROPAGATION OF CHUFAS.—Will chufas set in the ground all winter in the southern part of Kentucky and so up in the spring? J. M., Whetstone, Ky.

A.—Probably yes. But in order to get a crop of chufas it would be much better for you to dig them in the fall and plant again in the spring. It is poor practice to allow crops which multiply like chufas to re-seed themselves.

BUCKWHEAT AND BEES.—Will buckwheat kill bees? A neighbor told me she had thirty-five hives and after sowing buckwheat two seasons she had only one stand. She had taken 600 pounds of honey just before sowing buckwheat. J. M., Whetstone, Ky.

A.—No. In the buckwheat growing states much valuable honey is made from this crop. Since it is of a later color it is not so popular on the market and brings a lower price. Hence in these localities the later clover honey is sold and buckwheat honey often used to feed bees over winter. Your neighbor should look elsewhere for the cause of this serious loss of bees, doubtless due to disease and not to buckwheat propagation.

RASPBERRY PROPAGATION.—I would like advice with regard to the time of year and method to be followed in propagating the Combining Red Raspberry plants and the purple variety. My bushes do not sprout up from the root and as yet I cannot make the cuttings grow. My bushes were two years old the past spring. They are profuse bearers and hardy. Vigorous plants and I want more bushes. Mrs. F. J. B., Polson, Mont.

A.—By fertilizing heavily and supplying plenty of moisture your raspberry plants may be induced to sprout from the root. This may also be induced by cutting back old canes after they have once borne fruit and pinching back tips to produce branching. They can then be layered and rooted. Raspberries are often propagated by dividing, that is bending down covering them in the soil and covering them with a spadeful of earth. They will take root where covered and this forms a new plant which may be set the next spring.

ONION MAGGOTS.—How can we keep maggots from onions? We have put ashes, tobacco dust, soda and emulsion oil yet maggots are just as terrible now. Onions would do well for a while when I applied these things, then soon be affected again. The maggots are very terrible, yet voracious and voracious all summer since about June 20th; so just lately we pulled out all, giving up the insecticides, but two rows of small onions on which I put lots of ashes, but it seems that the ashes hurt them for their growth, but it seems that the maggots are still there.

A.—The answer to this question is to be found in a recent number of COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER but since you are a new subscriber we will repeat it here. Onion maggots are the larvae of a small fly which burrows into the bulb. Since it is inside the onion there is only one way to get at it and that is by use of carbon bisulphide treatment described in another number of this paper. The best remedy is rotation of crops. Do not plant onions in the same field or garden two years in succession. Insecticides do little good. Ashes and other potash fertilizers seem to hold these pests in check but crop rotation is the most effective means of controlling them. Next year try planting your onions on land that has never grown onions before and as far away from your old onion beds as possible.

PRUNING BERRY BUSHES AND PLUM TREES.—Please give me instructions about pruning gooseberry and currant bushes and when to prune plum trees. Which shall we prune, old or new canes of these two bushes? Mrs. O. A. D., Oconto, Wis.

A.—Gooseberries and currants should be pruned in early spring before the buds have expanded. The old canes should be removed. You will hardly prune too heavily. Give last year's canes a chance. Cut out all dead wood. Plum trees should be pruned at the same time. Thin the tops to let in the sun. Don't train your plum trees over too high by cutting off outside branches. Better remove inside branches than making a wide rather than a high top.

CUTTING OFF POTATO BLOSSOMS.—Does it improve the potatoes to have their blossoms cut off? Mrs. O. A. D., Oconto, Wis.

A.—No. We know no reason why removing the potato blossom should improve the potato. The blossom has come to be a useless appendage anyway, the blossom producing seed.

CUTTING STRAWBERRY TOPS.—Will it help strawberry vines bear much fruit if we cut off all leaves along with running in about September? I know about cutting the late runners and laterals and runners of young vines that grow from parent vines, etc. Mrs. O. A. D., Oconto, Wis.

A.—No. The tops should be cut off immediately after the bearing season is past in June or July. This promotes the growth of new plants upon which next year's crop of berries will be borne. Late cutting will not give sufficient time for new plants to grow.

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Watch these columns for article soon to appear on "Renewing Old Strawberry Beds."

CABBAGE WORMS AND BLACK LEG.—Just now a few of our cabbages are rotten at the stem and also some of the leaves. Later I know the cause—the stink bug from the wash tub. We sliced the strong ends often before without harm, but now it is better to try other drugs to kill cabbage worms, slugs or salt or pepper.

Mrs. O. A. D., Oconto, Wis.

A.—Paris Green mixed with thirty times its volume of air-slaked lime and dusted lightly over the cabbage will control cabbage worms. There is little danger from using this poison before the heads are formed or even after if cabbages are well washed and outside leaves removed before being used for food. Soap-suds mixed with kerosene to form kerosene emulsion is good for worms, if used before they get inside the head. We hardly think that your trouble is caused by the use of soap-suds, however. From your description we believe that your cabbages are afflicted by a rot known as "black leg," a pretty hard disease to control. About the only thing to do is to plant your cabbages on a new place next year. As this disease remains in the soil from year to year crop rotation is the best remedy.

EVERBEARING RASPBERRIES AND STRAWBERRIES.—Do you believe in St. Regis everbearing raspberry and in everbearing strawberries? How long will these beds last, as short as the other strawberries?

Mrs. O. A. D., Oconto, Wis.

A.—We are not acquainted with the St. Regis raspberry. In general it is best to stick to old varieties of proven worth. The Wisconsin Experiment Station has found the Benet Dunlap, the Glen Mary, the Warfield and the Redwood among the best varieties of strawberries for that state. It is best to stick to varieties whose value is established by extended experiment.

WHEN PLUM TREES BEGIN BEARING.—How long do our tame plum trees, three to four and four to five feet high, transplanted, bear in the north country after being transplanted. Which is best variety, Surprise, Desoto or Forest Garden?

Mrs. O. A. D., Oconto, Wis.

A.—Plum trees of the size you mention should begin to bear about the third year after being transplanted, or at from five to seven years old. All the varieties you name are standard varieties the Desoto and the Forest Garden being the more extensively grown.

CABBAGE LICE.—Can COMFORT'S Modern Farmer please tell me what will kill lice on cabbage? C. C., Zealand, Mich.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

to ask you what bit. The only question then would be—where did it bite? I know you young ladies down South catch the boys pretty early, and that's why I want to know whether it was a "who" that bit and whether you've still got him on your back, and if he's a good catch. If it was an insect, or something else on that order, that lunched on your cuticle, you are mighty lucky if only one bit. What is that, Billy the Goat? May doesn't mean she was bitten by anything? Well there's her statement right before me in black, and white: "I don't mind telling you one bit," and no goat has any right to contradict a lady, and if one did bite I think May deserves to have our sympathy, for bites are dangerous at times. The Goat says that May means she doesn't mind telling us she is sweet sixteen. If that's the case, I don't see one bit, what one bit has to do with it. If May lived out West we would know when she referred to one bit that it would be twelve and a half cents, if two bits, twenty-five cents, but as she lives in South Carolina, we feel pretty confident that she wouldn't be bitten for twelve and a half cents. We all hope May wasn't bit at all, for when one is bit it always hurts, and leaves a bitter feeling, and we must all strive in this life, to calm strife and not create it.

McCool, Miss.

UNCLE CHARLIE:

My dear sir—I am writing you for a favor. I want you to get me a good girl, as a correspondent. My reason for writing you is because you hear of more girls more good girls than I do. It is not because there aren't no girls here, but because they are not my kind. I want a nice girl, only a young widow without children will be accepted if she is real nice and industrious and bare in mind. I know you are not a lady agent but I thought you might could help me find me a girl of good character. If it requires an advertisement—I will pay for same. I am twenty-nine years old, light complexioned, blue eyes, light brown hair, good moral habits and can give references if wanted. I wish to correspond with a lady of from twenty to twenty-five years old. If you know of and orphan girl, are a widow that wishes to correspond, tell them to write me. You no doubt have heard of some good girl lately. I must tell you real fact. (Ah, this is where he's going to be real confidential. Uncle Charlie.) A nice woman these days are hard to find. But I must have one of the right kind, are none at all. I can give a home to the right one, if pleased after we learn each other. You know I would love for her to be found in my state if possible, but if not I will take her from adjoining states. Understand you will not make a mistake by getting one to write me. Some fool girls. I can't it's not right. Well unless if you can help me, I will pay you for your effort same. If it requires an advertisement, I will pay for same on notice. Please find inclosed stamp for reply. (Isn't it wonderful what some folks expect for a two-cent stamp, Uncle Charlie.) You will surely reap a good harvest in the other world. Hoping you will see fit to help me at once. I am yours very truly, JOHN.

P. S. I am not hunting riches.

John, I am only too happy to set the yearnings of your heart and the longings of your inmost being before the gentler half of COMFORT's family. Though the publicity I am giving your letter will not do you any good, I think it ought to do our lady readers a whole lot of good, as it will give them an excellent idea how exacting are the requirements of young men contemplating matrimony. Understand, I've a heap of sympathy for all young men who are looking for life partners, and who are anxious to be home makers for the ideals of their hearts. The trouble however with all you boys, and some old guys who are not boys, is this: You expect perfection, physical and mental in a woman, and you make up your little pee-wee minds that you won't marry unless you find perfection. Now no man has any right to expect perfection in a woman, unless he himself measures up to a high standard of moral, mental and physical perfection. It disgusts me to see men who have gone through every form of dissipation, wallowed in the depths of lechituousness and depravity, and whose blood is tainted with the deadly germs of an unmenionable disease, start out in search of mates. And where do they conduct their search, pray? Not in the underworld among those who fell victims to their lures during the vicious days they were sowing wild oats of sin, but in Christian homes, where morality, chastity and virtue reign; homes that they would not dare to enter if society did not condone wild out sowing in a man and sanction a hideous dual standard of morals, a standard which whitewashes a male sinner of all his wickedness, and sends a hapless innocent, ignorant girl into that outer world which is flades itself, and from which she must never emerge until carried to her grave. A woman must not delve into a man's past. He, on the contrary must know all about hers. No matter what kind of a moral leper he is, he expects his wife to be a paragon of all the virtues. There is no limit to the nerve of the superior (2) sex. The only thing a parent asks a prospective son-in-law is: "How much money have you got?" He does not ask him how much health, morals or character a man has. The mating of virgin purity and dissolute libertinism, which is a crime against God and the race (for such unions make countless thousands suffer and mourn) will not go much longer unchecked. The double standard of morals which is being assailed on all sides, will soon receive its death blow. The mighty awakening of womanhood the world over, an awakening which finds its most forcible expression in a demand for political equality at the ballot box, will in a few years bring about a tremendous change in the attitude of both men and women toward each other. In those happier days soon to come, virtue will not, as it does today, from ignorance or necessity, immolate itself on the altar of lust and depravity. The physical and mental purity which man demands of woman, he will have to himself possess, or the law will see that he goes mateless and wifeless. Now John, to the consideration of your letter. You must be hard to please if you can't find a young lady who measures up to your ideals in your own town. If you expect to find better girls than those around your own home, you are going to be mightily disappointed. Some men have to look outside their own communities for wives because the girls at home know too much about them to marry them. We are wont to disparage and think lightly of those we come in contact with daily and idealize the girl at a distance. Imagination is a great thing, and through its rosy spectacles we endow those we have never seen with virtues and charms that no human being ever yet possessed. When the dream maiden meets up with the dream man, they look at one another with unutterable disgust and want to run, and generally do run, for imagination is the champion deceiver and photographs are liars of the first water. So my advice to all men who are seeking a mate, is to select one you have known and grown up with from childhood, and then you are not liable to pick a lemon in the garden of love. Now John, you say you would not mind getting acquainted with a young widow if she is real nice and industrious. I've no doubt you'd have no trouble in finding a widow who was industrious, but whether you'd find one who was industrious is another question. Billy the Goat says an industrious woman is one who can sweep, clean, patch, mend, cook, wash, scrub and keep the house in order, while an industrious woman is one who is not only a medal taker at home work, but who can churn cows, milk butter and carry six bales of cotton on her head without turning a hair. Evidently John, you want a good worker. Maybe if you found one of these "industrious" workers, you'd be like a good many other men, you'd squat yourself down in the plush rocker and chew navy plug all day, while your wife was up a sixty-foot ladder picking bales of cotton off the cotton trees. Your widow too must be "bare in mind." Evidently you don't want a wife with any mental furniture in her upper story. I suppose you have an idea that if she had a well-equipped think box that she would not let you sit in the plush rocker,

while she did the work, then too, possibly, she might not be content to vote the democratic ticket as you and all your neighbors have been doing for centuries. She might vote the progressive, prohibition or socialist tickets, and surely that would be an awful jar to a real old-fashioned Southern democrat, who in the habit of electing pork barrel patriots and navy destroyers to office, as most democrats do. The Goat thinks you mean best in mind and not bare in mind. I hope the Goat's surmises are correct, for a well-clothed mind is more necessary even than a well-clothed body. You say you know I'm not a lady agent. No, I certainly am not. I'm a gent agent, and if you don't tumble to that subtle bit of humor I'll just put you wise to the fact that I'm a male agent, and I'm certainly not in the business of procuring "industrious" widows with bare minds for anybody. I know an orphan girl who wants to marry, but her father and mother won't let her. You say nice women these days are hard to find. Don't you believe it. You had better go to an oculist and get your lamps tested. There are a dozen good women to every one good man. You are either suffering from defective vision or are mighty hard to please. You say you want one of the right kind "are" none at all. If you write "are" for "or" when corresponding with the ladies, it will be none at all for you all right. You say you would love for her to be found in your state. Now maybe it might not be good for her to be found in your state. You might be found in a state of excitement, a state of dejection, a state of intoxication (mental of course) and you would not want to find a lady in any of those states. If the industrious widow with the "bare mind" came along you might be found in a state of collapse, and that wouldn't be good for either of you. I could not make your wants in the girl line known through the advertising columns of COMFORT for various reasons. You see no reputable publication handles that class of advertising, and an advertisement in COMFORT would cost you five dollars a line, or about a hundred dollars for an inch of space, and by the time you had paid for that ad, you would probably not have the price of a pant's button, let alone a wedding ring, and the industrious widow with the bare mind if she answered your "ad." in person, would have to telegraph to her folks for the price of a railroad ticket to get home. It is very generous of you to want to pay me John, and heaven knows I need the dough. As for my reaping a harvest in the other world, that does not worry me at all. What I want to do is to reap my harvest right here. I'll never rather in a harvest by securing industrious widows with bare minds for you John, and I'll bet if I found you a hundred of them, you wouldn't pay me more than ten cents a piece for the whole bunch, and you'd expect a rebate of three cents each on all the cross-eyed and red-headed ones. Oh, I know how generous you boys are. Like you John, I am not hunting riches, but by the eternal I am hunting a living.

COLUMBUS, MISS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I enjoy your "talks with girls" so very much. I am an orphan girl and receive lots of help from your advice. Please, if it is not asking so very much of you, will you give me a little advice? My parents are dead and I must make my way in the world. My education is very poor. Housekeeping and nursing my parents, has been my occupation since I was ten years of age. I have (or believe that I have) a genuine love for nursing. I have never had any experience, only my home experience. I have very good health. Now, do you think I could secure a position as nurse in a hospital in my town without having had any training? Nursing is confining and wages would be small I know, nevertheless I love the work and if I can only get a position I have confidence enough in myself to believe that I could work up and after a while receive good wages. Your advice will be appreciated. "GIRLIE."

Now dear, I wouldn't advise every girl to take up the profession of nursing for it's the hardest work in the world, and like nearly all other professions is overcrowded. But as you are out for the work and love it, what would break another girl's heart would only make yours pulsate the stronger. You write exceedingly well but your spelling is very poor. You can easily remedy this, if you will buy a cheap pocket dictionary and when you are uncertain about a word, look it up. The majority of persons never use more than a few hundred words. The vocabulary of the ordinary individual is woefully limited. When you become a nurse however you have to attend lectures and take notes, and the staff surgeons and physicians "talk" you, and the head nurse who has eyes in both the front and back of her head, eyes that can see through a brick wall a mile thick, would throw fifteen fits if you spelled occupation "occupation" as you have done in your letter to me. Don't be discouraged my dear, for ten per cent of all the teachers in the United States can't do any better, at least ten per cent in this state can't. Your handwriting is exceptionally neat, and you've spelled receive correctly, and there are lots of teachers who can't do that. In your work you'll stack up against some technical words peculiar to your profession that will positively have to know how to spell. For instance if Dr. Dooley were lecturing on anemia and you happened to write anemick instead of anemic, he might think because you had put mick instead of mic, at the end of his nationality, and then you might find yourself in the middle of an avalanche of sham rocks and real rocks, that would make you a very excellent invalid, but a very poor nurse. Brush up your spelling. On everything else you'll do very nicely. You will only get five dollars a month if you start in a Protestant or Catholic hospital. These institutions pay wretchedly. A city hospital has less religion, but more conscience, so go to one if you can, and you will be paid a fair wage even while learning. Nurses are idiots to put up with this five dollar a month wage business. It is a contemptible imposition and wholly unnecessary. But nurses are not organized. They have no union and unless the workers are organized, they will get nothing. Institutions which are supposed to be charitable affairs are nearly all business propositions, where the dollar is squeezed until it screams for mercy. The money that flows into some institutions is simply fabulous. I watch closely the wills of those who make charitable bequests in New York and other sections, and the money left to both Protestant and Catholic institutions—hospitals especially—would suffice to pay every nurse, during her four years' training ten dollars a month for her first year and thirty dollars a month for the balance of her time. A nurse after her first year's training, is almost as capable as those who spend three years in those halls of suffering and death. Believe me the experience is terrific and it's knocked into a girl so swift, hard and fast that it takes her breath away. When I speak of a year being sufficient to turn out a good nurse, I do not refer to the six months that is necessary for maternity training, and it is in that line of work that the majority of nurses get the best part of their incomes. In the second year of your training, you will be sent out to do private nursing for which the hospital will scoop in anywhere from fourteen to twenty-five dollars a week, and for which you will as usual get nothing but your five dollars a month. Look out for the young doctors or interns as they are called. Every nurse who is fairly good looking is a mark for these gay boys. You'll get fired if you are found walking out with one, but nurse and intern manage to meet all the same. If you'll take my advice, however, you'll steer entirely clear of these gentlemen, for many of them regard the nurse as their natural prey, much as the coyote does the rabbit. I spent six years in hospitals and institutions and I know something of these things. A level-headed girl can hold her own anywhere; the level-headed cautious girl never puts herself in any position where she is likely to be compromised, or where there is not a handy door through which she can conveniently retire. Eternal vigilance is the price

of virtue as well as liberty. Most girls who go to the big city hospitals, come from good homes where they are treated with every respect, and where if any man didn't treat them with respect he'd be well hammered, or well bullet riddled by the girls' natural protectors. Once in the big city the girl has no protectors, and any protection must be done by herself. From habit a girl at home has learned to trust men. Most women unhappily fall into the deadly error of accrediting virtues to men that they do not possess. A girl who is good, pure and sweet, gives everyone else, male and female credit, for being as good as herself. That is where the girl makes a great mistake. Instead of trusting everybody when you come to a city, trust nobody, and most of all don't trust yourself, for the city people are so foxy and subtle 'at least the bad element is and that element is everywhere, in the front pews at church as well as in the back rooms of saloons and alleys of tenements), that it's best to regard everyone as an enemy. Even the minister that you go to for advice, may be as bad as the rest, for occasionally they hang ministers for as heinous crimes as were ever recorded in criminal history. The sweetest thing in all the world is trust. That's one of the loveliest things that God puts in the human heart. Unfortunately, the Devil has a good deal more to do with running this world than God has, and the Devil is such a past master in the art of trap setting and ensnaring youth, beauty and innocence, that you'd better make it a rule to add a pair of horns and a nice green tall well curled at the end, to all the male folks who approach you, and add the same embellishments to about one in every ten of the women who try to win your confidence. Trust no one until you have watched and sized up things for yourself. Be careful even about your girl chums until you have proved them. They will soon warn you about the men, but don't let down the bars no matter how much experience may incline you to do so. You will think I am overdoing it, and that reminds me of a little story my doctor told me yesterday. One of his patients was a lady with a very beautiful daughter. This woman was always telling the doctor how clever her daughter was in handling the men: "Why she just twists them around her finger," she'd proudly say. The foolish woman didn't realize her daughter was playing with fire, but she was all right. One day the clever young lady went to my physician and began to cry. It was not necessary to ask any questions to find out what was the matter. Fortunately the poor, foolish mother died before she knew of her daughter's disgrace. That is one of the untold tales, scores of which every physician could tell if he cared. Go through your training not with a view to catching a husband en route but of helping sick humanity while learning your profession, and doubly helping them when you are skilled in your work. A nurse is told never to show sympathy. They tell you that in hospitals because they want to get more work out of you, for sympathy takes time and draws on one's vitality. You don't have to talk much to patients but just a smile and a cheery word, and you'll be loved as no other woman was ever loved in this world, and longing eyes will look for your coming and bless you as you pass. Hospital patients, rough men, brawny fellows who have been picked up in the street, battered and mangled, become as tender as little babies and as devoted as knight errants to a nurse who shows them a little kindness—just a smile, just a little word to show she wants them to get well. You don't know perhaps that half of humanity to-day is dying for just that little smile, that little word of kindly interest, the cheery little greeting. You don't know when God made this world He meant that some day all those who inhabited it, His children, were to become members of one great family and have the same interest in each other and the same regard and affection for each other, as the members of the ordinary family have today. Oh, yes! of course it will be a long time before you will feel like loving a Chinaman or a Jap, a Hindoo or a Turk but the world though very old in sin and cruelty, is still very young in goodness, in fact it's in the very, very, shortest pants of the childhood of goodness. Humanity's in the blind puppy stage of real civilization, God's civilization. You may know that by merely looking about you. If men puppies could or would only get their blinking eyes wide open, the glory of the vision they would glimpse would blind them with its beauty—so be good to your patients. If you grow cold, callous and mechanical, as about seven out of every ten nurses eventually do, you will never make a success of your profession. Keep that cheery little smile, which in itself radiates life and hope, and chases gloom, despair, and pain and makes them fly away and hide in a corner. The first good fellow you nurse will fall in love with you. He will be an awful fool if he doesn't, for a trained nurse unquestionably has a social, and I might even say an intrinsic value ten times greater than ten or even twenty ordinary women put together. That is because she is today what every woman will be some day, and not very far from now, thoroughly and perfectly trained and splendidly efficient in the noblest and most beautiful of all professions, just the profession I imagine Christ would approve and commend the most, were He among us in flesh as well as in spirit. Skill and efficiency are glorious things. In the school of bright today and glorious tomorrows, that blessed era which is drawing nearer every day, the schools will turn out nothing human that is inefficient. We shall have an educated, efficient world, and it's just as easy to have an educated, efficient world as to have an ignorant, inefficient one. It does not cost any more to have efficiency. All that is necessary is the desire and the determination.

PORTLAND, MICH.

DEAR COUSINS:

This is the first time that I have ever written to COMFORT so I will describe myself. I am five feet four inches tall. I weigh one hundred and thirty pounds, have a light complexion, and dark hair. I will be eighteen years old the 29th of April, and I would very much like to have a post-card shower, will answer all I receive. My father owns one hundred acres of land, we have five horses, nine head of cattle, sixty sheep, eleven dogs, seventy-five hens. I have four brothers and two sisters.

We have a large house containing eighteen rooms and two barns. We live eight miles from Ionia, eight miles from Portland. We do almost all of our trading at Ionia, but we get our mail from Portland. We have local options in all the towns around here.

The crops we raise are hay, wheat, oats, corn, potatoes, all kinds of garden vegetables. We also raise apples, pears, plums, quinces, currants, strawberries, raspberries, cherries and grapes. I go to the Catholic church of S. S. Peter and Paul of Ionia.

If the Goat isn't hungry I will write again. My wish to COMFORT is may it live long and prosper.

Your cousin,

TERESA M. ZANTO.

Teresa, I am glad to see you belong to such a happy, prosperous family. I like to see a farm well supplied with live stock, and especially do I like to see a band of sheep on a farm, for wool and mutton are mighty good things. What has astonished me however, is the extraordinary architectural arrangement of your house. You say: "It is a large house, containing eighteen rooms and two barns." Say that must be some house, believe me. Now Teresa, who was it that prompted you, or your folks to build the barns inside the house? I would certainly like to see the plans of that house of yours. Do you have the cow barn in the parlor or adjoining it? or do you have it up stairs between the guest chamber and your boudoir? I don't think I'd care to have a house that contained a cow barn, cow barn or any other kind of barn. Just imagine when you got up in the morning and wandered to the

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bathroom for your matutinal ablutions, and to comb the corn cobs and hayseeds out of your chin whiskers, to find a cow sitting in the bath tub, and a four-legged hog using your tooth-brush. Honestly I think I'd have nervous perspiration if anything like that ever happened to me. It seems to me it would be far the better plan from a sanitary and hygienic point of view, to keep the house and the barns apart. Billy the Goat says he thinks you mean, that you have an eighteen-room house, and also two barns. I hope Billy is right, in fact I shall feel greatly relieved to know that he is. You say: "We have local options in all our towns around here. I've heard of a mortgage option, or option on a certain piece of real estate or property, and also of local option, but local options is a new one on me. I guess you mean local option. Teresa, the right of each locality to decide whether it wants saloons or does not want them. I hope the women of Michigan will kick the saloons clean into the lake that is named after their state. At the Presidential election Michigan swung into line for woman suffrage. A lady residing in that state however, wrote me and said that the liquor interests were plotting with the politicians, and trying to make out that the elections in some counties were not conducted according to the law. Eventually these vipers of rum won out, and got the state to again vote on this question, with the result that liquor, ignorance, and prejudice won. The women were deprived of their votes and Michigan crept back into her hole with the other bunch of sleepy, backward benighted states that continue to deprive women of their rights and class them with Indians, infants and idiots. I hope Michigan will soon prove to the world that it isn't controlled by liquor; for remember it is the rum demon, the white slaver, the food doper and the political crook, that are the chief opponents of woman suffrage. The mere fact that the rum interests are afraid of women, ought to speak volumes in favor of giving women the ballot, and the fact that rum and the liquor traffic generally, is controlled by men, and knows it has little or nothing to fear from men, is to my mind sufficient reason for depriving men of the ballot, for there is not one booze controlled voter in ten that knows how to use it. Men have been voting in this country for over a century, and you've only got to look around and see to what rotten uses they have put the power and glorious opportunities that have been theirs. If the women can't do better than the men have done, we had better turn this country over to brass monkeys or the inmates of our lunatic asylums to run. I don't suppose they would make a very good job of it, but they couldn't do worse than the pork barrel patriots at Washington. By the way, here's something about Michigan that ought to interest you if you're capable of being interested in things that concern the nation, and mighty few of you are. In November last year (1912), Michigan flopped to Roosevelt and the progressive party, by 62,340 plurality. Five months later in April 1913, the republican ticket won by from 28,000 to 47,000 and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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A Delayed Christmas Dinner

By Sarah E. Gannett

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"No, no, George, don't go. Don't leave me alone with these two babies and the town full of Yankee soldiers."

"But, Lucy, dear, I shall soon be back. You would not have me stay to be taken captive and sent to one of those horrible Yankee prisons, I know," and hastily kissing his wife and babies, George Henry hurried off.

It was "war times", and the little town of Camden, Arkansas had, so far, been securely held by Confederate troops; but about the first of December General Steele left Little Rock with his column, pressed down upon Camden, and forced the Confederates to evacuate the place.

George Henry had seen much service in the Confederate army, but had been severely wounded in the battle of Shiloh, and was now, being incapacitated for active service, filling the place of quartermaster.

As the day wore on squad after squad of the hated blue-coats marched into Mrs. Henry's grounds and camped around the house. One by one the shelter tents went up and a huge campfire burned in the lower field, while dark forms of soldiers moved hither and thither in the dusk of the evening. Suddenly a light knock came on the door of her room which opened on the front gallery.

"Madam," said a courteous voice from the darkness, as she opened the door, "I am Captain Meader, in charge of the men camped on your grounds. My orders are to ask of you shelter and food for a few days for myself and three other officers."

Helpless to do otherwise, she silently beckoned the men in and went to give orders to the servants for their entertainment.

At length the long day ended, but night brought no sleep to poor Mrs. Henry. Suddenly, from far down the street, came an explosion. Soon she heard the sound of hurried feet gathering around the house. She shook with terror, but could neither move nor speak. Just then a knock came upon her door and the Captain's voice said:

"Madam, do not be alarmed. It is only an attempt by the Confederates to blow up the fort and drive out the Federals, but it is all over now. I have placed a guard around the house, too, so you are quite safe," and the Captain moved away from the gallery.

Somewhat calmed by his words Mrs. Henry ventured to peep through the window and plainly saw the forms of soldiers marching to and fro in the darkness, and at last, being utterly spent with anxiety and exhaustion, she dropped asleep.

At breakfast the Captain's first words to her were:

"Big joke, madam. Those fellows who tried to blow up the fort made a mistake in the darkness—they are strangers here—and laid their mine under an old piggy instead of the fort, and this morning two dead hogs are hanging over the roof-tree of their owner's house, where they landed after the explosion lifted them out of bed."

Several days later Mrs. Henry said to Captain Meader: "I fear your Christmas dinner tomorrow will be a poor one. My bacon is all gone. I have only two hens remaining, and if I kill them we shall have no more eggs, and there is no fresh meat to be had for love nor money."

"Indeed, Mrs. Henry, I can help you out on the Christmas dinner, I think. I bought a fine spare-rib of one of the hogs which were blown up the other night, and have been keeping it for this very occasion. I also got a pound of raisins and half a pint of brandy from the quartermaster for Christmas; so, if you can have a pudding made with them, we shall fare well, after all."

"Oh, yes," answered Mrs. Henry, "if you will allow your pudding to be made of corn-meal and sweetened with sorghum I can do it, but I have neither sugar nor wheat flour in the house. I have some sweet potatoes, too, enough for one dinner, I think."

"Fine! fine! a dinner fit for the President himself, Madame," answered the Captain.

Preparations went on merrily, and by noon of Christmas Day savory odors of the coming dinner were wafted from the kitchen all about the place. Suddenly, looking from her window, Mrs. Henry saw her husband approaching the house. She rushed to the door and threw herself into his arms with a sob; but quickly freed herself, crying:

"But the Yankees are here still, George, and they'll take you prisoner."

"Not much they won't, dear. It is just as I told you it would be. We've made such a rumpus at Little Rock since the Yankee troops were withdrawn that these men are ordered there to protect the place, and are already on the march."

"But I do not understand. There are four of them housed with me, and they'll all be here in a few minutes for dinner."

"Well, they won't get any dinner here," he answered, grimly.

Just then Captain Meader and his squad appeared. The men marched by in the direction of their tents behind the house, while the Captain approached, saying:

"Madam, I am ordered to Little Rock at once, and so, I very much regret to say, I shall be obliged to forego my Christmas dinner."

"What! Set out on a long march without food!" said Mrs. Henry. "Oh, that must not be. Dinner is all ready to be served, and I'm laying her hand on her husband's arm, 'this is my husband, Captain Meader. I want you to know him.'"

"I can get along without Captain Meader's acquaintance," growled George, turning his back, and the sooner he leaves my house the better for each of us."

"But, George, he has been so good to me," pleaded his wife. "He has taken every care of me and the children while we have been surrounded by the Yankees."

George wheeled at once and held out his hand. "That alters the case, Captain Meader. I owe you much if you have been a friend to my wife, for she needed one sorely. Pardon my rude words and stay to dinner with us before you march."

"Thank you, Captain Meader," replied Meader, as he took the offered hand. "I would most gladly accept your invitation, but my orders are imperative. I hate to leave that dinner, though. Its odors are so tantalizing that I must hurry away from them lest they prove too strong a temptation, and with a comical grimace of despair Captain Meader joined his men in the road and marched away."

The day before Christmas in 1904 two old soldiers, with white hair and beards stood before a great stall in the great Central Market in Washington, D. C. One, portly and rosy-faced, was wearing a tall straw hat topped a heap of goodies, among which loomed out the head and tail of an enormous turkey.

"Send the things," he remarked as he turned away. "To Colonel George Henry, California Avenue."

The other old gentleman started as he heard the name, and turned sharply to look in the face of the first.

"Pardon me," he said, "but did I understand you to give your name as George Henry?"

"Certainly, that is my name."

"Of Camden, Arkansas?" continued the other eagerly.

"Yes, Camden was my home for many years, but I am living in Washington now. But you have the advantage of me, sir, I do not recollect you."

"Do you remember Captain Meader who lost a Christmas dinner at your house forty odd years ago?"

"Do I? Well, I should say I did! And are you Captain Meader?"

"Colonel, like yourself, now, sir."

"Well, well, this is delightful!" said Colonel Henry, shaking the other's hand heartily. "And are you, too, living here now?"

"No, sir, I am sorry to say that I have no settled home here all married; so I live wherever it pleases me; sometimes with one of them, but more often roving about from place to place. Just now I am here engineering a scheme of mine through Congress, and am putting up at the Raleigh hotel."

"Then you are alone in the city. Now you must come up and eat that Christmas dinner with us from which you ran away forty years ago. Come, I'll take no denial. Lucy will be delighted to see you. You won't know Lucy. She is the handsomest white-haired old grandmother you ever saw. Fourteen grandchildren we have, sir; all of them good and pretty. Beat that if you can, sir."

"Not quite, I am afraid," laughed Captain Meader, "for I have only one. But I won't knock under to you or anyone in the matter of beauty or goodness for them. I'll be very glad to come to dinner with you tomorrow. Will you have the pudding made with corn-meal and sorghum?"

Colonel Henry roared. "Gee! but that was a pudding, sir. I've never seen its like before nor since. No, sir, I can't match that pudding, but you shall have as good a one as they know how to make no. . . . Yes, yes, I'll risk Lucy's pudding; and I'll risk her delight when she sees you. Won't it be larks! Good morning, sir. Be sure to be on time tomorrow," and off went the ponderous Colonel, chuckling to himself over the surprise which he had in store for his wife.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

272 East 163rd St., New York City, N. Y.
DEAR WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
It is a rainy, misty, veritable London evening in the "Metropolis of America," as I sit me down to write. I have been pondering on Longfellow's memorable lines:

"I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist."

And I wonder, sisters, if you, too, far away from here as you may be, I wonder if you, too, do not feel that uncontrollable "feeling of sadness and longing," when the September sun has gone down to its home in the crimson flooded west, and the lazy, gray sheet of mist rolls in from the waters, and slowly, stealthily, envelops the world, and I, too, feel, sisters, for it corrupts my ideas of optimism, so I come to you in my longing for companionship, and now as I have entered your doors I shall come boldly to the front, sit myself in the midst of your cosy circle, and chat.

First, with your kind and undivided attention I shall introduce myself.

A New Yorker born and bred, never having seen the really, truly country, but have dreamed of fairy forests, cool green woods, towering mountains, vast uninhabited prairie lands, desert lands, and have seen the wonderful forests reproduced in six or seven trees, the towering mountains in a single mountain, the vast prairie lands, and as near as I have gotten to the prairies and the deserts are the paved city streets. But I have not yet despaired, and let me tell you why. I am but seventeen years of age with all my life before me, and a wonderful curiosity, and a desire to travel. The Lord has said "Seek and thou shalt find." Why, when I seek to find the beautiful, fabulous country and the new lands, why then shall I not find them?

Sisters, for the benefit of you who have never seen a New York girl I shall describe myself. I am five feet five inches tall, and vary in weight from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and thirty-five pounds. My eyes are a gray blue, with more blue than gray, my hair is brown very short, and very thick and curly, with an inclination toward the burnished copper color. I have pink cheeks, a good complexion, white teeth, and a tiny pin-point dimple in my right cheek, just to the side of my mouth.

I am not so different from the girls in our home town, I hear you say, and truth I am not. Allowing for a citified walk, citified talk (which is a jumble of the provincial and the ungrammatical), and the letters N. Y. sticking out from every "look and cranny" of my citified clothes, I do not think there are any distinguishing features.

Sisters, I am taking too much of your time, and want to say just one thing more, I, too, am a Comfort lover, and I am sorry that I have nothing of value to offer you except my willingness to take you who write me for a rocking-chair trip with the help of the stretching of your imaginations, around our great and wonderful city, the greatest and most wonderful city in the world.

I should love to hear from Arizona, Wyoming and the states past "The Great Divide."

Ever yours,
FLORENCE O'BRIEN.
MALAD CITY, IDAHO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
May I come in to chat a while as perhaps some of you would care to hear about our little valley. We have an abundance of good water and a fine climate. Never very hot or extremely cold. Salt Lake is three hours' ride from here, and Brigham, where the beautiful Elberta peaches grow, is two hours' ride. A lot of unsettled land here yet, and a lot of opportunity for healthy, industrious people. This was, until a few years ago, an entire Mormon settlement, although now there are numbers of us Gentiles here, too.

I am twenty-three years old and the mother of two fine boys. I have never been up one night with either since they were born and my secret is simple. I never teach them to expect holding, and I never rock to sleep. I rock them and cuddle them at times, but only for a romp. The hour after supper is always theirs for a romp and fun. Then I put them to bed and leave them to go to sleep while I finish my work undisturbed. Try my system, sisters, and see how much nicer than spoiling baby. They soon learn, no difference how small, that mamma is firm and then the battle is won.

For a burn use linseed oil. Bind on if possible until sore is clean and then use good salve. This cured my little boy of three months when the whole right side of his face was burned, never affected his eye or left a scar. Do not allow them to pick off scabs. Better to the hands, for every scratched spot makes a scar.

For summer complaint in babies take a tablespoonful of tea and boil in one cup of milk or water. A beef soup bone is just as nice to cook with beans in the winter as pork and a nice change.

If any of the sisters write to me I will answer all I can. I would like to hear from Florida sisters, the state of my birth.

Love and good luck to our dear COMFORT and COMFORT sisters.
MRS. JOHN W. BREWER.
NEWPORT, PERRY CO., PA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I have taken COMFORT over three years and find it very helpful, and I thought it might help someone to know what many believed saved my baby's life.

As baby would not nurse at the breast, I was obliged to put him on the bottle. He lost every day, and we feared he would not live. All kind of prepared foods were tried, but nothing agreed with him. I then gave him a spoonful of rice-water and cow's milk prepared in this way. One tablespoonful of rice cooked two hours in one quart of milk and strained. Use equal parts of this rice-water and milk. Give warm. My baby gained in weight at once and has been well ever since.

Can anyone give a home remedy for catarrh of the head? I have colds as soon as the cool weather comes. I like to hear from the mothers.
MRS. HARRY J. BYERS.
GREENUP, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I have never seen a letter from this part of the country, so I hope you will allow a stranger from here to enter your home circle. I enjoy the sisters' letters so much. I am saving all my 1913 copies of COMFORT. I see where Mrs. Mary J. Hayes makes lots of pretty things from gunny sacks. I will tell you how to make some very pretty portieres which look quite elaborate although very simple to make. There are made from three gunny sacks, with a pole run through the top. The sacks are ripped and pressed, then cut down by

a thread so they will be perfectly straight. One of the sacks which is to hang in center, should be left almost full width but cut down to about half length. The other two should be a little more than half their width, but left full length. Cut off all selvages. Begin by hemming the sides with ravelings taken from the sack, then hemstitch hems in the top, using red yarn. Pull threads, first a wide space, then a narrow space, with the solid sacking left between the drawn spaces. Hemstitch each side of all the drawn spaces and work a simple design in the drawn portion, using the red yarn. Finish by fringing the ends.

I wish some of the sisters would tell me how to darken hair switches, and how to keep my hair from turning gray. I am twenty-five years old and my hair is getting gray, and I don't like to look so old. I wonder if any of the other sisters feel that way.

It made me feel good to read such nice motherly letters as Mrs. Jennie B. Honchen and Mrs. Berenice Schook wrote. They made me think of my mother, who answered the questions "come home", a few years ago and left me almost alone. I have a lot of sympathy for all the motherless girls.

Good wishes to all COMFORT workers.
MRS. GERTRUDE WILLINGHAM.
ADA, OKLA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
Will you please make room for a young sister from Oklahoma? I have long been a silent but interested reader of COMFORT Sisters' Corner. To my notion it is one of the most interesting departments of the paper. The many good recipes and helpful hints which the sisters contribute are a blessing to a young housekeeper like myself. The letters vary a great deal, I notice, some giving a description of the country in which they live, others writing on the rearing of children, woman suffrage, etc.

Well, I do not know very much about the latter, but am very much in sympathy with the movement. The states that have given women the right to vote have made some decided changes for the better in regard to laws and the selection of officers to enforce them.

As to the child question, I want to say I dearly love children. In the first place, I have six brothers living, the most of them yet small boys, and three sisters. Teaching school has been my vocation for several years and I love the work. Teachers should not fail to realize the great responsibility resting on them. We are given our children to train, six and eight months out of a year. Should we not be very careful then how we form and mold the characters of these young minds? I try to teach my pupils kindness, love and respect for old age; kindness to dumb animals, to be kind and thoughtful of poor children who cannot dress as well as they, and last but not least, to be polite. One's manners, I think, are a great index to a person's character.

As the days, bless their hearts, I teach them to be careful in their conduct toward all girls as they would want other boys to be to their own sisters. As I said before, I love the work and my pupils. With sixty or seventy loving, trusting hearts that look to you for help and guidance we should try every day to make our own lives better in order to fit ourselves for this great work.

Sometimes we teachers feel a little discouraged because the parents show a lack of interest in school affairs. But the mothers are busy I know, and it isn't wholly neglect. You know it helps the child wonderfully for papa and mamma to visit the school occasionally. I have seen their dear little faces brighten and their eyes sparkle when they entered the school-room, how they tried to excel in their lessons that papa and mamma might see how they were getting along. And it gives the teacher renewed courage as she goes about her work, for she feels that the parents are working with her in the interest of their boys and girls.

I have a brother and sister who are teachers, too. My father moved to Oklahoma about nine years ago from Ohio. I hated to leave my home in the North, but I love the Southern people. They are so kind and hospitable.

I was married the first of June and I have one of the best husbands in the world. I like housekeeping so much and love the country. We live on a farm and I enjoy it too. I took domestic economy and art at the East Central State Normal for two summers, and that helps me in my work. Well, I shall conclude my letter by describing myself. I am twenty-three years old, weigh one hundred and five pounds, height five feet seven inches and have black hair, brown eyes and fair complexion.

Sometimes I will write about my home, surrounding country, products, climate, etc.
With best wishes to the editor and all the dear sisters,
GLENNIE CORNIN.
ST. ANTHONY, R. 2, IDAHO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
May I come in for a chat this rainy afternoon? This is my first letter to COMFORT, so I will begin by describing myself. I have brown eyes and hair, am five feet one inch tall, weigh one hundred and thirty pounds and am nineteen years old.

I have never seen any letters from this part of Idaho, the gem of the mountains. I live in eastern Idaho, not far from the Wyoming line. We have a fine climate, can raise almost anything. I am situated on the Snake river, is the headquarters for the famous seed-pea industry. They have three large warehouses located here. The company employ about one hundred girls to pick over the peas. The work lasts from September until March or April. The girls get from five to twelve dollars per week, products, climate, etc.

Would like to hear from sisters.
Love to all the sisters and you Mrs. Wilkinson.
MISS LUELLA FANTER.
The Indian's Lament

Adieu to the spot, where my parents now rest,
For I must be going far, far, to the West.
I've sold my possessions, my heart's filled with woe,
Alas! must I leave all, alas! must I go?

Adieu ye wild scenes, which do bind me like chains,
While on my way, I framed o'er the plains,
The deer and the turkey I've tracked through the snow,
Alas! must I leave all, alas! must I go?

Adieu ye tall oaks, in whose pleasant green shades
I spent all my childhood in innocent plays,
My dog and my hatchet, my arrow and bow,
Alas! must I leave all, alas! must I go?

Sandusky Limacraty and Broken Sword streams,
I ne'er again shall see thee, except in my dreams,
Adieu to the marshes where cranberries grow,
O'er the great Mississippi, alas! must I go?

Adieu ye white friends who first taught me to pray;
And worship my Master and Maker each day,
Pray for this poor Indian whose eyes overflow
With tears at our parting, alas! must I go?

Sent in by Mrs. Viola Wolford, Stillwater, R. R. 91, Okla.

Requests
To make bakers' malt yeast. Poem, "Ichabod Sly," description of the herb called yellow dock which is used in the consumption cure. Is it the water dock, the butter dock or bur dock? Recitation, "The Light-house Keeper's Daughter," and "The Negro Funeral." How to restore a white straw hat that has yellowed. Remedy and test for British disease. Mrs. M. E. Gannett, Brainerd, Tenn., and in distress, asks for letters.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Wishing to bleach out yellow clothes or white clothes with faded figures in them, soak in clabber milk for two or three days, then wash in the usual way. This will leave them very nice and white, but be sure the milk is clabber, not only sour, or it will clabber in the hem and tucks and be very hard to get out.

To prevent such as beets, turnips, carrots, etc. from wilting when put in cellar, pack in sand.
MRS. F. STEPHAN, JR., Du Bois, R. 1, Nebr.

To make salt beads. Heat one cup of fine salt very hot, mix one half cup of corn-starch with one half cup of cold water (I put a teaspoon of perfume and some bluing in the cup before I added the water) pour on salt and stir on stove till it makes a stiff dough or stiff enough to shape. Make the size you want beads, and either put on brown straw to dry, or pierce a hole in and lay on something to dry. I put mine on bat pins but it rusted them. This amount makes about a pint of large beads.

Mrs. J. A. JOHNSON, Stillwater, R. R. 2, Minn.

In using hot linseed oil and turpentine on floors, concrete, etc. be careful to guard against accident, as hot turpentine is very explosive. A safe way to handle it is to measure equal parts in separate dishes. Place oil on the stove and let boil up hard, then take out of doors and pour turpentine into hot oil.

A match placed between the teeth when peeling onions will keep the juice from your eyes.

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Salt in the dish-water will keep grease from sticking to the dish-pan.

When carrying milk or butter a distance in warm weather, place a clean cloth around receptacle and wrap the whole with an old quilt, carpet, or something thick enough to keep the air away. It will be as cool as when starting.

MRS. JOHN W. WHITE.

Tops of jars which have become crusted with the white substance so often found when fruit has fermented, may be cleaned by slow boiling in strong soda water.

To make sure a tablecloth is pure linen, moisten the goods with the tip of the tongue. If it is linen the wet spot will immediately show through on the other side.

To avoid blacking your granite kettles, if you have to set them on the fire, dampen the bottom of each and rub with soap. The black will rub off as it is made.

Clean poultry on a newspaper, in which wrap all the waste, and you have no "cleaning up."

AUGUSTA JOOST, Edgewood, Md.

Remedies

THIN AND UNEVEN HAIR.—Use pulverized borax, massaging the scalp gently with finger ends. Rinse with clear water. Since using this treatment I have very thick hair.

MISS KATIE LILEY, Dade City, Fla.

SPRAIN.—Take equal parts of coal oil and camphor, warm and apply to sprain.

MOLLIE WILLIAMSON, Anderson, S. C.

FELON.—Take common rock salt, dry in oven, pound it fine and mix with spirits of turpentine in equal parts. Put it in a cloth and wrap it around the felon. As it gets dry put on more, and in twenty-four hours you are cured. The felon will be dead.

ESTELLA I. KISTLER, Mahanoy City, R. R. 1, Pa.

ECZEMA CURE.—To one ounce of glycerine, add ten to thirteen drops of carbolic acid. Shake well and rub in three or four times a day.

FOR CACKED BREAST.—Get a five-cent paper of tobacco and put into one pint of water and steep until strength is out and strain. To this liquid, add one cup of lard or tallow, put on stove and simmer until water is all out. To use, heat and apply as hot as can be borne and cover breast with dannel. Also good for caked udder in cows.

MRS. JAY ROCKWELL, Lestershire, R. R. 1, N. Y.

COLD ON LUNGS AND EARLY STAGE OF CONSUMPTION.—Fill a bottle half full of table salt and then fill with corn whiskey, shake and let stand twenty-four hours. Dose: Tablespoon three times a day and at bedtime. Every time whiskey is renewed, add a handful of salt. Unpleasant to take but beneficial.

PILES.—One teaspoon of lard mixed with five drops of turpentine. Use as a salve.

DYSENTERY.—One teaspoon of bismuth powder, one teaspoon of powdered chalk, and ten cents' worth of paregoric. Shake well together every time it is given. Dose: One teaspoon every time the bowels move for

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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In the Byways of Matrimony

By Mrs. M. W. Law

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CHAPTER I

"I SWAN—I'll do it; I'll show these fools; I set out to get married—and I am going to get married."

The young man had just passed through that depressing experience which figures in country gossip as "gitten mitted."

He had spent the winter in assiduous courtship of the demure little school teacher at the cross-roads half a mile from his house, only to see that dainty, fair-haired slip of a girl with Will-o'-the-wisp eyes, carried off in the spring after a brief, and noticeably fiery wooing, by a younger—and John was fain to confess—a handsomer man.

John Haversett had no notion of such conduct in women; he came of a long line of Salic ancestors who had cherished and transmitted to him the tradition of the sovereignty of man. A sovereignty which of course gave opportunity for all that chivalrous kindly cherishing which the generous superior so delights to lavish upon the deferring inferior.

A decided rebuff of his first hesitating attentions he could have understood for he acknowledged the prerogative of the weaker creature so to defend herself from the undesired suitor. He might in such a case, have held vigorous opinion of her taste in the matter of husbands, but as a gentleman, he would have retired at once, and without a protest.

But—to be played with; to be led about for months by one ear so to speak, and made to sit up, and beg for the slightest favors, and then to be carelessly dropped out of sight, when in the spring that young whipper-snapper, lightly turning to thoughts of love had come carolling across John's back pasture to toss a spray of lilac blossoms through the open window of the school-house.

That had been the beginning of it, and John had witnessed all that followed, from the fields where he drove the plow, and the seeder, and sent the incense of burning brushwood abroad on the light spring breezes. And now they were married and gone—chuckling to each other probably over his defeat. Oh—fatuous John, to imagine they had ever given a moment's thought to him or his disappointment.

Well—he would show them he would get married, too, and that right speedily; true there was no time now, late in June, in the midst of cultivating, with the hay nearly ready to be cut, in no time to go courting. Then he remembered the talk last summer of some men from Chicago of matches made through matrimonial agencies—advertisements in the papers; why not? It would be a fool thing—but somehow it jumped with his mood, and, laughing a little at himself, he dipped his pen and began—"Young man—steady—good looking—"

He stopped, and regarded himself soberly in the glass before him. He saw a long unburned face, with a big nose, and a humorous, well-set mouth; beneath rather ragged brows, a pair of deep, warm brown eyes from which a flickering sprite of mockery looked gaily forth and made him smile again.

"It isn't so bad," he thought, but—his hair was thinning at the top of his head, he certainly looked weather beaten—and altogether too big—"better cut that out," he reflected, "and make it short."

"Steady, well-to-do farmer, age, thirty-five, living ten miles from the city of Milwaukee wants a good wife to share a comfortable home." He added the fictitious name and sent the fateful missive through the pages of the Sunday Sentinel, straight as the flight of an arrow to its predestined mark, and two days later, in the tinsel draped little parlor of a third floor fat in the city, two young girls, in careless Sunday morning disarray, bent their heads together over the pages of that Sunday paper while they yawned, and giggled and chirruped over its contents.

At the sound of a closing door near by they both looked up, and then significantly at each other, their two pert little noses—exactly alike—took on most expressive upward curves; their full lips, baby mouths bent downward in decided bows that threw their round little chins into unwonted prominence.

"There she goes," whispered Almira. "Hear her silk petticoat?" murmured her twin sister Alvira. She dropped her paper, and sped to the window. "She's got on her new hat—all lavender and white flowers."

"Let me see—" the other brown curly head was thrust out beside hers and both were quickly withdrawn. "Jim," said Almira—"s'pose he saw us?"

"I don't care if he did—" chanted Alvira, who was evidently the bolder spirit of the two. She drew her brush-heap of hair down in straight lines on either side of her kitten face, and marched primly up and down, her round eyes rolled up to her pretty brows, her slippers flapping, looseheeled and noisy at every step.

"Oh, dear!" wailed Almira, "I do wish cousin Sara would get married—and go away—she spoils all our fun—and mamma."

"Girls," interrupted her sister, in a flat, nasal voice—"Girls—don't make so much noise—cousin Sara's very tired tonight."

"I could stand that," cried Almira, "but her everlasting lectures—and she looks so astonished—and shocked all the time; just think of last Thursday night—VI. We were having such a good time—and only making a little noise."

"Oh, it wasn't the noise that time," said Alvira, "it was—oh, you should have seen her when I stuck my head inside her door—with that moustache—and Jim's hat on; she snatched the bedclothes up to her chin—and just bleated—like a lamb."

Alvira slipped into the Morris chair, and looked at her dropped slipper across the room. She lay back and lazily contemplated her round, pink toe looking innocently out of a hole in the tip of her stocking.

"I danced with a girl with a hole in her stocking—a hole in her stocking—and her foot kept a rocking—" she sang in a small, shrill voice, rocking the little foot from side to side upon its heel.

"Oh say," called Almira in a voice muffled by a prodigious chocolate cream. "Here is something—the very thing." She patted the advertising sheet of the paper flat upon her knee, and bent eagerly over it. "Listen VI."

"Steady, well-to-do farmer, age, thirty-five, living fifteen miles from Milwaukee wants good wife to share a comfortable home."

"Just the thing for cousin Sara; she's forever talking about the country—and the trees—and birds—and things."

"We'll answer it," declared Alvira, "let's see." She took the paper from her sister's hand, and deliberately sat upon the prostrate girl, who wretched to the back of the wide couch, and let her slide down upon its edge.

"You wouldn't dare," cried Almira. "What if mamma should get onto it?"

"She wouldn't get onto it?—What if she did?—We wouldn't know anything about it. You write it—you can write better than I can; I'll give you my blue kid gloves."

"All right—oh, you're crushing me. Get away."

"I'll get the things—and you write it now," said Alvira, jumping up, "and we can put it in when we go for a walk this afternoon. Wonder if I can find a stamp."

"But—Teddies and Jim said they would meet us."

"All right—if they do—lazy little boggards; and if they don't—I've got a quarter—we'll go to the chocolate pop—just the same. Are you

writing? Ask him to call—some evening." Alvira lay down upon the rug and began to tense a small black-and-tan puppy who was easily persuaded to rouse from his nap and romp over and around her, pulling her hair, licking her face and barking into her ears.

Almira sealed the letter with a lick from a very long tongue, pounded the stamp upon it with her fist and thrust it into her bosom; then turning like a flash, swooped up a tiny kitten that came wandering doubtfully into the room, reflecting no doubt on experiences past, yet coerced by that mysterious spell that seems to draw the too confiding cat baby to the very hands that invariably maltreat it. She petted the kitten for a few moments, stroking it so fervently that its whiskers stood straight up at every blow of her palm, and its round, blue eyes assumed the true Mongolian slant. Then catching it by the tip of its short tail, she leaned forward and dropped the struggling, clawing little beast feet downward into a large vase that stood on the table. Kitten struggled, vituperated, and strove to turn about and crawl out; but her tormentor snatched a handful of carnations from another vase and thrust them in upon her, making the opening too small. The kitten could only stand on tiptoe and push a small frightened face out among the drooping flowers, while its frightened eyes gleamed widely, and it sent forth heart-rending appeals, varied by spluttering denials of the puppy who took advantage of the situation by barking and plunging at the table in evident delight at the discomfort of his hereditary enemy.

"Girl," called an anxious voice from the next room—"Girls—what are you up to now?" And at the sound of approaching steps, the girls fled down the narrow hall and locked themselves into their bedroom, where they fell upon the bed in ecstasies of delight at the uproar that filled the little flat.

Sara Henderson came slowly up-stairs on her return from church, and entering her room, listlessly removed the lavender hat. As she turned away from the glass, she pushed her heavy hair slightly away from her tired face. It was beautiful hair, black and glossy, with a slight wave that no curling iron ever imparted. Her face was a rather long oval, with delicate, regular features, and dark blue eyes under thick, black lashes. It was a face that should have been beautiful with the enduring beauty of fine lines moulded upon a symmetrical framework beneath; but it was thin and careworn, and lacked illumination from within. The creamy skin was slightly sallower around the eyes, and across the short, thin, probably from lack of sunshine and fresh air, for Sara was the efficient and hard-working forewoman of a department in the great market place of Levi & Bohm, and had spent her waking hours in that temple of Mammon ever since she had come, ten years ago, a motherless girl of twenty, bering her aunt to take her in out of the loneliness of the great city.

She had labored all these years, industriously, and thankfully at first, faithfully and patiently at last, but now, for some months past she had felt a strange, new weariness of it all.

"What for?" she had repeatedly asked herself, and this—than which there is no more unprofitable question the introspective soul can ask itself—she had been quite unable to answer. Her daily task loomed before her every morning, a mountain of dust and ashes in which she must wallow and smother through the long day, only to see it rise before her on the morrow, as insurmountable, dirty and repellant as before. Yet, weary as she was of her work, she every day more fervently dreaded the hour that would release her from it and send her to the noisy, frowsy, disorderly flat which she called home.

The weather had been unusually warm this spring, and she had been tempted more than once to move into some room, larger and more airy, with other women who would have liked her companionship; but she had felt that she could not leave her aunt, and thus deprive her of the addition to her small income which generous payment for poor accommodations afforded, no other boarder would put up with the girls, the kitten, the puppy and all the disorder and discomfort of the poor place she called home. Home—this hellam in which the girls bustled themselves in a sort of skinning, unproductive activity as wearisome as it was unprofitable; decorating the small rooms with lavender notes; cluttering about the kitchen at all hours with their small washings and ironings, and the messes of their extravagant, and impossible cookery; strewing their rags of dressmaking and millinery from one end of the place to the other; scrambling them up and running with them trailing whenever the door-bell buzzed a warning, and the puppy barked defiance at the entrance. Inconsequently turning the whole interior out upon the balconies in a whirlwind of cleaning which usually culminated in the destruction of some cherished article, dropped over the railing, perhaps upon the head of some pedestrian below, to the accompaniment of Aunt Belinda's loud indignation, and the clamorous lamentation of the culprits.

In the hot evenings when Sara was too weary to go out, she must shut herself into her little room, striving also to shut her ears to the whistlings and bangings; the barking of Nig and the wailings of the outraged kitten; to the alarm of the door-bell, and the uproarious arrival of Teddie and Jimmie, Josie and Mamie, the consequent capering and squealing, the reckless onslaughts upon the piano, the stentorian remonstrances from the flat below, and the protesting calls and thumps of Aunt Belinda, locked into her room, if she could by any means be enticed to enter therein.

Then, after the quiet of exhaustion at last settled upon the scene, the faded teller might snatch a few hours of broken sleep before she must rise, and in pity for her worn-out aunt seek a fragmentary and cold breakfast, before picking her way out over the debris of last night's revel.

As for the girls, they usually slept till noon and came up smiling and fresh in the evening, ready to do it all over again.

Sara remembered, as she sat by her window today how she had, at their ardent request, taken the girls into the store as cash-girls two years ago. She hit her lip, determined not to smile over the picture by memory presented, of that pretty, inconsequent pair, chasing each other up and down the aisles, their redundant pig-tails flying, their characteristic giggle making the hair of the dignified floorwalker to stand on end; how they had made eyes at this same floorwalker—a fat and most respectable patriarch in Israel, who had grown gray in the business and had never seen the like before; how they had knocked innumerable things off the show-tables, and had gaily bumped their heads together in their zeal to pick them up; how they had romped with the boys, flirted with the salesmen, made faces at older girls, who openly derided them and had never by chance or accident done anything right during those three dreadful days; and how at last, they had run all the way home, each with half a dollar clenched in her grimy little fist, to gleefully inform their mother that "the man didn't want them any more."

They were very little better now, she reflected. They would never be able to do anything for themselves, and none of these young men who hung about them to be amused by their absurdities, would be likely to seek either of them as wives.

"Poor kittens," she thought with exasperated tenderness, "I shall have to take care of them as long as I live—and Aunt Belinda, too."

"Oh," she sighed, "if I could only get away from it all for a little while. Of course I shall go on my vacation next week, but it will be only a change of work, and not much better conditions. I must go home and help with the sewing; those

girls are helpless—in another way—and they depend on me too."

She thought of the unpainted farmhouse among the barren hills of Vermont; of her meek father, and her loud-voiced, though not unkind stepmother. The six girls who would expect her to spend her time, her money and her strength for their benefit, coming back sapless, and penniless to take up her work again. "I see no end to it," she sighed. "I shall have to go on till I drop; bow old and tired I feel, and I am only thirty. That isn't so very old—really—"

"Sara, come to dinner," her aunt called at this moment, and after a scrambling meal of chicken pot-pie and baker's jelly roll, during which Almira contrived to spill gravy on her cousin's dress, and her sister amused herself by popping the unhappy kitten into the sugar bowl and holding the cover down upon its muffled howls, while her bewildered mother, on her knees, hunted among the feet under the table for "that pesky cat."

Sara escaped and pinning her hat on with frantic stabs, ran down the long stairs, and out to seek the quiet of Lake Park where she might look on the summer blue of Lake Michigan and brood over her infelicitous life.

The week dragged away, and on Wednesday evening, she slowly climbed the stairs to the flat, wondering if she could descend, after supper and betake herself to the quiet and peace of the prayer meeting in her church.

The buzz of the sewing-machine met her as she opened the door. The place was a fluff of blue and pink muslin and cheap lace. An enormous and very dirty pin cushion lay upon the parlor mantel, and a small corset, and a down-trodden slipper on the hearth rug where kitten sat, with head dejectedly on one side, pulling with futile, dejected claw at an enormous w of blue ribbon which totally eclipsed one eye. Her tail, laid straight out behind her, was adorned by a monstrous pennon of pink at which Nig was bouncing and barking furiously, and which he snatched away just as Sara opened the door, retreating with a yell and a scratched nose to his entrenchments beneath the sofa; Sara, attacked and despoiled of her samples and parcels, dodged a volley of questions and fled to her room. After supper she hastily dressed in a fresh, summery gown, and the new lavender hat, and was just drawing on her gloves when she became aware of the door-bell, and the usual flight of the girls, trailing clouds of splendor down the hall.

In a moment her aunt knocked at the door with the summons:

"Sara—there's a man wants to see you," and Sara tossed the gloves aside impatiently: "It's that life insurance man," she thought, "why couldn't he come a few minutes later."

She walked slowly into the dim twilight of the little parlor, and looked severely at the tall figure that rose from the depths of the Morris chair, over the back of which a half made blue muslin skirt was trailing.

"It was not I," she said, dapper youth she had expected to see, had the office sent another man? She instantly felt that this big, sun-browned man with the liquid bright eyes, and breezy freedom of movement was not of any city office or institution whatever.

"Is this Miss Henderson?" he asked in a deep, and as she thought—a very musical voice, "Miss Sara Henderson?"

The keen, yet warm brown eyes looked admiration of this slender, delicate woman, in her dainty gown and hat, with the tendrils of midnight hair falling now upon a white cheek, faintly pink now beneath his searching gaze.

"I am Miss Henderson—did you wish to speak to me?"

"Why—yes; I—I came to speak to you about the ad; the one you answered—in the Sunday Sentinel—you know; I thought—"

"An advertisement," she asked, with a puzzled look. "I have answered no advertisement—I do not understand you."

"But—you are Miss Sara Henderson—there is no one else here—of that name. But—of course—it's all foolishness—it was a matrimonial advertisement of course you didn't."

With an indistinct murmur of surprise and alarm, Sara Henderson backed to the door and laid her hand on the knob.

"One moment," he cried eagerly, "don't be alarmed—there's nothing to be afraid of—Miss Henderson—it's a mistake of course; I thought so as soon as I saw you; but don't go—let me explain."

The dainty figure had fallen back against the door, and the blue eyes, strained a little to see this shape of fear more clearly, looked large and dark in the dim light.

"Please—let me explain," he entreated. His steady gaze seemed to compel her.

"Yes," she said faintly, "I should like to understand—I don't see how"—and again he saw flight in her frightened eyes.

"It's all my fault," he averred impetuously, "I advertised in the paper—for a wife; it was a fool trick—and I was only half in earnest—didn't expect to get a thing—but I did get this."

He sought in his breast pocket, and brought out a flimsy scrap of paper.

Sara took it, and with horror recognized the spidery tracing that might have been the work of either of the twins, but could not, she felt, be plausibly ascribed to any other mortal.

"Oh," said she, flushing crimson as she bent forward on tiptoe to hand the note back to him—"It's a dreadful mistake; I beg you to believe it is the madcap nonsense of two silly girls, my cousins. Please forget it; I am sorry you have been so misled—but of course if one resorts to such methods—"

"He must take what he gets—just so. But now I have met you—Miss Henderson—I can't bear to go away and leave you to think me a fool—or worse—just let me tell you—"

He made a hesitating movement toward a chair, with an enquiring look which Sara answered hastily and a little impatiently.

"Oh,—well,—be seated a moment if you choose; my aunt will be in soon."

She was disturbed by the fact that the girls were again creeping along the hall, and she pulled the portiere well over the keyhole before she sat down close to the door.

"I am a lonely man—Miss Henderson," John Haversett began, dropping those disquieting eyes of his upon the soft, broad-brimmed hat which he smoothed upon his knee. "My mother died two years ago—we had lived together always; my father died when I was a little fellow; I missed her—my mother—I have been very lonely."

He lifted his eyes and saw that she was steadily regarding him.

"Miss Henderson—my real name is John Haversett; I live about fifteen miles south of this city—on a farm; I am pretty well acquainted here—"

he named some prominent business men in the city; "I have a good farm—a comfortable home—and money in the bank. I have a good housekeeper—as far as that goes—but I am someone and there's a woman threw me over; of course she was right enough—I suppose—but I didn't like it—all the same—I have heard about this way of getting married—advertising—and I felt just mean enough to try it—half in a joke—of course; but some way—when I got the answer—I couldn't drop it there; felt as if I had to see it through—and now I have seen you Miss Henderson—I shall never be sorry—wait—"

Sara rose and flung back the portiere with a decided hand.

The young man rose also, and stooped to pick up the letter from the floor. "This letter," he said—"I could see it was from a young girl—and of course I knew it was probably just a lark; but I was bound to see it through—don't you think?" He looked at her with a whimsical air of perplexity, at which she could but bite her lip.

"Well you have seen it through," she said turning away. "I hope you will believe that I knew nothing about this foolishness till this moment. And I hope also that you will pardon the silly prank of two idle girls; I shall speak to them very seriously," she added severely for the benefit of two small pink ears which she very well knew were pressed against the panel of the door behind

her at that moment. "I ought to bring them in—and make them apologize—but perhaps it isn't best—" and she added—to cover the sound of a giggle, and a scuffling run outside—"I shall try to make them realize how shamefully they have behaved."

She stood aside with unmistakable intention, but the man did not move. He stood looking steadily—appealingly at her, and she, before this persistency which unaccountably made her breath come quickly, stood embarrassed and silent.

"Miss Henderson," he said earnestly, "Don't send me away—like this; I deserve nothing—I claim nothing—of course. I have behaved like a fool—and I know I am simply intruding now—but I can't go—no—I cannot—and leave this impression on your mind. I am not altogether a fool—not really—and I am not a bad fellow—as men go. Oh, what am I saying. Won't you—can't you overlook this business—and be—let me be—let us be friends—couldn't you?"

"Oh, I assure you I bear no malice," said Sara lightly, but now I have an engagement—I must be excused—please."

"Just a minute," he entreated. "If I go away—like this—I shall never see you again; I cannot bear to think that—I know I am asking too much—but what can I do? How can I show you—that it means to me not to see you again. If you would only let me feel that you do not despise the fool I have shown myself to be—please let me call again—"

"Oh, no," said Sara breathlessly, but she flushed and paled, and the delicate lawn upon her bosom heaved. "I couldn't consent to that—you shouldn't ask—"

"All right," he cried gaily, "I won't—and you are right. Good evening Miss Henderson—and I hope you will forgive me—"

He was gone and Sara stood as one in a trance listening to the clatter of his footsteps on the stairs.

"Of course I am right," she soliloquized, "I couldn't with self-respect permit the continuance of an acquaintance thus begun."

Nevertheless he seemed so straightforward, honorable and courteous that she regretted that circumstances necessitated this course of action, and she even felt a shade of disappointment at the apparent cheerfulness with which he accepted her refusal. This was not at all flattering.

He might at least have paid her the compliment of being more insistent in his request for permission to call again. Of course that would not have altered her resolution, but it would have been a balm to her wounded feelings; such were her thoughts, but John's were quite different as he hastened down the street.

While he prided himself on keeping his word, he had made up his mind to pursue the acquaintance by some means, and he was not easily to be turned from his purpose.

"I said that I wouldn't ask to call again, but I didn't promise that I wouldn't call without permission," he reasoned. "Will she be offended if I do? How can I manage it?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

The interesting conclusion of this story will appear in January COMFORT.

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Home Dressmaking Hints

By Geneva Gladding

To Make a House Dress



SIMPLICITY and becomingness should be the chief features of a house dress and that is what you have in this design. It may be made of cotton or wool and when a little dressy touch is desired, extend a frill down the front from point to waistline. The waist and skirt are joined and the opening is at the left side under the continuous facing.

In cutting blouse, place front with the three small perforations on the straight of the goods and the back with large triple perforations on a lengthwise fold of material. Cut left body front off three eighths of an inch

yards of 36-inch material with one and three quarters yard of trimming material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6090—Ladies' Dress. This design shows a dress that is extremely useful for street, church or house wear. Attractive features are the frills around collar, cuffs and waist opening at center; also the soft satin girdle with one end passed over as a finish. The skirt is cut with four gores.

Cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires four and one quarter yards of 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4650—Ladies' Blouse Dress in a style that is easily made and sensible. The closing is at the left side and runs the full length of dress. The skirt is in seven gores.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires four and five eighths yards of 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6334—Misses' and Small Women's Dress. Nothing could be prettier than the model here illustrated. The blouse and sleeves are cut in one finished at neck with the new square collar. Where fronts lap onto vest, a narrow trimming band is used. The vest is of shadow lace with bib of material to match skirt. The two-piece skirt is slightly full at waist and is slightly draped in front with two soft tucks carried into one at the back. The girdle crosses in front with ends tied low in back.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; medium size requires five yards of 36-inch material, one half yard of 18-inch lace for vest. Price, 10 cents.

Clothes for the Little Folks

No. 6328—A simple little dress that can be made in an afternoon is something that interests every mother and that is what we have here. It closes at the back with a placket, or can be open full length, but this requires more time in making. A bib of narrow lace finishes neck and sleeves.

Cut in sizes one half, one, two and three years; size two requires two yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.



In front of the line of large perforations and do this also to the left side of trimming band and belt.

To make blouse, crease plaits on front and back along line of single perforations and stitch one and one quarter inch from fold, turning back toward the shoulder. Press flat. Baste shoulder and underarm seams carefully with notches meeting and try on. When fitting is completed, stitch seams, press open and finish by overcasting, clipping or binding, depending on material. Gather waist on lower edge between double perforations and join to upper edge of belt, notches meeting. Gather sleeve upper and lower edges between perforations. The cuff bands may be cut double or faced with a thinner material. In either case, finish the cuff before joining the sleeve.

Join cuffs, notches meeting, seam the two pieces together on the wrong side, leaving the upper edges open, turn, press and join upper edge to sleeve with a seam, notches meeting, under edge may be turned in three eighths of an inch and hemmed down.

Baste sleeve into armhole and stitch, finishing seam with seam binding.

The five-gored skirt is cut with the three large triple perforations on front panel on a lengthwise fold, the back and side back gore with the three small perforations on the straight of the material. Baste seams, notches meeting, and fit. When necessary changes are made, stitch seams. Press open and finish. Leave left side front seam open above notches for a placket which is finished with a continuous facing.

Join upper edge of skirt to lower edge of belt with centers meeting. Face inside of belt with material or muslin. Turn up bottom of skirt and stitch. Turn edges of trimming band under and slash so it will lay perfectly smooth.

Turn right front and collar of blouse back three eighths of an inch, baste trimming band carefully to blouse and skirt, notches meeting and stitch flat on each side.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

Pattern Descriptions

No. 6297—Ladies' Skirt—an exceptionally stylish model slightly draped at the front. The back has two shallow plaits at the top, each fastened with two small buttons. The high or regulated waistline may be used. The opening is in front and there are three gores. This skirt joined to a waist would make a handsome dress.

Cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure; medium size requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6313—Ladies' Cape. Every woman needs some kind of an evening wrap and here is an excellent pattern for making a cape which may be made with collar, or with hood as shown in small cut. Soft heavy satin or broadcloth are desirable materials. If the hood is used, line with contrasting color. The collar made of panne velvet would fit gracefully.

Equally desirable is this model for a rain garment, using water-proof material. The pattern is cut long with perforations for shorter length.

Cut in sizes small, medium and large; medium size for the full length cape requires five and three eighths yards of 44-inch material with three quarters yard of 24-inch material for hood lining, or five eighths yard of 24-inch material for cape. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5160—Ladies' Apron with bib, and pocket at each side of front. This pattern is cut in one size. If for a small person, fold over a shallow plait in front of pattern before cutting. Requires two and one half yards of material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6322—Ladies' Dress. This handsome model is a favorite this season. As shown, a braided design was used as trimming, but equally stylish are the trimmings of bright colored silks and velvets. The buttons are one of the attractive features and are covered. The two-piece skirt has graceful lines and is very easily made. The waist is slightly bloused and the vest may be made of any harmonizing color. The sleeves are long or three quarters with an under-sleeve of net with lace frill.

Cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires six yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6114—Ladies' Dress. The deep-shouldered yoke, cuffs, belt and panel front made of fancy contrasting material are one of the smart effects seen this season. The small covers from which the dress opening begins are becoming and unusual. Soft broadcloth with bright satin in Bulgarian colors made this dress. Cover buttons with satin. The large cut shows the dress with regulation waistline worn with a belt which is slipped through a long buckle in front. To make these buckles, unless you can get a metal foundry, make one of crinoline and bone it, then wind it with a crossway's strip of plain material. The skirt is cut with five gores.

Cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires four and three quarters

No. 6141—Boys' Dress. Just the thing for small boys who have not yet worn the regulation bloomers. The pattern provides a removable chemisette and long or short sleeves. Galatea makes a satisfactory material for such a dress and is nearly as warm as light weight wools.

Cut in sizes one, two and three years; size two requires one and three quarters yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6183—Children's Rompers. This indispensable garment is here shown in a very practical style; easy to make and enables a child to wait on itself. In cold weather it is well to make outing flannel drawers to wear under rompers, cutting from the romper pattern and buttoning them onto under-waist. Galatea, outing flannel, or cotton and wool flannel make good-looking winter rompers and are far warmer than dresses. The smaller cut shows pattern with high neck and rolling collar and long sleeves. In putting elastic into legs of rompers, be sure it is left amply long to make a loose fit around child's leg. The fulled material will almost hold leg in place. Leave elastic unfastened, try on romper and then get the proper size and you will be surprised at how loosely they can be worn.

Cut in sizes two, four and six years; size four requires two and three eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6452—Children's Night Drawers. This "comfy" garment speaks for itself, and it prevents many a case of croup and sore throat. In measuring for pattern, be sure to allow for a loose fit, that the crotch may be low enough to prevent the seat binding as the child turns in bed. Cut the feet large also. Outing flannel is warm and comfortable to the flesh.

Cut in sizes two, four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years; size eight requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6306—Boys' Blouse Suit. Heavy gray flannel with navy-blue flannel collar, cuffs and belt made this suit. The tie is bright red. The straight trousers are again in fashion as here shown, though the knickerbockers are in equally good taste, and by cutting the legs four inches longer the knee blouse can be obtained.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; size eight requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch flannel and one half yard of contrasting color. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6150—Girl's Dress. This is one of our newest dresses for school girls. The skirt may be

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plaited as represented, or laid in gathers and is sewed onto waist of lining material or heavier material where extra warmth is needed. The sleeves sew smoothly into armhole. The body of blouse may hang straight, middie fashion, if desired. As shown, the edge of collar and cuffs are buttonholed, but when made of contrasting material with double stitched edges they are very pretty and less labor.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; size eight requires three and five eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6203—Girls' Dress. Many mothers hold to the straight dresses as long as possible, and surely they are very smart and becoming. This one is simply cut with the side of body and sleeve in one, with separate underarm piece as shown in small cut. The closing can be made at the center front or at the left side of front. A solid color with front panel of a fine flowered material would make an attractive combination.

Cut in sizes four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years; size eight requires three and three eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5991—Girls' Dress. Made with closing at the right side of front, sailor collar and removable chemisette. The skirt is cut in three pieces and joined to waist with straight belt which should be very loose.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; size eight requires two and one half yards of 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

Questions Answered

TO MARK UNDERWEAR.—INQUIRER, anyone can have prettily marked underwear at a small cost. Buy a good quality of linen tape and with a finely pointed pencil write your name and outline in some fast color. Red is always reliable.

MATERIALS.—INQUIRER, corduroy, velvet, chiffon corduroy, wool, satin and heavy taffetas are some of the materials seen in dressy suits for winter wear. These materials conform to draping and come in lovely, soft colors.

WOOL WAISTS.—JENNIE MAY, all the soft, clinging wool materials for separate waists are in vogue this season. The cashmeres are particularly lovely in the subdued tones which seem to blend with most all colors. Long sleeves are quite correct for these waists. A little piping, stitching and fancy buttons are all the trimming a wool waist requires.

GATHERING THIN MATERIAL.—A. B. C., it is quite difficult to put several rows of gathers (or even one) in chiffon or other very thin material, but this idea may help you. Instead of gathering flat, take up a very tiny tuck and put in gathering thread. Alternate your rows, that is, reverse work so one thread will run one way and the next opposite, and see how evenly they will pull into place.

BLACK.—J. D. S., black is much in fashion this season, not necessarily all black, but black skirts are worn with blue wool coats, and black coats with blue skirts. You cannot go amiss this season so long as your clothes are in good taste and becoming.

WAISTS.—ESTELLE, untrimmed best describes the separate waists. It is no longer necessary that they match the suit or separate skirt, but any attractive combination is accepted. Your blue wool bengaline with no other trimming than a waist (see waist of 6322) of the softest shade of gray and some small buttons covered with black would be charming.

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FAITHFUL SHIRLEY

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

CHAPTER XLV.

A TRIO OF FORTUNE HUNTERS OUTWITTED.

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BUT Mrs. Norwood did not find an opportunity to learn "how the wind blew in a certain quarter" that night, although it was through no fault of her own that she was disappointed in so doing.

Madame Marton herself foiled her efforts at every point.

It had not taken her long to discover that the Norwoods were in the house, and she was instantly on her guard, for she had no desire to meet them for the first time in the new role she was now playing in public.

She was quick to note that Mrs. Norwood was seeking a chance to speak with her, and she chuckled viciously to herself—for the old Adam was not entirely eradicated from her nature even yet—over the woman's maneuvers to accomplish her object; but the moment she saw her edging toward her, she suddenly found something very interesting in the opposite direction.

The most that Mrs. Norwood could learn regarding her long neglected relative was that she and Shirley were the guests of Mrs. Hilton, and this of itself was sufficient to fill her with both alarm and envy; for the Hiltons stood very high socially, and were in the habit of entertaining right royally, consequently Shirley would be introduced to the very best people, and, with her hostess' influence, was likely to become very popular; while Blanche, although she had long figured as a fashionable society girl, had never been an acknowledged belle.

These things were all talked over with Mr. Norwood—who was not present—after their return from the reception, and the man was as much unsettled by their information as his wife and daughter had been by what they had seen.

"Well," that gentleman irritably exclaimed, when they mentioned their suspicions regarding madame's present circumstances, "if your surmises are correct, it will only serve you right, and you will only have yourselves to reproach."

"Indeed," replied his wife, bridling angrily, "if I remember rightly, you did not enjoy her society any too well, yourself."

Mr. Norwood changed color, but thinking it unwise to prolong the conversation in that strain, he wisely dropped the subject, while it was finally arranged that he and Mrs. Norwood would call upon Madame Marton at the Hiltons at as early an hour on the morrow as the rules of etiquette would allow, and try and make their peace with her.

Accordingly about eleven o'clock they presented themselves, with some inward trepidation, however, at the residence of the Hiltons.

"Yes," was the response of the sable butler who admitted them, "Madame Marton is at home," and they were ushered into the luxurious drawing-room to await her appearance.

Madame chuckled with keen satisfaction when the embossed and perfumed cards were presented to her, for this interview was one to which she had long looked forward, and after shaking out the folds of her handsome morning robe, eying with the old wicked twinkle in her eyes, the modest little train which Shirley had coaxed her to wear, and slipping two or three more costly rings upon her fingers, she went composedly down to meet her waiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Norwood both greeted her with the greatest cordiality, remarking upon her improved appearance, and expressing themselves as so delighted to see her, for it was ages since they had met.

"I tried to speak with you last evening at Mrs. Faunce's reception," said Mrs. Norwood, trying to conceal her embarrassment under an attempt at gallantry, "but you were surrounded by so many admirers that I could not get near you."

"Humph!" briefly responded madame, but with an amused twinkle in her black eyes.

"By the way," resumed Mrs. Norwood, flushing slightly over the familiar monosyllable, "where did you become acquainted with the Hiltons?"

"We met them abroad—in Vienna."

"Abroad! Vienna!" echoed both visitors, in undisguised astonishment.

"Yes," quietly responded madame.

"You have been in Europe recently, then," remarked Mr. Norwood, recovering himself somewhat.

"Yes, we have just returned from Europe."

"By 'we' I suppose you mean yourself and your companion?" said Mrs. Norwood.

"I mean myself and Mrs. Clifford Vining; we have spent the last fifteen months in making an extensive tour of Europe," Madame Marton explained.

"I am surprised; but I suppose that you must have recovered a portion, at least, of your property, if you have been able to travel so widely."

Mr. Norwood observed with pale lips.

"No; you are mistaken, I am worth no more today than I was the last time I saw you," was the grim response.

"Ahem! I—I don't understand; I—how could you make such a trip if you had no means?" stammered Mr. Norwood.

"Then your appearance last evening," supplemented his wife nervously, "One would have thought you a millionaire."

This was rich for madame, and she could with difficulty restrain herself from chuckling audibly.

"Well, you see," she remarked, after a moment of deliberation that was absolute torture to her curious listeners, "though I'm not one whit better off than I was a year and a half ago, Shirley—I mean Mrs. Vining—is rich, and she is only too glad to take care of me and heap favors upon me."

Mr. Norwood and his wife both colored with confusion at this marked reflection upon their own neglect of her in her adversity.

"That girl—rich!" gasped Mrs. Norwood, when she could recover her breath sufficiently to speak.

"Yes, very rich," blithely responded madame.

"and she is so kind and thoughtful. She doesn't let me have one bit of care and among other things she takes it upon herself to select all my dresses, and has them made to suit herself; while all I have to do is to put them on and wear them."

"But where did she get all this money?" inquired Mr. Norwood with eager curiosity.

"Well, a relative of her father gave her twenty thousand dollars about the time she was married, and she will have as much more from him when he dies. Then somebody else settled a very handsome fortune upon her a while ago, so I reckon she can rank with some of the best of you in the matter of wealth," madame concluded, glancing from one to the other with an air of triumph.

"Was the other party a relative also?" inquired Mr. Norwood somewhat nervously.

"Well, no; only so far as love and kindness can kindle a spiritual friendship between two people," said madame, while the lines about her mouth softened and her aged lips trembled with exceeding tenderness.

Then, after a moment, she suddenly straightened herself, and turned her blazing eyes again upon her companions.

"This person," she went on, in slow incisive tones that cut like deliberate strokes of a knife, "was a so-called 'queer old bird,' who had not a relative in the world excepting a man who had always claimed to be her nephew, and his high-toned wife and daughter. For years they had done their best to pull the wool over this 'queer old bird's' eyes, pretending that she thought the world of her and would do anything for her; but it was all I have for the sake of her money, you know."

"Aunt Felice, aren't you rather cruel?" Mr. Norwood here interposed in a weak voice, as, at last, he realized the dreadful truth.

"You know every word I have uttered is truth," she sternly answered. "You know, William Norwood, that you and yours only tolerated me for what you expected to get out of me. Your

own daughter wrote it in a letter to Lurline Lovering, and you and your wife proved it when I came to New York a little later apparently penniless and asked you to give me a home."

"Then that was all a miserable hoax—you had not lost your money after all—you lied to us!" Mrs. Norwood here interposed in a passionate tone.

"No, I did not lie to you, and, in a sense, I was almost penniless," was the cold reply. "To explain—after I found out what Blanche had written to that Lovering girl, I vowed that I would prove you all—that you should have the benefit of one last test. I had three documents drawn up, putting all my property out of my hands; they were settlements, and Jolas Nettleton was made trustee of everything. One deeded all that I possessed to an eye and ear infirmary in Montreal; another divided my fortune between you and the girl—my companion—whom I was learning to love as I had never loved anyone for many years; while the third settled everything unconditionally upon her. Queer doings, you will say; but my plan was this: Having put everything out of my hands, I was of course a poor and homeless woman, and then I came to New York to see if you would prove true to your numerous protestations, and take me into your heart and home. You know how that plan failed."

"Dear Aunt Felice" was of no account without her money, so, after my last interview with you, I destroyed the document which bequeathed to you a share of my fortune. Then it remained for me to test the girl I loved; if she too proved false, the deed which made her rich would also be destroyed, and all I possessed would go to the charitable institution I have mentioned; all that was needed was to have the document recorded and it was done. But Shirley—my sweet queen of hearts—has proved herself true as steel, pure as refined gold." Madame's voice broke slightly here, showing how deeply she was moved by the remembrance of Shirley's untiring devotion to

cried Mr. Norwood, springing to his feet and beginning to pace the floor in great agitation.

Madame wagged her head and chuckled audibly.

"Yes, yes, I knew that would be just what you would say if I made a will in her favor and left it to be settled after I was dead," she said. "You'd have contested it, said I wasn't in my 'right mind,' or pleaded that 'undue influence' had been brought to bear upon me, and the amount of it would have been the girl would have got precious little of what I wanted her to have. But I was determined not to have any fighting after I was in my grave, and my money wasted in lawsuits. I have taken good care of that; and just before we started for Europe she came into formal possession of everything, and I defy anybody to prove me insane, or any number of lawsuits to undo what I have done. I may be a 'queer old bird,' and I am free to confess that I have been hookwinked in the past, but, for once, I have proved myself sharp enough to outwit a trio of fortune-hunters."

Mrs. Norwood had been growing more and more nervous as this story progressed, and now, unable longer to control herself, burst into passionate weeping.

"Oh! it is a shame for that girl to get it all; your diamonds, too, I suppose, and all those beautiful things in your house at St. Sauveur."

"Everything," laconically replied madame, who was not in the least moved by Mrs. Norwood's tears.

"William, I am going home," exclaimed Mrs. Norwood, suddenly starting to her feet and filled with despair at the thought of Shirley's wonderful fortune; deeply humiliated, as well, as she realized how the selfish greed of herself and her family had been betrayed and was now justly punished, and, folding her rich furs more closely about her form, she marched from the room, followed by her husband, without a word of farewell to their aged relative.

For a moment the rich blood dyed her face, neck, and even her beautiful arms that shone through the delicate lace that covered them; her eyes drooped, her lips quivered, for the very air about her seemed to vibrate with the passion that had thrilled his voice.

She stood thus a minute, while the color gradually receded, and a sweet seriousness fell upon her every feature, which told Nell's trembling soul that whatever her answer, she would be true to herself and him.

At length she lifted her clear, direct gaze to him.

"I think—I believe that I do," she answered, and the next instant she lay folded close to her lover's breast, while his rich voice murmured reverently in her ears:

"God is good to me, my darling! At last, at last, my cup is filled to the brim!"

They had but a few moments to themselves, but they were sufficient to illumine Shirley's face with the light of a perfect love and happiness, and to assure Nell that henceforth they would indeed "belong" to each other "heart and soul."

"Mine now, while time endures for us—My Lady Shirley," he breathed, as his lips sought hers in their first caress; then the rustle of silken garments on the stairs warned them that someone was coming, and a moment later Mrs. Hilton entered the room.

Her quick eye instantly discerned the situation, even before Nell could lead Shirley forward, remarking with the brightest smile she had ever seen on his face:

"Mrs. Hilton, she is mine at last, and I am sure you will most heartily congratulate me in view of my exceeding happiness."

"Indeed, yes; I congratulate you both," she warmly responded, as she put her arms about Shirley and kissed her. "But I knew you would win her," she added with an arch glance at the beaming lover, "for those letters, which used to come over the sea to her always brought a look to her face which only love for the writer could have produced."

"Ha! ha!" exultantly chuckled Madame Marton, when, a little later, her sanction and congratulations were solicited, "you will be 'My Lady Shirley,' by right of a real title, now, and Ivyhurst will have a wise and gracious mistress at last."

The engagement was made public that very evening by Nell's request, and the tactful management of Mrs. Hilton; and society generally acknowledged the fitness of the match, and was profuse in good wishes for the future happiness of the young couple.

The following week it was announced that the marriage would occur by the end of another month, and Mrs. Hilton insisted upon giving her lovely protegee a brilliant wedding.

At first Shirley demurred at this, but her objections were finally overruled.

"Please, Shirley dear, do not deny me," her friend had pleaded; "I have so regretted that I have not a daughter of my own to do this very thing for; so pray let me have my way for it will be only a pleasure for me," and the fair bride-elect, seeing that her heart was set upon it, quietly yielded the point.

Thus the marriage was solemnized in that lady's own church on the day appointed, and immediately following, a brilliant reception was held at her residence, where everything that love and the most fastidious taste could suggest and money could supply, was done to make the occasion a delightful success.

The bride was of course more than lovely in her soft white robes and the costly pearls—the gift of Nell—which gleamed about her neck, in her ears, and fastened, in numerous places, her flowing veil; while her bouquet was composed wholly of lilies of the valley—also Nell's offering.

As at that other bridal, Nell would have nothing but the flowers of which she had always reminded him, and there were lilies of every form and description everywhere, and many a person was heard to observe that it was a most fitting tribute to the sweet and gracious woman whom he had been so fortunate to win.

The wedding was followed by a trip to Florida, where the happy couple spent two delightful months, Madame Marton remaining the guest of Mrs. Hilton.

They returned to New York about the first of May, where they remained for a couple of weeks and then, accompanied by madame, left for their Canadian home, where Ivyhurst was beginning to assume its richest summer attire, as if to welcome the sweet woman who was henceforth to preside there as its honored mistress.

One day, shortly after their arrival, Shirley sought her husband, an unusually earnest look on her face, as if she were revolving some grave subject in her mind.

"Nell dear," she said, "I have come to see if you will show me your plans for the hospital."

"Certainly, my darling; I have had it on my mind to do so and talk them over with you for some time," he replied, and, going to his safe, he brought them and spread them out before her.

They spent a long time discussing them, and Nell finally remarked:

"Everything is complete and just to my mind; the only thing needed now is a suitable site to build upon."

"And that is the very thing that brought me here just now," Shirley said, as she slipped her hand confidently into his. "How would Madame Marton's estate answer?—and could not the mansion be utilized in some way in connection with the hospital?"

Nell opened his eyes at this proposition.

"Madame Marton's estate?—your property, Shirley?" he exclaimed.

"Why not?" she asked, smiling. "Ivyhurst is my home; I want no other. Ah, Nell, let me share in this noble work with you," she pleaded.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

CHRISTMAS JOY

By Reita Alice Lambert

Well Christmas is coming, that glorious time,
We read of in booklets in sing-songy rhyme.
The pleasures of giving we're told to enjoy,
And thusly spare pennies we straightway employ.

Ah, bright holly berries and mistletoe green
Such a festive occasion you seldom have seen,
Yet neath this rejoicing so laden with cheer,
Sings the new-old refrain; Gee, ain't the things dear!

While your children sing songs of the bright Christmas tree,
You're up in the attic with last year's debris,
Sorting tinsels and trimmings with well-practiced eye
And noting what new stuff you still have to buy.

With your hat all awry, and your brain in a stew,
You fly madly around the gay shops wherein you
Purchase gloves, silks and ribbons, shoes, doilies galore,
And with splitting head murmur, "Oh, how many more?"

The eager child waits, not a fear in its heart,
Assured that Old Santa won't fail in his part,
While everyone bubbles with joy and elation
You suddenly think of—another relation.

Thus it happens each year, when the yuletide is o'er
With fatigue you are ready to faint on the floor,
To gray hair and wrinkles you've got to confess,
And admit you are weighing some eighteen pounds less.

Poor as a church mouse and sick with the blues,
O'erloaded with presents no human could use,
As the holiday music grows slowly less clear
You thankfully "pass-up" the good Christmas Cheer.

her. "She has been patient and kind, beyond all expression, with a cynical and cranky old woman; she has never failed me under any circumstances, and I have tested her in no ordinary manner."

"And do you think we are going to credit any such balderdash as this?" cried Mrs. Norwood, her face crimson with anger, her whole frame shaking with mingled hate and despair. "I tell you this girl has fooled you to the top of her bent—she is as artful as the day is long; and, Aunt Felice, I think it is absolutely shameful for you to turn your back upon your own blood and give your money to a low-bred girl whom you never saw until two years ago."

"Well, Helen, the tide of blood seems to have become suddenly very warm to you," madame responded, with sharp-pointed sarcasm that was almost maddening to her listeners. "It is rather hard for relatives to give each other the cold shoulder, and I assure you I realized it most keenly when I appealed to you for a home, and you turned your back upon me. But that 'low-bred girl,' as you are pleased to express yourself, has proved by deeds that she has a soul as superior to yours as the sun is superior to the smallest planet in the heavens."

"And you pretend to say that all this time she did not know what disposition you had made of your property?" Mr. Norwood here broke forth in a skeptical tone.

"She did not dream that I possessed a dollar in the world; she believed that I had been wronged out of everything," madame positively replied. "Has she not stood the test most nobly, think you?" she continued, with a note of exaltation in her voice. "Ah! faithful Shirley—that was what her husband used to call her all the time he was sick; she is pure gold, through and through. And so, two years ago, when I was sick with pneumonia, I destroyed the document in favor of the eye and ear infirmary, and had the deed giving everything to Shirley, recorded and she is now a rich woman—a very rich woman."

"It is the craziest notion I ever heard of,"

"Good-morning," said madame, with ill-concealed satisfaction; "and," she added, raising her voice to give point to her words, "tell Blanche, for me, to be a little more cautious what she puts in her letters in the future."

"There," she continued, as she heard the outer door close after the crestfallen couple, "I have settled with them for all time, and I hope we will never cross each other's path again. I have given them a pretty hard lesson, but they deserved it, for, of all the contemptible things in the world, that of hypocritical fawning upon the rich for what can be got out of them is the worst."

CHAPTER XLVI.

"MINE AT LAST."

As we know, Lord Wallace had written Shirley that he was only waiting to welcome her home before taking his departure for Ivyhurst, there to begin the life-work which he had laid out for himself.

But, strange to say, day after day passed, and he seemed in no hurry to go back to his lovely Canadian home; nothing, even, was said about his flitting, while he suddenly appeared to have become very fond of society, for he was seen everywhere that Shirley went, and often acted as her escort to various places of amusement and to points of interest about the city.

One evening the "Hilton party" were to attend a grand reception tendered to them and some other recently returned New Yorkers by one of the clubs of upper ten.

It was to be a very select affair, and had been eagerly looked forward to by all who were so fortunate as to receive invitations.

Lord Wallace had petitioned to be allowed to attend Shirley, and of course his request was readily granted, for, although she was rapidly becoming a much admired belle, and received too most flattering attention whenever she went, she was never quite content away from him.

The homage of others scarcely moved her; but

the look of love and tenderness which always met her whenever she caught Nell's eye was like rare old wine to her; his smile alone had power to set her pulses beating out of time; his voice only could make her heart-strings vibrate like those of a harp swept by a master-hand.

On this evening she was dressed a little earlier than the others, and descended to the drawing-room to await them and the coming of Nell.

As usual, she was in white—an exquisitely made costume trimmed with a profusion of delicate lace; while she also wore the fine diamonds that madame had given her, and carried a bouquet of half-blown white roses in her faultlessly gloved hands.

Her face was itself like a flower, surmounted by an aureole of gold; her form, in her long trailing robe, the embodiment of grace, as she appeared in the arched entrance to the white-and-gold room, where she paused an instant between the costly draperies to detach the fastening of one of her gloves, which had caught in the lace that ornamented her corsage.

When she looked up, and was about to move on, a low exclamation of surprise parted her red lips; for, standing directly opposite her, her elbow resting upon the handsomely carved mantel, and gazing at her with a look that plainly told her he had never seen a lovelier picture, was the man of whom she had at that very moment been thinking—Nell Wallace.

His face grew softly luminous as he came forward to meet her—the more so because of the blush which followed her glad cry, and made his heart bound with new hope.

He took the hand which she extended to him, and led her directly under the magnificent chandelier, where the light fell upon her, while the gleam of a sudden resolve shone in his fine eyes.

"Shirley, will you answer me one question?" he began in grave, earnest tones—"and oh! I beg that you will not send me away desolate! I, your darling, I have long loved you—I belong to you, heart and soul; do you belong to me in the same way? Tell me truly, love."

For a moment the rich blood dyed her face, neck, and even her beautiful arms that shone through the delicate lace that covered them; her eyes drooped, her lips quivered, for the very air about her seemed to vibrate with the passion that had thrilled his voice.

She stood thus a minute, while the color gradually receded, and a sweet seriousness fell upon her every feature, which told Nell's trembling soul that whatever her answer, she would be true to herself and him.

At length she lifted her clear, direct gaze to him.

"I think—I believe that I do," she answered, and the next instant she lay folded close to her lover's breast, while his rich voice murmured reverently in her ears:

"God is good to me, my darling! At last, at last, my cup is filled to the brim!"

They had but a few moments to themselves, but they were sufficient to illumine Shirley's face with the light of a perfect love and happiness, and to assure Nell that henceforth they would indeed "belong" to each other "heart and soul."

"Mine now, while time endures for us—My Lady Shirley," he breathed, as his lips sought hers in their first caress; then the rustle of silken garments on the stairs warned them that someone was coming, and a moment later Mrs. Hilton entered the room.

Her quick eye instantly discerned the situation, even before Nell could lead Shirley forward, remarking with the brightest smile she had ever seen on his face:

"Mrs. Hilton, she is mine at last, and I am sure you will most heartily congratulate me in view of my exceeding happiness."

"Indeed, yes; I congratulate you both," she warmly responded, as she put her arms about Shirley and kissed her. "But I knew you would win her," she added with an arch glance at the beaming lover, "for those letters, which used to come over the sea to her always brought a look to her face which only love for the writer could have produced."

"Ha! ha!" exultantly chuckled Madame Marton, when, a little later, her sanction and congratulations were solicited, "you will be 'My Lady Shirley,' by right of a real title, now, and Ivyhurst will have a wise and gracious mistress at last."

The engagement was made public that very evening by Nell's request, and the tactful management of Mrs. Hilton; and society generally acknowledged the fitness of the match, and was profuse in good wishes for the future happiness of the young couple.

The following week it was announced that the marriage would occur by the end of another month, and Mrs. Hilton insisted upon giving her lovely protegee a brilliant wedding.

At first Shirley demurred at this, but her objections were finally overruled.

"Please, Shirley dear, do not deny me," her friend had pleaded; "I have so regretted that I have not a daughter of my own to do this very thing for; so pray let me have my way for it will be only a pleasure for me," and the fair bride-elect, seeing that her heart was set upon it, quietly yielded the point.

Thus the marriage was solemnized in that lady's own church on the day appointed, and immediately following, a brilliant reception was held at her residence, where everything that love and the most fastidious taste could suggest and money could supply, was done to make the occasion a delightful success.

The bride was of course more than lovely in her soft white robes and the costly pearls—the gift of Nell—which gleamed about her neck, in her ears, and fastened, in numerous places, her flowing veil; while her bouquet was composed wholly of lilies of the valley—also Nell's offering.

As at that other bridal, Nell would have nothing but the flowers of which she had always reminded him, and there were lilies of every form and description everywhere, and many a person was heard to observe that it was a most fitting tribute to the sweet and gracious woman whom he had been so fortunate to win.

The wedding was followed by a trip to Florida, where the happy couple spent two delightful months, Madame Marton remaining the guest of Mrs. Hilton.

They returned to New York about the first of May, where they remained for a couple of weeks and then, accompanied by madame, left for their Canadian home, where Ivyhurst was beginning to assume its richest summer attire, as if to welcome the sweet woman who was henceforth to preside there as its honored mistress.

One day, shortly after their arrival, Shirley sought her husband, an unusually earnest look on her face, as if she were revolving some grave subject in her mind.

"Nell dear," she said, "I have come to see if you will show me your plans for the hospital."

"Certainly, my darling; I have had it on my mind to do so and talk them over with you for some time," he replied, and, going to his safe, he brought them and spread them out before her.

They spent a long time discussing them, and Nell finally remarked:

"Everything is complete and just to my mind; the only thing needed now is a suitable site to build upon."

"And that is the very thing that brought me here just now," Shirley said, as she slipped her hand confidently into his. "How would Madame Marton's estate answer?—and could not the mansion be utilized in some way in connection with the hospital?"

Nell opened his eyes at this proposition.

"Madame Marton's estate?—your property, Shirley?" he exclaimed.

"Why not?" she asked, smiling. "Ivyhurst is my home; I want no other. Ah, Nell, let me share in this noble work with you," she pleaded.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

From Wall Paper

ONE of COMFORT's girls who certainly is a person of resources and who has the happy knack of using whatever she has on hand writes a most interesting letter, telling how she made several really pretty and practical presents with absolutely no expense.

"Once when I wanted to make some money," she writes, "I took an agency for wall paper



PAPER CANDLE SHADE.

but I was not so very successful, and as the holidays drew near, I was as usual, at my wit's end what to do.

One day while searching for something, so that I could remember Aunt Mary, Cousin Charlotte and all the others, I came across my sample books, and while looking them over, the beauty and exquisite coloring of some of the papers gave me an idea. Quickly I ran down-stairs and soon was very busy with pasteboard boxes, shears and paste trying to work out some of the plans which had formed in my head.

First I made a candle shade, of a heavy embossed bronze paper. For this and others I experimented until I had a perfect pattern, then I cut the wall paper, leaving a good margin to allow for joining. Some shades were square and others hexagon, or six sided.

All the edges were bound with narrow strips of paper. One shade which was four sided, and made of a light paper with a blue figure, had a blue print on each of the four sides.

This is a nice way to preserve snap shots, but the prints for this purpose should be selected carefully, so as to have those which look well when lighted up.

Next were made several covers for telephone books. For these I tried to use papers which would harmonize with the room in which they would hang. In making these covers allow them an inch longer—and broader than the book for which they are intended. The one here shown was of light paper covered with bright chrysanthemums, on the outside, and lined with plain dark green paper, finished with a bind and imitation hinges of the same.

Bedroom scrap baskets were made by covering old pasteboard hat boxes. By adding pieces to the top, on each side, to serve as handles, one secures a graceful shape. One of the heaviest wall papers is best to use for this article, so that it will wear and look well some time. Darker papers are best for lining and binding the top and the open handles.

Lastly, of small bits of paper I made some small photograph frames. The pasteboard foundations were first covered with sheet wadding, which improved their appearance very much. All of these gifts were made in a surprisingly short



PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.

amount of time, and I was delighted with the result of my experiment."

The illustrations show quite clearly how these articles were made, but they can give no idea of the real beauty secured by skillfully combining colors in using even such ordinary material as wall paper. This simple idea will doubtless be of value to others. While those who lack the paper could easily substitute something else, such as cretonne or chintz, and make similar things.

Fancy Handkerchiefs

When one is pressed for time embroidery or much fine work cannot be done, but instead of hand decorations for many articles one can use the color bordered handkerchiefs, with almost as dainty effect, as they come now in such attractive designs.

Slipper Case

Two of these ten-cent handkerchiefs can be very quickly made into a slipper case. Stitch

them together, just the width of the machine foot inside the hem. Fold up to within three inches of the top and stitch down each side and through the middle thus forming two pockets. Three brass rings either plain or crocheted over should be attached to the top for hangers.

Jabot Case

Collars and jabots cannot be kept from becoming mussed, if laid in a drawer unprotected. To prevent their being crushed a little case may be made of two large-sized handkerchiefs by overcasting the hems together along one side. Now lay out the two handkerchiefs and fold the ends back two inches, turn them over and bring the sides to the center. Stitch along the top and the bottom, three inches in from each end in the center attach ribbons to tie.

Silk Flowers

Hand-made blossoms of all kinds and sizes if anything, seem to be growing in popularity. Tiny wreaths and half circles of roses are still used at the neck, on the ends of sashes and for hair bands. These are made in the simplest way, the little roses being merely ribbon or silk which has been cut and folded, and then wound round and round the end which is given an extra twist to form the center.

Large single roses are used on dresses and hats, these are made by sewing ribbon petals round a hard cotton padded center. Petals made of silk or chiffon are very pretty bound with bias strips, sewed on and rolled over.

A beautiful pincushion can be developed of three shades of pink satin ribbon, folded in loops, and the corners tucked in and caught so that each petal will be of irregular, but pointed outline. Fill the center with black-headed pins and to a wire stem, wound with green ribbon add a leaf from an old flower or a small bow of green ribbon.

An Emery

Another little gift which can be really and truly made of just a scrap of silk or satin, is an emery. Perhaps somebody has one which is badly in need of a new cover, or if not a complete new one can be made by cutting a two and one half inch square of any pretty bit, and also one of lawn or muslin for lining, fold over, forming a triangle, fill full of emery and sew up securely. Make the covering in the same way and put on. Shape the emery down out of two of the corners, and fold these over the top fastening with a bow of narrow ribbon. If one has to use a plain material, this can be brightened by decorating with oil paints or if this is not possible use anything pretty, cut from a card or magazine. This can be gummed in place, and an attractive effect secured by covering the whole with a bit of veiling or chiffon.

Other Cushions

Although cushions are old, they are ever appearing in new forms. Velvet and silk are use-



SQUARE CUSHION.

ful for making them in the form of tomatoes, carrots, beets, and other vegetables. Strings of two or three such little cushions are cut tied together with raffia or ribbon. The next little square cushion is simplicity itself. Cardboard should be the foundation for this.

A two and one half inch square forms the bottom while the four sides slant out so that the cushion at the top is four inches square.

Dresden ribbon is perhaps prettiest, with full bows of narrower plain colored ribbon at each corner, and a piece of net or lace stretched over the top, this adds to the appearance of the cushion and prevents signs of wear as the pinholes do not show up.

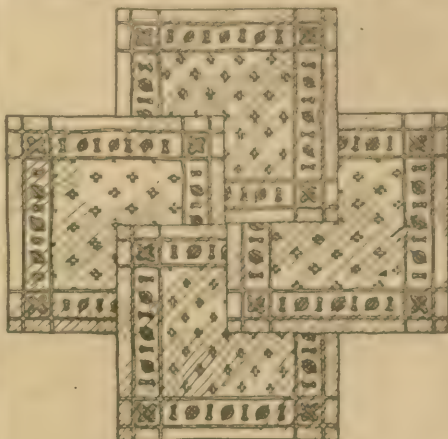
There is nothing new, about the next silk covered circle for pins, excepting the idea of attaching an emery to it. Such a little cushion is always a handy article, and one which would keep the emery from becoming misplaced.

EMERY AND CUSHION.

Pillow Cover

Four handkerchiefs and four buttons are all that is necessary to make a handkerchief pillow cover. In the center of each handkerchief on the wrong side fell a piece of inch wide tape and on the right side sew a flat linen covered button. Work a buttonhole in each two diagonally opposite corners of each handkerchief. This is all the work, two buttonholes and one button to each pillow. Now place them as shown in the illustration. Each overlapping the other as indicated and button in place.

Put on the pillow and fold over the extended



BUTTONED ON PILLOW COVER.

portions, overlapping in the same way and both sides will be the same, two corners coming to each button.

Splasher

A very dainty splasher is made of white all-wool serge, along the lower edge of which is an effect of water, on which float green lily pads. The water is suggested by horizontal lines in steel blue done in darning stitch, and arranged here and there in groups of irregular long and short lines. Two or three frogs in different attitudes, one about diving into the water, a second just disappearing, its hind legs visible, and a third sitting meditatively on a floating leaf, compose the design.

A Quaint Little Cushion

The charm and convenience of this novel little cushion lies in its simplicity. Make



READY FOR USE.

a foundation of soft material filling it with wool, which is easier for one to use for pins, and also prevents needles from rusting, if one uses it in a work basket. A small silk covered heart has a cushion across the lower part, and showing just above it, the head and arms

of a tiny doll. The whole is outlined with an inch wide ruffle of double silk, or a narrow ribbon could be used instead.

A Dainty Veil Case

The veil case here shown is made of rose pink satin ribbon, lined with the same. It is twelve inches long and five inches wide, so a yard and a third of wide ribbon will be needed, and one yard of narrow ribbon for tying together. Cut the wide ribbon in half and sew the selvages together.

Then cut two pieces of sheet wadding ten by twelve inches and sprinkling with sachet powder lay between and finish the case by folding over the ribbon and sewing all around. To decorate cut out colored figure from a fashion magazine. Cover the dress with a piece of chiffon or veiling. Gum edges down on the wrong side, then



VEIL CASE.

paste the figure in place. Such a case as this may be used for either gloves or handkerchiefs as one prefers.

Two New Ideas for Baby Things

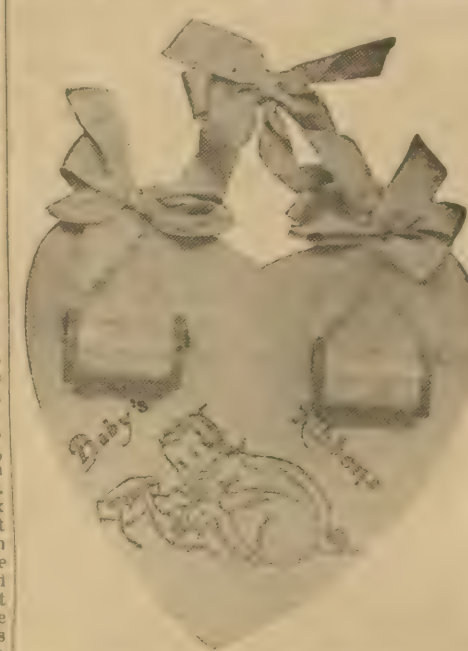
The youngest member of the family circle must certainly not be forgotten at this time of

the year, even though far too little to appreciate a Christmas present. Baby's mother will surely be pleased with either of these little articles for they will be found to be really useful be-



FOR BABY'S SOCKS AND MITTENS. FIG. 1.

sides being so dainty and attractive. For both cardboard forms the foundation. For Fig. 1 a twelve-inch square is necessary. This has the corners cut off. The linen covering is first worked by outlining and then across the front a pink or blue silk cord is looped to serve to hang baby's socks and mittens, etc. on to dry. The heart-shaped case for baby ribbons, could be cut from a nine-inch square. The linen covering can be decorated with any suitable and appropriate



design and then made up. Fasten on two or three spools of narrow ribbon and a little runner might also be tied in one of the ribbon loops.

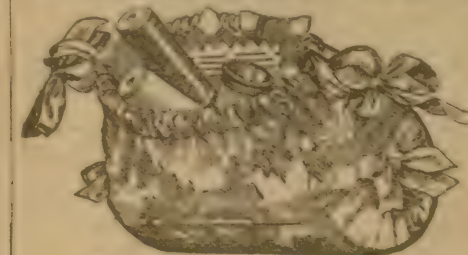
A carriage robe may also be made of a delicate shade of elderdown flannel by simply binding a square with satin ribbon.

An Unbreakable Doll

For an older child a handy little home-made doll can be made of white knitting cotton. Dolls of any size can be made, but for one about nine inches long one will only need one five-cent ball of cotton and one yard of baby ribbon. Wind the cotton into a ten-inch skein, tie one end firmly with a piece of cord and over this a piece of ribbon into a little bow. Cut the other end of the skein about two inches from the first tying. Tie the other string around here closely so as to form dolly's head, and over this tie a ribbon in a bow. Next to form the arms, take a few strands, twist them tightly, double together, and dividing the skein, catch them in place securely, then tie a cord and ribbon around to form the waistline, even off the bottom and put in eyes, nose, mouth and a row of buttons down the front by taking a few stitches with black darning cotton. A boy doll may be made by simply dividing the skein below the waist into two parts and tying each near the bottom. A girl doll can easily have a nice picture by braiding a few strands from the back of the head and finishing with a ribbon.

For Sewing

A very complete, though small case is pictured in the next illustration. This can be quickly made of twelve inches of pretty ribbon or a piece of silk five inches wide and same length. The bottom of the bag is held out as shown, by cutting a piece of light cardboard three and one half inches long by three inches wide and covering both sides with the silk. Fold the ribbon so that the ends are even and sew the selvage together beginning at the ends, for about three inches down each side, next turn down the ribbon and run all around to form a casing for the drawing strings. Fit the covered cardboard in the bottom, and continue to seam up each side, gather the ribbon up close-



CATCHALL FOR SEWING.

ly as shown, and finish with a tiny bow. Bodkins and coarse needles can be slipped under, buttonholed loops on the outside and the bag can be further filled up, ready for work or not as one likes.



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

THE last month of the year, my dears, and might become sad and talk in tears to you about the dying year, but I shall not, because Christmas comes in this last month, and is not that the gladdest, happiest time of the year? If it is not, it ought to be and it will be if all of us resolve to put into it all the good cheer that we want others to put into it for us. All of us can't be happy but all of us can be as happy as we can, and out of what we have, be it ever so little, we can share with some who have less and thus add to our own happiness. That's what I shall do and I want all of you girls to do as much, and here's a Merry Christmas to you all. Now I'll get to work.

The first letter I open is from Flirty Eyes, Madison, Wis., and she loves a man younger than she is and of a different religion. She says she loves him very much, yet does not feel that she can trust him, which is a queer kind of love, I think. She wants to know what she shall do and my advice is that she stop this kind of loving and find a man she can love and trust.

Troubled, Camden, Ga.—If you think you are going to die for love of this boy cousin of yours, perhaps you had better go into a state with him where it is not illegal for first cousins to marry and marry him, but you cannot have my blessing. I am unalterably opposed to first cousins marrying.

Anxious, Marmaduke, Ark.—Don't doubt the young man too much because he is not as "crazy" about you now as he was when he began seventeen months ago. A man can't be "crazy" about a girl all the time, and when he marries her the chances are he will be still less demented. I think you are rather too anxious. Suppose you just be calm and wait a while.

Blue Kid, Clear Springs, Ark.—As long as he goes with you as often as he goes with other girls, you have nothing else to do but wait until he goes with you often than anybody else. Don't crowd a young man who is worth having.

Brown Eyes, Seneca, S. C.—Your family physician, a married man, has no right to kiss you, a young lady, and if he attempts it again, tell him you will report his conduct to his wife. I think that will end his osculatory capers.

Sad Heart, Rosedale, Miss.—If the man is all right in other ways, the fact that he is sixteen years older than you should not stand in the way a minute. Especially as you are no longer a kid of a girl.

Lovesick, Wade, N. C.—If there is not a grown man in your community for you to go with, you might continue this affair with the sixteen-year-old boy, but if there is one, no matter if he isn't the noblest and best, you had better exchange the boy for him and do it right away.

Two Girls, Wheeler, Texas.—My dears, your cases are hopeless and there is nothing left you but to go to a nunnery. I may add, however, that if you do, the young men in the case will have other girls before the nunnery doors close on you.

Girls, North Chattanooga, Tenn.—Suppose you ask the young man to wait until you get the college education you want and also until your parents will give their consent. In the meantime you write to the President of The Southern Institute, Camp Hill, Ala., and find out from him what chance a poor girl has for an education in that school.

Troubled Girls, Ft. Pierce, Fla.—Blondes and brunettes and Dances and Americans get along about as well together when married as any other kinds. Married happiness depends on something more than complexions and nationalities.

Mary, Bulard, Texas.—Don't marry the man younger than you are who has done "some things wrong" and your parents don't want you to marry him. You are making more money than he is and why should you give up your independence for a risk like that?

Lonely, Lexington, Nebr.—Don't worry when you can't go to the parties because there is no young man in your neighborhood polite enough to take you. Being a cheerful little soul, they are missing more than you are, and by and by some man worth having will choose you from all the others because you are a good thing at home.

Worried, Emerson, Nebr.—If your fiancé, to be married Christmas, is as neglectful of you after marriage as he is before, I am sorry for you. That is if you intend to marry him in spite of his neglect. I'd break the engagement so quick it would make him dizzy.

Cry-baby, Tasher, Va.—Being the petted baby of the family and so used to it that not to have it makes you unhappy, I should say you had better not marry this man who says he wants a woman for a wife and not a cry-baby. My advice is for you not to marry anybody until you are old enough and tough enough to stand any kind of treatment.

Brown Eyes, Alamosa, Colo.—Don't marry any man whom in your heart of hearts you cannot trust, my dear. This one may be very attractive and may truly love you, but if he is not a square man in his dealings with other men, he will be found out and be made to suffer and you must suffer with him. Such men have made many trusting women suffer for the sins of their husbands. They did not suspect the character of the men they married, but you feel your lack of trust in this one and if you marry him you will deserve whatever comes to you. But why marry him? Can't you have him as a friend so long as he is worthy of friendship? You have your school ambitions, let them stand between you and marriage. Tell him to wait ten years.

Broken-heart and White Rose, Wadler, Texas.—Stop writing about beans until you improve your spelling and your grammar. They're awful.

Golden Glow, Willits, Cal.—Maybe your sister wants him in why she objects so strenuously while all the others are favorable. However, don't lose a good man you love, just to please your sister.

Homeless Girl, Oklahoma City, Okla.—If you find it so easy to break the engagement with the first man because you have met a new one, I advise you to break it. An engagement that has no more power or influence than that cannot result in a happy marriage. You are not marrying for love, but for a home, and a home is a wretched place if there is no love in it. Beware.

Blue Eyes, Briscoe, Texas.—Run away with the young man and marry him just to spite your parents, but don't cry and beg them to take you back home again when you find you have made a dreadful mistake.

Eltie, Heart, Okla.—Don't ask me, my dear, if I think it advisable for you to marry the man you say you love and who wants to marry you. If you are not capable of determining for yourself in such a case, you should not marry.

Brown Eyes, Gasolene, Texas.—As you broke the engagement and he went off and became engaged to another girl who broke it and married your brother, and he came back to you and you have made another engagement, I think you should keep it and marry him. Maybe you think an engagement is not good until the third time.

Happy Girl, Rushville, Ill.—Don't you think it is silly to stop speaking to the young man and by and by make up with him and be friendlier than ever? Either don't stop speaking, or if you stop, stay stopped. (2) You did quite right in dousing the too familiar young man with cold water. They need such treatment often that they get it.

Blue Eyes, Briscoe, Texas.—If you are strong enough to give up the love of your parents for this man whose reputation is not good in their sight, then you can afford to give them up for him. Otherwise, obey your parents. In any event, wait until you are of age.

Unhappy Sue, Newbern, Pa.—In view of the fact that you must break one of two hearts that are beating for you, and you are calculating which one to break, it is a sure sign to me that the man whom you

do not choose will be the better off in the end. I am sorry for the man who thought you were worth waiting four years for and I hope he will realize what he has gained by losing you, if you should give him up for this new love you have found.

Lonely, Rogers, Texas.—As you have known the young man since he was fifteen and he is now twenty-one, and you have grown up together and he has never showed any signs of loving you, I think you might as well conclude that he does not, however much you may think of him. I will not say you are silly, as you ask me not to, but do you think it is really sensible for you to waste your affection in this way? It is not his fault that he does not love you, but I do think it is your fault that you love him. (2) Having met a young man for the first time you should speak to him when you meet him again, either on the street or elsewhere, unless you do not wish to continue the acquaintance. The lady speaks first.

Toledo Maid, Toledo, Ohio.—You are quite right when you say: "If to gain popularity I have to submit to familiarities I will die an old maid," but, my dear, you don't have to submit to familiarities to be popular. The trouble with you is that you are self-righteous and don't know it while everybody else does. You think I will not say you are silly. Stop that and instead think of other people. Do all you can for the pleasure of other people and you will soon find that you will be popular. (2) It is easy enough and right enough to write plays for the "movies," but can you sell them? If you cannot, what's the use?

Penn. Cousin, Monongahela, Pa.—You were never more mistaken than when you say you could love anyone who loved you sincerely. You'll find some day that you cannot. Love does not go or come as it is bidden. You are not of the impressionable sort or you would like more men than you do, but that is no sign that "Mr. Right," as you call him, will come along some day and you and he will fall in love with each other. It is possible, but don't wait for him. Dream about him if you want to, but marry some good man and maybe you will wake up and find he is Mr. Right and you didn't know it. (2) I think the drug clerk should be snubbed if he presumes to speak to you on the street unless you speak first.

Blue Eyes, Lenoir, N. C.—A girl of sixteen doesn't know her own mind, as small as it generally is. Put this uneducated man out of your thoughts until you have finished school. If then you think you want an uneducated husband and an uneducated father for your children, you may marry him. Education may not have much bearing on love-making, but in the serious conditions of marriage it counts for a very great deal, indeed. The lack of it, in man or woman, has often brought separation.

Fithel, Pansy and Daisy, Kempner, Tex.—My dears, there is plenty of time between now and when you are old enough to have beans, and you should put in a whole lot of it learning how to write the kind of letters young ladies of your ages should write.

Not Silly, New Castle, Wyo.—It must be a strange mother you have, my dear, who wants you to accept the attention of a man who has been in jail for theft and also has a wife living. You are doing right to disobey her and have nothing to do with a man like that, even if you have to leave home to escape him.

There, my dears, I have answered your questions except those I had to refer to other departments in the paper and I hope you are pleased, because I want the old year to end with a good taste in all of our mouths. Here's a Merry Christmas to you all and a Happy New Year By, by, till 1914. COUSIN MARION.

Linked by Fate

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"And I promise on my side," she responded earnestly. "If Heaven should befriended us and help us to get away from this dreadful island, I swear that I will not tell a living soul that that poor Mr. Fleming persuaded us to be married."

"Agreed!" said Mannering grimly. She drew a long breath of relief, and rose from the table.

"What a wind is blowing!" she said, in a more cheerful voice.

"All the better for us; it is blowing from the right quarter," he said.

"But it is blowing very hard," she remarked. "See how it shakes the saloon! I—I am glad we have agreed so well, Mr. Mannering. I will go now. You say we shall be able to sail tomorrow?"

"Yes, tomorrow," he said, rising as he spoke. She wished him good night and went out, and Mannering lit his pipe and sat pondering. The vein of reflection which he struck was not a flattering one. The girl he had married was so indifferent—disliked him so much, to put it plainly—that she had bargained with him to conceal their marriage. And he had consented. He drowed over his pipe for half an hour or so, then he rose and made for his hut. But when he came in sight of the spot where Nina's hut had stood, he stopped short with his heart in his mouth. The hut was no longer there and only a litter of poles and undergrowth remained.

He ran, calling upon her name, and found her lying on the ground with one of the heaviest poles across her slim form.

With a herculean effort he dragged the pole from off her, and raising her in his arms, called upon her frantically.

"Nina! Nina! Are you killed—dead? Nina?"

Her eyes, upon which his frantic gaze was fixed, did not open, but he felt her shudder in his arms, and, unconsciously, he pressed her still more closely to his breast.

"Nina, Miss Nina, are you hurt?" he called. His lips close to her ears, for the storm had risen again. "Oh, speak to me! Try—try to speak to me!"

She opened her eyes, and, as a flash of lightning lit up their violet depths, a gasp of relief, of thanksgiving, escaped in trembling lips.

"Oh, thank God! I—I thought you had been killed. Are you—are you hurt?"

She clung to him—still unconsciously.

"I—I don't know!" she breathed with labored breath. "The—hut fell in as I entered—"

"Oh—I am going! Hold me!"

He held her tightly to his breast, and, not knowing what he was doing, put his lips to hers.

It was a kiss—a kiss of infinite pity rather than passion—but, weak and distraught with fear as she was, Nina was conscious of it.

The blood burned in her face for a moment, then left it pale and wan.

"I—I am all right," she faltered, struggling feebly to free herself from his grasp. "I—I am more frightened and faint than hurt."

"Are you sure—are you sure?" he demanded hoarsely. "You do not know yet. The beam may have fallen on you. Don't try to stand. Lean on me. Oh, poor girl, poor girl! And it was my fault—mine! I heard the storm. I ought to have come with you to have seen that the hut was safe."

As he spoke he pressed her to him still more closely, and, so great was her weakness, that she yielded to his embrace—for it was nothing less—and, half unconscious as she was, found a subtle pleasure, comfort, in the yielding.

"I'll take you to the other hut," he said. "No, you can't walk. I must carry you. Ah, let me!"

She struggled faintly, feebly, but he lifted her in his strong arms, and carried her into his hut, and laid her on his bed.

"Now rest there. Try and sleep!" he exhorted her, in a low and gentle voice. "Let me see if you are hurt. Where did the beam fall on you—your arms, your chest?"

She shook her head, and feebly strove to put his hands from her.

"I don't think you are badly hurt. It must have been the shock, the fright. Tell me, do you feel any pain?"

"No, no!" she gasped. The gentle, commiserating touch of his strong hands was like an anodyne and hypnotized her. "I am in no pain; I am not hurt. If—if you will go now—"

He rose at last, but still bent over her, his face lined with anxiety.

"All my fault!" he muttered. "Let me put the pillow higher for you. Oh, God, if there were only a doctor to see you! I don't know whether you are hurt or not!"

"No, no, I'm not hurt!" she gasped once more,

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are of course the kind you most wish to have—must have if you are to enjoy life and if you are to make your days successful. Indigestion, though, causes not only sleepless nights, but it brings many kinds of misery—headaches, impoverished blood, nervousness, muscular weakness and mental dullness. If neglected, it undermines the health and invites serious sickness.

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but in so low, so feeble a voice that he bent low on his knees to catch it. "Go—now."

He went at last, slowly, reluctantly, and with a backward glance that held pity—and was it something warmer?—in it.

The storm fell as suddenly as it had risen; and Mannering, slowly and with immense calm and patience, rebuilt Nina's hut. His heart was full of pity for her—of something warmer, of which he was only partly and dimly conscious. He did not know that he had kissed her, that his words, his actions had been full of love, of a man's love, for the woman.

And Nina! She lay awake, tossing from side to side on his bed. The memory of the kiss burned in her consciousness. She had lain in his arms; she had yielded herself to him; she had, though he did not know it, been glad of his embrace, the touch of his lips.

Maiden shame burned like a fire within her bosom—a fierce, merciless fire. Had he known, guessed at, the thrill of surrender that had run through her at his embrace? Had he known what his kiss meant to her? Like a flash of lightning from the rent skies, she knew that she loved him. This man who had saved her life at least twice—first from the sea, and secondly from the Lascar—who had watched over her, guarded her, provided for her life's daily needs, was more to her than life itself—was the being one means when one whispers "lover." And he was her husband by the caprice of fate—her husband against his will.

Had he kissed her, or did she imagine it? If he did, it made matters ten thousand times worse, for he had kissed her in pity, not in love. Not in love, for did he not carry in his breast the portrait of another woman?

She rose, feverish and parched with thirst; but above her physical suffering towered her mental spiritual agony. She loved him, and he? The fair face of that other woman rose before her mockingly, tauntingly, and embittered, poisoned the glorious, wonderful dawn which rose as a daily miracle upon the fairy island.

As if impelled by the spirit of her maidenly pride, which would not let her rest, she went down toward the beach. On her way she had

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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VETERINARY INFORMATION

Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

FLEAS.—I have a year-old cat afflicted with parasites of some kind. It continually scratches and bites itself and suddenly jumps up and runs. Seems otherwise healthy and eats heartily, but is quite thin. Can see nothing in its fur. I understand fleas can be seen. Would like to know what to do for it. **A. O. A.**
A.—Fleas or lice may be present and it would be best to treat the cat for such vermin. Put some Dalmatian insect powder into a gunny sack; then insert the cat and holding the mouth of the bag closely around the cat's neck, the head protruding, shake the bag well to cause the powder to enter the fur. Also give medicine for worms as often advised here.

COUGH.—Do all cows or cattle cough more or less? I bought a six-year-old cow three years ago. We noticed her coughing occasionally sometime after we had her, but thought very little about it until one year after having her she got real bad, occasionally would take coughing spells that seemed she would almost strangle. Thought she might have gotten something in her throat that might have caused it. She kept this up for over one year but gradually got better of it. Does not bother her near so bad at present. During all this time she had a good appetite and did as well as any of the other cattle on the place. She was the best one in the herd. Sometime after we noticed this particular one, we noticed the rest coughing occasionally. Sold two of them one year ago last spring on account of their age and also had three heifers become fresh last spring and they all have the same trouble but all doing the best kind. Is there a disease among cattle of this nature outside of tuberculosis or do you think we imagined something wrong and that all cows cough more or less?
A. J.
A.—Cows may cough now and then from dust, irritating gases in the stable, sudden changes of the temperature and exposure to drafts; but the coughs you mention are not of that sort, but chronic. The first step in such cases should be to test the cattle with tuberculin, a tuberculin is the most common cause of cough of chronic character. Cough may also be due to lung worms (strongylus micrurus); but this usually affects young cattle. Better have the test applied at once.

OPERATION.—Is there any method of castrating a small dog without pain or danger? If so, can you tell me where I can have it done?
A.—The operation can of course be performed under an anesthetic so that pain will not be felt; but the danger cannot be avoided. If an expert veterinarian does the work there will be little likelihood of death.

THICK WIND.—I have a horse seven years old, weighing about fifteen hundred pounds, purchased him about two months ago. When he does hard pulling he breathes heavy (what a horseman would call thick wind). Would like to know some cure for this.
A.—Such a trouble is usually relieved by not feeding bulky feed at night and never working the horse soon after a meal. Night and morning give half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic until one quart has been given; then gradually discontinue the medicine taking at least a week to the work. Weet all feed.

QUESTION.—Will you kindly inform me if Mr. C. T. Williams, an old veterinarian surgeon and horse doctor, is still living, or if any of his relatives are to be reached, or if he has a successor? This man, Williams, traveled at one time through New York state and doctoring the horses for the farmers. He had a valuable chart of diseases and their treatment, and the writer would be highly pleased to know if it would be possible to get in communication with him or his successors, or anyone who knows about his work or the chart he had?

A.—Ask the secretary of the state veterinary society of New York, or the veterinarian of the state agricultural college. It is quite unlikely, however, that the chart used by such a man would today be of any value as such affairs were old-fashioned and incorrect. You can get an up-to-date chart from any veterinary book publisher.

SWOLLEN JOINT.—I have a small pony that has a very bad wire cut on the wall of the left hock joint. The cut is healing very well but is leaving an enlargement. What can I do to prevent an enlargement?
M. F. C.
A.—The swelling will not subside until the cut has perfectly healed; then rub in a little ten per cent ointment of mercury, or iodine ointment each other day and exercise the animal to induce removal of the swelling.

GARRET.—I have a cow in good health but the right side of her udder is swollen, not so very much and she does not give the same amount of milk from this side and when I strain the milk there is a stringy and matterly foam on the cloth but the milk and butter tastes all right. She is the only cow I keep and she is a good one. She had this swelling about a week ago but I didn't pay much attention to it then. I thought she had just caught cold and rubbed her bag with camphorated oil only once. Is this milk good for use? I have to use it. **Mrs. E. K.**
A.—Do not use the abnormal milk. Milk that part of the udder three times a day and at night rub the udder with warm melted lard adding one part each of fluid extracts of poke root and belladonna. Leave to each six parts of lard, or sweet oil. Give her a tablespoonful of saltpetre in her feed or drinking water each night for four or five consecutive days. Keep her from bruising or chilling her udder.

CHOREA.—I have a nice young horse in good condition, but in cold weather he jerks his hind feet as though he had string bait. He doesn't show any signs of it in warm weather. **Mrs. J. H.**
A.—The disease is chorea, akin to St. Vitus' dance of man, and is incurable. An affected horse should not be used for breeding purposes as the tendency to the disease is hereditary.

GREASE.—I have a mare that has some kind of skin disease and her four-month-old colt has it, too. I have treated her for "Grease." She has it in all four feet, and up to her knees and at the elbow; her feet swell and crack and run grease which is very offensive. Her elbow runs yellow corruption. (2) Please give me a remedy for dandruff in horses.

A.—Make sure that farcy, the skin form of glanders, is not present. Do that and have a graduate veterinarian examine the mare and foal. When the veterinarian examines the mare live an outdoor life, without feed. Clip the hair from affected parts and poultice them with hot flaxseed meal for three days. Mix a dram or two of coal tar dip in the poultice and wash the parts with it. Wash parts clean with wood charcoal in each poultice. Wash parts clean and dry thoroughly, after disinfecting the poultices; then put old pants on the legs, tying the open ends then put old pants on the legs and keep them filled with the poultice. Use a solution of concentrated lye, to be gradually increased in strength if found necessary. A solution of one ounce each of sugar of lead and sulphate of copper to the quart of soft water also is a useful lotion for application two or three times daily to the affected parts of arsenic. Give the mare half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic at night and morning for ten days and then increase to three such doses daily until well, when the medicine can be gradually discontinued, but not stopped suddenly.

CHICKEN LICE.—I have a horse twelve years old that has some kind of skin disease, his head, breast, front legs and belly hair coming out and he is always rubbing his spots. It is always going all over his body. H. H. has a chicken lice and then was affected with it. Have the horse washed and then wash affected parts with a 1-50 solution coal tar dip and repeat the treatment as often as found necessary. Make it impossible for chickens to get into the stable. Clean up, fumigate, disinfect and whitewash the stable.

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BLEEDING.—I have a horse that coughs up lumps of blood that looks like lungs. He bleeds from his head. It doesn't seem to bother him any. He is high lived and looks well. Is there any cure for him?
R. E. W.

A.—In such a case the first step should be to make sure that glanders is not present and to that end it will be necessary to have an examination made by a graduate veterinarian. If glanders is absent the bleeding may be due to the presence of a growth (polypus or tumor) in the nostril and that could be removed by the veterinarian. Meanwhile syringe out the nostril, once daily with a pint of soft water containing one teaspoonful of tannic acid.

LEAKING MILK.—I have a cow which is continually losing her milk. Even right after milking it will drip away. If anything can be done for it, kindly inform me through your column in COMFORT. **H. C. C.**

LEAKING MILK.—I have a Jersey cow which loses her milk, the contracting muscles seem weak. Is there any cure?
J. H. S.
A.—Paint the ends of the teats with flexible collodion after each milking, or lightly ligate the teats with wide tapes or weak, wide rubber bands.

THRUSH.—I have a young horse with thrush on both fore feet. Three weeks ago I noticed him to be a little lame and looking at his feet found they had a disagreeable odor. I see so much valuable information in COMFORT I would like your opinion and assistance.

A.—Thrush may be present, but it is not likely the cause of lameness. That may be due to a nailpick, as you say there is a discharging hole in the sole of foot. Thrush comes from standing in wet and filth. Remove such a cause. Have the blacksmith pare away all loose, rotten and under-run horn from frogs and soles; then pack calomel into the cleft of the frog, on both sides of it and covering the hole you speak of. Place oakum or cotton over the oakum to keep it in place. Renew the dressing daily until cured.

SHOE BOLL.—I have a horse about fourteen years old, sixteen hands high and weighs twelve hundred pounds, a little thin but a good worker. He has a sore on his elbow on front right hand side, caused by shoe boll, received while lying down. **J. W. R. B.**

A.—You should have the entire affected mass amputated by a graduate veterinarian; then heal the wound by wetting a number of times daily with a lotion composed of one ounce of sugar of lead, six drams of sulphate of zinc and a pint of soft water. A good plan is to put a noose of piano wire around the affected part, then pull tight, to bring the skin and tissues into as small a compass as possible before removing the mass with a cherry-red-hot hatchet-shaped iron. The horse should of course be placed under the influence of an anesthetic, before operating.

Assisting Dan Cupid

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"Beak" was edging up. "How's things? No offense if an old cuss like me looks on, eh? Boy?" Burgess could not help but smile at the man's appearance. His attempt at ablation in the creek had not been a success from any other than a water-spreading standpoint, and sobering effect.

"Nothin' on," answered Vic.
"Huh?" questioned Slade.
They started toward the house, and Vic did not answer.

Bodman scowled as they came up, and looked in Slade's direction.
Slade pulled Vic's arm. "Say, boy, what'd you say back there?"

Vic told him, and added the reason.
Slade pointed a massive arm at Bodman. "What? That little cuss won't marry 'em?" A slow glare rose in Slade's eyes. A little color went from his face. He stepped over and tapped Bodman. "Better do it, friend. A weddin' don't come every day."

"Say what, this to you?" Bodman snapped. In the swift moment that followed, the quiet atmosphere became charged with destiny and the intense air in which life and death is at stake. With a shadowy movement, Slade's hand flashed and circled, and Bodman was quailing from a heavy gun held by a man in a bent, crouching position, whose voice was resonant with a terrible meaning, in whose bloodshot eyes was the thing that kills.

Burgess sprang forward. Vic caught him. "You marry the boy and the gal!" was all Slade said.

Bodman's lips were ringed with a white circle; he threw up his hands as he whispered a low "Christ!"

Then as suddenly, the terrific suspense ended. "Sure, I will," he said smiling a little grayly. "Get ready. You better come in the house."

Burgess turned her in his arms. "Dear, are you willing to have it this way?"

In her blood was the strain of Western pioneers, to whom life had been fraught with sudden and unexpected exigencies.

"Any way, Win. If it's done," she answered, squeezing his arm. "I think this is—great!" she added, her eyes shining.

In the little kitchen, with an audience that looked on with many emotions, the brief, legal procedure that a justice of the state was required to follow was gone through.

Slade had drawn himself to his full height and stood proudly by his big smorgasbord, and held in an attitude of respect; on his face were signs of huge and unalloyed pleasure. A wedding was rare and should be enjoyed. Vic hung back, happy in the joy that was coming to his friend, but nervous with the feeling that it was an occasion of solemn and far-reaching moment.

When Esther turned to Burgess and hid her glowing face on his shoulder, Bodman held out his hand.

"You know," he said, "any contract of any kind secured through duress or force is void." As Burgess staggered under the meaning of the statement, the other went on smiling: "As a

matter of fact, in this case, it's all right in every way. I wanted to do it from the first, but I had promised Steffeld. As it is, Steffeld can't blame me for breaking my promise, for as sure as the sun rises, Slade would have killed me out

Unnoticed by them, all the others had gone to the door, and the reason of their going was apparent when Steffeld thundered in, just in time to see Bodman shaking hands with Burgess. Returning from town, Steffeld had learned from Pete or Ann what was going on. But he was too late. After one glance he dropped onto a bench.

"Great!" He began savagely and hoarsely, then as he wiped his hot, grizzled face, his voice sank to a tone of resignation. "And so it's done."

"Yes, it's done," Dad," she said, going to him, and drawing him up. "And the proper thing for you to do is to shake hands all round with everybody!"

He smiled down into her happy, yet wistful face, and kissed her tenderly. "Little girl, when I got to the depot, and was fixin' things up to send you away, I—I—couldn't bear to think of your leavin' it; and I guess, now that you're done it, I'd better give up graceful. It's all right. Yes, I'll shake hands all around."

Some months afterward, when Vic Harris was a little too happy, he told of seeing Esther Burgess give "Beak" Slade a kiss, when the others were crowded around old Steffeld. Whether "Beak" was given a kiss as a reward, or whether he deserved it or not, may be a question; but he is certain that hearing Vic had told the story, he went gunning after that red-headed gentleman, and Vic turned up the next day, frozen to an arctic salience; nothing could be learned from him. It is certain, too, that Slade is seen, now and then, at Burgess's booming ranch, and that, though he has straightened up immensely, he would kill with hearty good will anyone who said a word against a gray-eyed, dusky-haired girl who can tell of a marriage-day like none ever before on earth.

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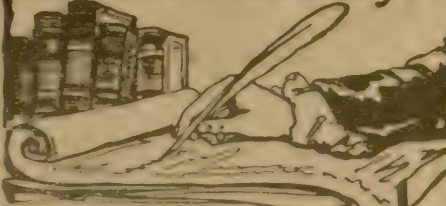
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Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

M. P., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that in the proper proceeding brought for that purpose, a decree can be made to provide for his wife and minor children in such manner as is commensurate with his means or income, and suitable to his station in life; we also think that neglect to suitably provide for her for a period of six months is a grounds for a legal separation in the proper action brought for the purpose, and that in such action the court would award the custody of the children to the mother, we can hardly conceive such award would be to the father who refuses to support them; we think if the man you mention refuses to support and provide for his wife and small children, the wife should at once commence a proceeding to compel him to do so. (2) We think, under the laws of your state, a wife is alone liable for the maintenance of herself and improvements made on her separate realty by her husband, if she consents thereto in writing. We do not think a wife can recover from her husband such property as she has voluntarily turned over to him.

Mrs. Olive L., Massachusetts.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no issue, the widow would receive five thousand dollars and one half of the remaining real and personal property and that if the personal property is not sufficient to pay the five thousand dollars the balance is paid from the sale or mortgage of any interest in real estate which the deceased could have at the time of his death conveyed, if he left a will, we think the surviving widow may within one year after the probate of will, or, in case the validity of the will is in litigation by order of court made on application within the year, within six months after the termination of the litigation, file a written waiver of its provisions, and shall then be entitled to the same share of the real and personal estate as the testator had if he died intestate, except that if such share exceeds one thousand dollars, she shall receive in addition only the income of the excess for life; we do not think this last provision would apply where husband and wife were living apart for justifiable cause established by decree of court. We think, in your case, if the widow is dissatisfied with the will she should be entitled to file a written waiver of its provision within the one year after its probate, we think she should employ a local lawyer of her own to do that for her, so that she may be sure that it is done correctly.

X. Y. Z., California.—We think you should consult some local attorney in the matter you submit. You should enclose full name and address in all communications to this column.

N. A., Arkansas.—Under the laws of Missouri, we are of the opinion that good title to real estate can be acquired through a tax sale, provided the sale is legally conducted and perfected and all periods for redemption had expired; we think, however, that every requirement of the tax law must be carefully complied with before any title can be acquired through a tax sale; a purchaser of property through a tax sale would not acquire a warranty deed to the property.

H. O. E., Minnesota.—The bankruptcy law is a Federal law and any and all proceedings thereunder must be brought in the U. S. courts and not in the state courts; if properly brought and conducted a discharge in bankruptcy will discharge all civil debts, but will not discharge a debt based on a tort or fraudulent indebtedness; nor will it discharge a debt unless the name of the creditor with his true address is set out in the petition for bankruptcy and that the discharge be effective if the bankrupt consents any of his assets; the proceeding may be commenced by a voluntary petition filed by the bankrupt himself or may be commenced by his creditors filing an involuntary petition against him; the proceeding is quite long and very technical, and in our opinion it would be almost impossible for a bankrupt to file a petition and conduct its own proceeding without the aid of a local attorney.

J. W., South Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman leaving no will, her estate would go, if only one child, in equal shares one half to the husband and one half to the child; if more than one child one third to the husband and the balance in equal shares to the children; we think that a married woman may dispose of her separate estate by will, without the consent of her husband and that she may, by will, disinherit any or all of her children if the will expressly so provides.

J. P. S., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that no person shall make an entry on or bring an action to recover any land lying east of the Allegheny mountains, unless within fifteen years, or any land lying west of the Allegheny mountains, but you must state after what time the right to make such entry or bring such action shall have first accrued to himself or to some person through whom he claims; for the purposes of this section, the county of Carroll shall be held and considered as lying wholly west of the Allegheny mountains. We think no good title can be acquired by possession except that the statute limits the time in which the title holder of land can eject the person in possession of the land, from such possession, but we think the burden of proof to show that such possession has been absolute, undisputed and continuous is always upon the person claiming the land through possession thereof and not upon the title holder.

Mrs. A. R., North Dakota.—We do not think you can now recover any interest in the homestead taken up by your father thirty years ago and upon which your mother made final proof and thereafter sold same; the sale being made over twenty years ago.

Mrs. G. E. W., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married man can leave, by will, his whole estate to his widow to the exclusion of his children, and that a devise of lands "To his wife and her heirs forever" would give the whole title to the widow and she could thereafter sell or transfer same as she may see fit without the consent of any of the children; provided, of course, there is no other clause in said will tending to show that the testator did not intend that the widow should have absolute title in fee to the land; we think will can only be construed properly by getting the testator's intent by reading the whole will and not by taking the various clauses separately.

Mrs. W. C., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a husband or wife, leaving no will and leaving no issue, his or her real and personal estate which came to such deceased in some way other than by descent, devise, or deed of gift would all go to the surviving husband or wife; we think that if there is no issue the widow would be entitled to all the personal estate in any event, but such of the real estate as came to the deceased by descent, devise or deed of gift of an ancestor or a former possessor thereof would be subject to another method of division.

Mrs. L. K., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a husband can be compelled to support his wife, and that, in the proper proceeding or action brought for that purpose, he will be punished if he beats her.

G. G., Kansas.—We think your remedy against the man or woman who comes upon your property to spy upon you through your window or otherwise is to

proceed against such man or woman for trespass; or to proceed against them for disorderly conduct; we think you should go before a justice of the peace or other magistrate and make a complaint against him.

X. Y. Z., Ohio.—We do not think a person entitled to share in a decedent's estate can enforce the collection of a claim due the decedent except through an administrator or executor of such decedent's estate; we do not think a decree settling an administrator's account or order for final distribution would relieve an administrator, or his bondsmen unless he makes the proper payments thereunder to the persons entitled.

Mrs. J. B. S., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the failure of a witness to sign the marriage certificate or the failure of the person performing the marriage ceremony to fill in the name of a witness on the marriage certificate would not invalidate the marriage if the same was in all other respects a valid marriage.

Mrs. E. L. G., Oregon.—We do not think there is any law limiting a money lender as to the amount of security he may ask to secure the payment of a loan; we think that the collection of an indebtedness can be enforced against any property the borrower may own and cannot be limited to one or more items of the collateral given to secure the indebtedness; in your state we think the legal rate of interest is six per cent per annum, but that contracts providing for not more than ten per cent per annum can be enforced.

W. K., Minnesota.—We know of no school furnishing a correspondence law course, which we would care to recommend.

Linked by Fate

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20)

to pass the saloon, and, after a moment's hesitation, she opened the door and looked in.

Mannerling lay at full length before the fire, his head resting on his arm, on which was the blood of a wound caused by one of the falling beams. His face was troubled, his breath came short and painfully. Her own grew labored a 1 painful as she bent over him, and her love for him welled up in her heart and ran over, so that it was hard for her not to touch him, if with her finger-tips only. As it was, she bent so low that her lips nearly touched his, and her breath stirred his hair. But alas, and alas! at that moment he moved in his sleep, and she heard him murmur, "Judith, Judith!"

She rose as if something had stung her, and, in a conflict of emotions, went down to the beach. It was high tide and the raft tugged at its moorings. She gazed at it thoughtfully, then the color rose to her pale face and her eyes glowed with an idea.

She knew that if she remained on the island with him her love would betray her. Why should she not go? Here were the means—the provisions which Mannerling had prepared were close by the raft; it was as ready for use as on the day he had intended that she and poor Fleming should set sail. Why should she not go?

She might reach the group of islands of which Mannerling had spoken; on the other hand she might not. At any rate she would have saved her self-respect—would save herself the shame of revealing her love for this man.

The idea, she thought, sent the blood to her face. She ran up to the hut and put her spare clothes in a bundle, and, wrapping the marriage certificate and Fleming's diary in a piece of oil-cloth, put them in the bosom of her dress, then returned to the beach and the raft.

But she could not go without a word of farewell. She was feeling so much from herself as from him, but she owed him a word of explanation—of good by.

She tore a blank leaf from Fleming's journal, writing on it:

"I am going for both our sakes. Remember our promise."

She fixed it with a stone to the rock nearest the spot where the raft floated. Then, she took the box of provisions on board, set the raft loose from its moorings, ran up the sail to the mast, and pushed off into the rolling sea.

Mannerling did not awake until some hours later. His phenomenally hard work of the previous day, and the stress and strain of the events of the night, had exhausted him. He waked with the guilty consciousness of being "late," and he went about the routine tasks of the morning.

He laid and lit the fire, and filled the can with water; and all the time he was performing the tasks he was doing so mechanically, with the memory of last night's experiences humming in his brain. He had held Nina in his arms. Had he—had he kissed her? Had he spoken a word of the love for her that welled up in his heart?

He did not know when he saw her—when he looked into her eyes. Would she be angry, resentful? He asked himself. Poor girl, poor girl! Should he tell her that he had learned to love her, that he wanted her for a wife in more than name?

He went up to the hut, intending to call her—to get her outside, and have it out with her there and then. After all, she was his wife. His wife! He murmured the words to himself fondly, with a thrill of passionate longing. His wife! How much it meant to him!

But he would not call her. No doubt she was tired. He would wait, and at breakfast, if they sat opposite each other, like husband and wife, he would open his heart to her would tell her that he loved her, would—yes, claim her!

He went back to the saloon. No breakfast was laid; but he made up the fire and sat down to wait patiently. Half an hour passed, then, thinking that he had better call her—that she would be angry if he did not do so—he went up to his hut and knocked at the door.

No answer came, and, after knocking again, he strolled down to the beach. He missed the raft in an instant, and started with surprise at the place at which it had been moored. Then the piece of paper, fluttering under the stone on the rock, caught his attention. He went to it, took it from under the stone and read it.

Read it not once or twice, but a dozen times; then stood gazing with unseeing eyes and tortured heart out to the sea on which the frail raft had ventured, bearing away from him the girl he had learned to love as only strong men can love.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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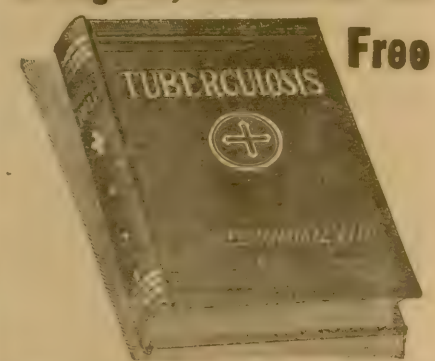
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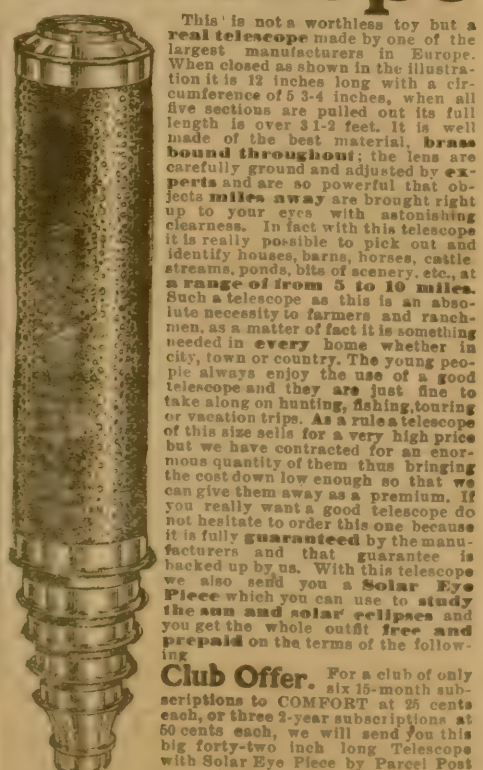
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The Mysterious Sun Spots. You Can See Them With This Telescope



A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John
Campcraft

It is quite as natural for a boy to like camping as it is for a girl to delight in playing with dolls. The reason for this is simply that it is a survival of instinct. At one time all men lived in the wilderness and their only means of livelihood was their ability to secure game. There is no better or more wholesome sport than properly regulated camping trips and I can think of nothing better adapted to teach boys self-reliance, pluck and good will than a few weeks spent under canvas by the side of a lake or river, or in the heart of the forest.



The Boy Scouts go in strong for camping. In fact the promoters aim to make it the chief diversion of every troop and patrol whether they are located in the city, town or country. Some Scout encampments are on a very large scale. I know of cases where more than a thousand boys, under the direction of experts, spent six weeks in a tented city of their own construction, cooking their own meals at open fires, washing their own clothes, and doing everything else that would be done at home by mothers and sisters or hired servants. Besides the work of maintaining cleanliness and sanitary conditions the only other worry they had was to have a good time. Under skilled leaders, events and games were planned for every hour of the day.

The most of the Scout trips are indulged in by only a few boys and the stay is generally two weeks or less. Even in such cases a certain amount of knowledge is necessary to make the trip a success and it is the purpose of this article to set forth a few facts that have been gleaned by experience.

One of the first precautions to use is in selecting your party. It is not well for any weak or sickly lads to go because the trip will do them no good and they will be a constant care to the others. Do not take any bullies or fighters or cranks or anyone likely to hamper the fun-loving ardor of the others. It is better to go to a field or grove of well-known camping advantages than to take a chance at indiscriminate searching for a site. If, however, you contemplate going into an unknown section, take a good road map along. The best maps obtainable are those sent out by the government at Washington. They are published in atlas sheets, each one being of a small district. The sum of five cents sent to the Superintendent of Documents will procure one map and a list of the others. When it arrives have a get-together meeting and figure out just where you are to go, and the best route to take. When this point is settled take up the matter of supplies. Let us suppose that there are eight of you and that the trip is to be for two weeks. Here is a complete list of what you will need in the way of grub, providing your camp is so isolated that supplies cannot be brought in after you are settled.

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------------|
| 4 lbs. Boiled Ham. | 6 cans Condensed milk |
| 40 lbs. Bacon. | 25 lbs. Pancake Flour. |
| 2 lbs. Butter. | 5 lbs. Sugar. |
| 1 lb. Coffee. | 3 lbs. Salt. |
| 2 bu. Potatoes. | 1 lb. Tea or Cocoa. |
| 3 doz. Eggs. | 15 cans Corn, Peas and Beans. |

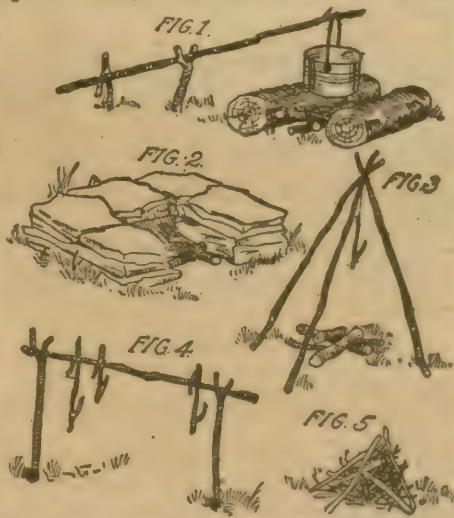
Canned baked beans are very desirable, also some crackers in tins. In addition each one might contribute a couple of jars of different kinds of pickles or preserves. This list may seem too big but it is the result of nearly fifteen years' annual camping trips with parties of four to eight. The boiled ham is to be consumed at the first few meals when other duties will prevent proper attention to cooking. The bread should be baked the day before departure and securely wrapped in four thicknesses of paper. I have never seen baker's bread that will keep three days but the genuine home-made article is good enough for anyone after two weeks. The coffee, sugar, tea, butter, lard and salt must be in tightly sealed tin cans or glass jars, and not simply wrapped in paper. As to the means of traveling I would suggest that you have a horse and wagon. If you must "hike" it have the grub done up in parcels of even size, so that each one will carry about the same load. As a matter of fact, when we have added our canvas, tent poles, bedding, cooking utensils, extra clothes, bats, balls, fishing tackle, etc., it will be practically impossible to tote it. A push cart will solve the problem or a wagon that can be pulled by eight willing boys. For a short stay a horse is really indispensable but for a long encampment it becomes a nuisance because it has to be constantly watched and cared for. Of course you understand, someone over twenty-one must be the leader of the party. The Scoutmaster is the logical one for this office but the Patrol leader or any natural leader of boys will do.

While I think of it I will mention the cooking utensils that must be taken along. Two skillets, two stew pans, coffee pot and tea pot, butcher knife, salt and pepper shaker, 3 in. d. knife, fork and spoon, cup, plate and saucer for each one with a few extra for emergencies. A good axe and saw or several complete the list. Besides this each lad has his canteen, compass, small axe, first aid pack and all of the usual equipment.

In selecting a camp site observe the following points. It must be high enough to be dry and self draining, close to a supply of good fresh water, and near or in a woods where tent poles and firewood can be readily secured. As to the kind of tent needed: The simplest kind of shelter is a lean-to made of green branches. To begin it make a frame of poles and cover with a network of branches as shown in Fig. 1. The thatching or covering is done with small leafy branches or by the principle of shingling a roof, that is tips of the one leaning over the other so as to shed the water. Two of those lean-to shelters facing each other, with a nice fire between, make a cozy

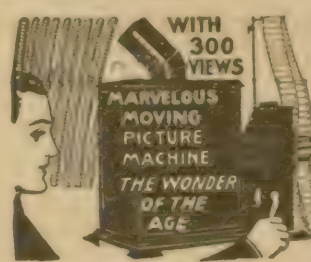
nest for a few days. Fig. III is a very simple canvas tent made without any supporting poles. All you have to do is tie your top line to the limb of a tree and drive your three corner stakes. The sheet is eight by ten feet or larger. To make a bed you first lay a thick layer of the ferns or branches of the balsam, fir or hemlock with the butts pointing to the foot and the convex or hump sides up. Lay more on this by thrusting the stems through the first layer at an angle. When high enough the best covering is a rubber blanket, rubber side down and then your sleeping blanket on top. This kind of bed is famous in song and story and is recommended by well-known experts. Keep the head of the bed away from drafts, or openings. Next to the tent mentioned comes the army dog tent. It is simply a square of canvas raised in the middle, a horizontal pole like the ridgepole of a house roof. When set up it is the shape of the letter A; the edge of the canvas being staked to the ground on both sides. Two upright and one horizontal poles are required. A dog tent may be made with a double blanket and three of the Boy Scout staffs. One square or rectangular piece of canvas may be put up in the shape of a low shed with two sides and a sloping roof, or in the form of a pyramid with one open side. Like most anything else, you can learn more about tent making by actual practice than in any other way. One of the sketches herewith is of a simple Scout tent that will accommodate two or four. The Boy Scout handbook contains many useful hints on tentmaking.

A good plan, which I have followed for years, is to get your outfit together and practice putting it up on the lawn until you are familiar with the work and know just what you should take along. For the two weeks' trip you could have a small tent for each pair or a large one for all. The latter is the best for a good bunch because it brings out more of the spirit of true comradeship. If you can do so, bring along all the poles you need. If you must find them in the woods, take one or more branches of large trees rather than following the ruthless practice of cutting down saplings. The latter course is needlessly wasteful of nature's resources. In Germany whenever a person fells a tree he must plant two, so why not follow that here? The slogan of Boy Scout campers should be "Protect the trees," and that reminds me of the great care you must use in camp-fire making. More than ten years ago, spurred on by severe forest fire losses, Congress passed a law which forbids under pain of \$1000 fine any carelessness which results in setting the woods on fire. Among the things forbidden, are dropping matches or burning tobacco or inflammable material, building large fires or fires in leaves or rotten wood or other places where it could spread, building fires in windy weather without digging holes to confine them, failure to extinguish fire completely before leaving it even for a short absence, building fires against large or hollow logs where it is difficult to extinguish them, etc. I have quoted this law at length to show you the importance of extreme caution in making fires in the woods. Use good common sense, mixed with a spirit of honor and patriotism. The camp fire picture illustrates several good plans. The first shows the fire between logs. I use this only on a hard dry beach or river bank and the logs used are generally water-soaked old tree trunks washed ashore. Fig. 2 is the universally used flat stone fireplace. Figs. 3 and 4 show good rigs that are used to suspend the pots from. Fig. 5 is the fire itself. By all means get a copy of the laws of your state relating to camp-fires, and if it is necessary for you to get a permit to build a camp-fire, get one. Make your fire small and have water buckets near ready to prevent its spreading. In extinguishing the fire soak the ground



for three feet around to prevent spreading. In wet weather you can find dry leaves and wood behind large logs and in other sheltered spots. Along the low bank of a stream you can always find a fringe of chips and light wood. The trick of building a camp-fire is to pile on your wood evenly and loosely so that there will be plenty of air space and consequently good draft from the bottom. No doubt you have heard about the primitive method of producing fire by rubbing stick together. The picture shows the different parts of the apparatus used and a Boy Scout in the act of using same. The upright, eight-sided stick is the drill "d." The flat piece "e." At the base, with the notches, is the fireboard "a." At the inner or pointed end of the drill is a small pit with the knife blade, and insert the point of the drill as shown. This is rotated by means of the bow "c" which is made of a hickory stick and leather thong or cord. The stick is two feet long and as thick as your thumb. Give the thong one twist around the drill and then move the bow back and forth full length. At the top of the drill is a socket piece which consists of a hard knot with a pit a half inch deep. Here is how it makes fire. When the drill is going rapidly round, it will grind into the fireboard and fine wood dust will run out of the notch. In a short time, generally less than two minutes, this wood dust will begin to smoke. You then gently feed on your prepared tinder and shavings, and blow it until it blazes. The best wood to use for the drill is an old dry piece of balsam fir or cottonwood roots. In lieu of these balsam, red or white cedar and pine are recommended. The fireboard should be of like material. It will have to be changed often because one hole or notch is good for only three fires.

When the fire is made, hang your hot water vessel over flame and put potatoes on in similar manner or drop them around the edge of the fire for roasting. When the fire dies down they may be then be covered with hot ashes and coals. Coffee then be made quite a trick. Here is my favorite way. At the same time you put your water on put a tablespoonful of coffee for each person on the empty pot. When the water is lukewarm cover coffee grounds with a cupful. And warm cover coffee grounds, the water must be seething now remember this, you pour it over the coffee. As soon as you do so cover the pot and keep it hot, but not boiling for five minutes. Now settle the coffee with a couple of tablespoonfuls of cold water or an egg and serve. To cook bacon at water or fire, place skillet over fire and put into an open fire, place skillet over fire and put into it thin slices of the meat. When the bacon sizzles and begins to curl turn it and keep on turning until it is cooked crisp but not brittle. I like mine turned about three times at least. Eggs may then be fried or scrambled in the bacon grease. The canned vegetables are prepared by dumping them into a stew pan and heating them thoroughly. As soon as you open a tin containing food remove contents.



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If you leave it in the tin after opening, a chemical change may take place in the food which will make it poisonous. Here is a good camp menu:

BREAKFAST.

Coffee, bread and butter, bacon and potatoes fried, preserves.

DINNER.

Boiled or mashed potatoes with onions, eggs or bacon, stewed corn or peas and pickles or preserves.

SUPPER.

Salmon or eggs, toast, warmed over potatoes, tea, pickles or relish.

Observe cleanliness in all things, such as personal habits, washing dishes and clothes and disposing



of waste. Everyone should bathe about seven in the morning and should stay in the water not more than fifteen minutes. Come out at signal from leader, dry body with brisk towel rubbing, dress and prepare breakfast. As starting the fire is an honor it must be done by each one in turn. Garbage and other refuse should be taken at least a quarter of a mile away or buried or burned. To wash towels or underwear soak and soap them thoroughly with naphtha soap and lay them aside for a few hours. Then rub them between the hands and thoroughly rinse in clean water. In washing grimy and greasy cooking utensils a can of prepared cleanser is worth its weight in gold as a labor saver. Knives, forks and tins may be scoured with damp earth.

As to regulations, the meals should be served at stated hours, and after nine o'clock at night all should be quiet in camp. Do not leave a light burning, and kindle a fresh fire each morning. As to amusements, besides fishing, canoeing, biking, setting specimens of leaves, or snapshots of animals and scenes, you should have a ball and ball, set of horseshoes, large soft ball, jumping contests, swimming races and everything you can think of to help pass away the time. There are many good Boy Scout games, which you can find in the Handbook. I have attempted to give you an idea of what honorable Boy Scouts or American boys should and should not do and my only regret is that I cannot be with you. Next month I will take up another Scout activity.

The Real Santa Claus

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.)

It was a favorite trick of his quietly to drop a present in through the window at night so that it should be found in the morning. Suspicion soon pointed to the children's friend as the giver and this soon settled into undoubted belief; but how he managed to get his gifts into the houses without any apparent means of entrance was more difficult of solution and led to the rumor that he brought them down through the huge chimney generally in vogue at that time; and quite likely the jolly old fellow did encourage their notion by occasionally lowering a parcel down the chimney.

When he passed to his reward in a better world he was sincerely mourned by the entire community and his loss was most bitterly grieved by the children who had been the chief recipients of his benefactions. In grateful memory he was called a saint, and so we have the origin of Saint Nicholas, and his birthday was celebrated on the evening of December fifth, known as St. Nicholas Eve, by the giving of presents, and the little children used to hang up their stockings about the great fireplaces and sing a little song to him:

"Saint Nicholas, my dear, good friend,
To serve you ever was my end.
If you will now me something give,
Serve you I will as long as I live."

Later the celebration of St. Nicholas Eve was combined with Christmas, and thus St. Nicholas became the tutelary saint of Christmas. Santa

Claus is St. Nicholas; Santa Claus is a childish abbreviation of Saint Nicholas. Now can anybody see any harm in the little children believing in Santa Claus? Who could have the heart to crush the hope and joy of a child's faith in good old Santa Claus?

EDITOR.

STARTS SKUNK FARM.—Seeing profit in skunk hides, Roy Mitchell, a young farmer of Warrensburg, Mo., has started a skunk farm. He has imprisoned 50 of the little fur bearing animals in a corral. Mitchell says he will ship 100 skunk hides the coming winter, which will net him from \$150 to \$200.

A BABY EVERY FOOT.—Hale street, in the West End, now boasts of being Boston's richest street; for Hale street is but 500 feet long and contains 500 babies. Mrs. Mary M. DeAngelis, the visiting nurse who took the census, found many families having ten and twelve children, many at the baby age. Mrs. DeAngelis remarked, "A baby to every foot is quite a record."

ECZEMA BOOK FREE

The National Skin Hospital, located at 119 Main Street, St. Joseph, Mo., who treat skin diseases only, have published a book of more than sixty pages which they are mailing free to anyone writing for it. It has many colored plates showing the different forms of skin diseases and tells how they can be treated at home. Anyone interested should write for it at once.—Adv.

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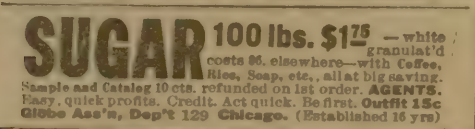
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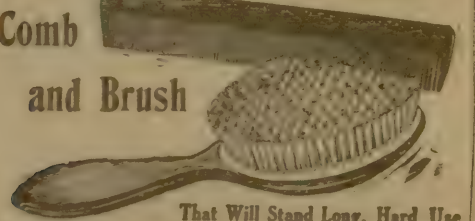
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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

typical of nearly all uniformed office holders in the United States. You know what Shakespeare said about "a little brief authority." If you don't you ought to. The U. S. uniformed official is more important and more arrogant than uppy-teen Czar rolled into one. You approach one of these officials, and he scarcely deigns to notice you. If he speaks at all he grunts like an overfed hog. If you want something done and mildly protest if it is not done quickly or properly, you are liable to wake up in the morgue on a marble slab. Though appointed and paid by the American people, these servants of the public treat their employers and masters as though they were so many cattle. Slip them a five dollar bill and they'll fawn on you, lick your shoes and hand you over the United States, the Constitution and the Capitol itself. Give them nothing and they are liable to hand you a punch on the Adam's apple that will make you think you are swallowing cider for the balance of your life. Directly you put a uniform on a man, he struts around like a prize rooster, consumed with an overexaggerated sense of his own importance, and from the eye of his altitudinous ego of insufferable conceit, he gazes disdainfully down at the scurrying mob of lesser mortals at his feet. The only people in the world who can wear a uniform correctly, wear it with dignity and decency, and wear it without becoming brutalized and bossy, is the Salvation Army. I'm glad to know that Germany has small farms and many of them. That's what we'll have in some sections of this country when people realize that there is more money in farming a few acres well, than a whole lot badly. In other sections farms will be bigger than ever, and all the work on them will be done by machinery, so that enormous crops may be produced with the least possible effort and expense. In a few years farm machinery will have sounded the death knell of the hired man, and in fact it is doing it now rapidly. The gasoline engine will do most of the farming in the future, and I'm glad of it. I want to see the day come when all the laborious work of the world, the dirty drudgery, will be done by merely pressing buttons, and then mankind will at last be really free. Today a man is merely a slave to his boss, who owns the machine and to nature who makes him fight for all he gets. Real freedom he does not know. In the good days coming we shall have plenty of time for leisure, recreation, study, time for self improvement and social amenities, and there will still be plenty of work that is pleasant and delightful to do to keep us from rusting. So you are a jewel mounter Hans, are you? Yours is a trade that will never get any patronage from me. I regard jewelry as worthless truck. A woman who is good looking does not need any adornment in the way of jewelry, and all the jewelry in the world will never make a homely woman look attractive. A woman smothered with ropes of pearls, diamonds and other gew-gaws, to my mind looks like a South Sea Islander at a missionary barbecue, and all that's wanted to make her a real barbarian is to stick a ring through her nose and lips. Beauty unadorned is adorned the most, and if the people who spend their money on a lot of external decoration, would decorate their minds with jewels of thought, rubies of sympathy, diamonds of love, pearls of kindness, sapphires of affection and the opals of compassion, it would be better for them, than trotting around like an animated Christmas tree loaded with junk. Anyway, Hans, I don't think much of that piece of jewelry of yours, as from your statement it's only a hand me down. By the way it's been handed down it must be that or nothing. You say your garnet is worth twelve thousand dollars, because of the peculiar shade of blue in it. Now I wonder what that Paris expert would value me at, because I've got the most peculiar shade of blue in me now, and so has Billy the Goat. Billy's been eating bluefish, and feels desperately blue. If you come to visit me Hans don't bring that garnet along, or it's ten to one the Goat will swallow it. You say you don't understand Parcel Post? Of course you don't. Who do you think ever did?

DACUS, TEXAS.

HELLO, UNCLE CHARLIE:
Will you let another new member come in and take a seat in your lap as I am lonely today. Uncle, I received the button and membership card the other day. I was proud to get them and to become a cousin of such a noble band where they are doing so much good and grand work. Well Uncle and cousins, I will try and describe my ugly self. I am twenty-six years old, five feet six inches tall, weigh one hundred and sixty pounds, light hair, grey eyes, fair complexion and Irish-American by birth. I am a Baptist by religion. Have gentle disposition, believe in being a comfort to my parents and everybody else.
Uncle Charlie, you ought to be here today to go in swimming with me as I live close to a creek and it has been raining so much that it has got out of its bounds and all over the bottom land and it is a pretty sight to see.
Uncle, I forgot to tell you what I am doing. I am firing at a sawmill and I like to fire at a sawmill better than any other job. Well I had better close this letter by asking the cousins to write to me.
Your cousin,
JOHN WADE. (League No. 37,841.)

Hello, John, I've had some fun trying to find out where you live. You had it Dacus, instead of Dacus. There is nothing that leads to more confusion and mistakes, and makes more trouble for harassed officials and busy humans, than the criminal persistence with which people will make their a's look like o's, or rather scorn to make any a's at all. Write your a's as a should be written and write o's as o should be written. According to your letter you also live in the state of Texas and am Uncle Charlie, and you want a seat in my lap? If I had a lap John, you should certainly sit in it, but I'm not entirely lopsided just yet. You say, "I am lonely today." John will you kindly tell us how it feels to be lonely? then I can tell you maybe if I have ever had the same disease. If you had only told us what the lonely symptoms were, I should have known immediately if I'd ever had an attack of it. Billy the Goat says the symptoms are somewhat as follows: "You have an aching void in the region of the pocketbook, a violent antipathy to all kinds of work, a persistent paralysis of the primal principles of progressive propulsion, an irresistible inclination to indulge in ordinate, inexcusable and incorrigible inertia. Billy says there are a whole lot of other things you have when you are lonely, but he need not mention any more, for I know the disease well, and I've had it often, only I call it being lonesome instead of lonely. The Goat thinks however John, that you are just lonely, and how can you be lonely in such a beautiful state as Texas, and such a magnificent metropolis as Dacus? Is Dacus magnificent? Well I should worry. In fact I should worry a lot and build a house on it. John you say you have light hair. In fact you have snelt it blue, as "a" is not in your alphabet. Well, on your head or does it wag on your chin? It is evidently some physical adornment or you would not mention it in describing your various charms of person. If it's really and truly hair, and not "hair," and you have got more than you know what to do with, you might send me a handful, as I'm tired of having flies turkey trotting, bunny hugging and doing the tango on my ornial skating rink. You say you are a Baptist. I don't know what kind of a religion that is, but it's surely a queer religion for an Irish-American to indulge in. Well, I suppose you'll get to heaven as quickly with that kind of a religion as with any other so hang on to it as long as it does you good. You say you earn your living by firing at a sawmill. I did not know a man could ever earn his living by doing that. Another thing I think you've got an awful nerve pumping lead into a poor sawmill that never did you any harm, ruining valuable property, endangering people's lives and raising mischief generally. Texas has, or excuse me, had, a reputation for lawlessness and gun play, but I thought that was all a thing of the past. Of

98 cents



Railroad Watch

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our catalogues of Rich Watches we will send this elegant Railroad watch by mail post paid for ONLY 98 CENTS. Gentlemen's size, full plated silver plated case, locomotive on dial, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. Send this advertisement to us with 98 CENTS and watch will be sent by return mail post paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 98c today. Address E. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

course if you've got to fire at anything I would rather you fired at a sawmill than a human being, for I've an idea it would take a good deal longer to kill the sawmill than a member of the pant's wearing species, though some of the latter are so tough they are pretty nearly bullet proof. Is there any particular reason, John, why you fire at this sawmill? Did the mill and you ever have a fight about politics, or borrow a five-dollar bill of you and forget to pay it back? There must be something at the back of all this murderous banging of firearms, and I'd like to know what it is. What's that, Billy? Oh, go on, I won't believe it. You say John is fireman of the engine in the sawmill? Well, let us hope so, though his letter would lead us to believe otherwise. I am delighted to know, John, that you are a law-abiding citizen, and that the mill where you work is in no immediate danger of being converted into a sieve and sold for old lead.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.
Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.
Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.
Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-months subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or renewal.
The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.
All these League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal order for membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.
Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for December

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. All appeals unaccompanied by references will be destroyed.

Wm. T. Harrah, Backus, W. Va. Back broken. Wife dead, and a family of young children on his hands to support. Without your help they would perish. See that he gets fuel and groceries for the winter. They rely on you. Mrs. Maggie Cook, New Richmond, R. E. 3, Box 24, Ohio. Specialists say an operation might make this poor, blind, afflicted young woman able to sit up. Her life is torture. Is without means of support. Do your very best for her. L. B. Tinsley, 1645 Washington Ave., Huntington, W. Va. Is helpless from the heart down. Is beyond human aid. Has a little boy and a noble wife who does the best she can for him. Send Santa Claus to them. Very worthy. Sallie Satterwhite, Blairstown, Mo. Has been a cripple all her life. No means of support. Very needy and worthy. Do what you can for her. Miss S. A. Shambles, Dorsey, Miss. Helpless shut-in. Needy and worthy. Send her a dime shower. Dortha Grigg, Glen Allen, Ala. Crippled from birth, twenty-eight years of age. Remember her in your Christmas giving. J. T. Hoyle, Kings Mountain, N. C. Helpless shut-in. Unable to walk. Great sufferer. No means of support. Highly recommended. Very needy and very worthy. Send him some cheer. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Adams 1611 North Adams St., Bell-

No use looking so old!
Change your gray mustache to a rich brown or black. Use

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50 cents to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

TYPEWRITERS FOR EVERYBODY

A Genuine Typewriting Machine for Business and Personal Correspondence

Writes very distinctly and most as fast as some machines costing \$10.00 or more. A thoroughly reliable and very satisfactory instrument. It is now the style in this busy world to write business letters on typewriters, thus the readers cannot mistake any word or character in the letter, besides typewriting can be read very quickly, and envelopes with typewritten addresses are promptly handled by Post Office clerks. Every office and family should now have a typewriter. This machine has 36 characters, every letter in the alphabet and the numerals from 1 to 10; is easily understood and operated, any child can write on it after two hours' practice and older people will reap the benefit of an extra supply of best quality copying for their effort. With this machine are sent full directions for operating and an extra supply of best quality copying ink, the whole carefully packed and sent at our expense.
Special. If you will send us a club of only 4 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for fifteen months and complete outfit to you as an award for your effort. Premium No. 596.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stops Tobacco Habit

Elders' Sanitarium, located at 698 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be stopped in three to five days. As they are distributing this book free, anyone wanting a copy should send them their name and address at once.—Advertisement.

YOUR RUPTURE Sufferer

CAN BE PERMANENTLY CURED
By the "SCHULLING RUPTURE LOCK," the wonderful, scientific discovery of the age, it's holding power can be regulated by yourself at will. Endorsed by leading physicians as Nature's true method. No leg straps, springs or other annoying features. It's worn with the same comfort as a pair of old suspenders. Nature's healing process never interfered with, etc. Price within reach of all and it is sent on 30 days free trial.

Write our Institute today, for our free booklet, if you want to forever rid yourself of rupture.
Schulling Rupture Institute
34 West Market Street Indianapolis, Indiana

Improved German Silver Mesh Bag

Can't Stay Open While You Carry It Nor Contents Be Lost. When You Lift or Use This Bag The Draw-Chain Automatically Closes The Top Insuring Safety Of Contents.



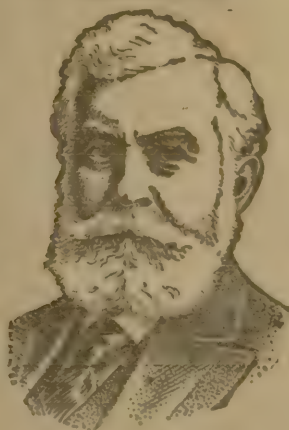
The Latest Mesh Bags Have Chain Pulls

instead of clasps, and can easily be washed with soap and water. The ordinary style with the clasped frame top has been in vogue several years, but the bag with the Silver Snake-Wire Draw String is the latest. It is Five Inches Wide and Over Three Inches Deep, with a very attractive fringe of link shaped into points as illustrated with a silver-plated ball on the end of each point, also on the bottom of the bag there are three balls. The illustration does not do justice to this attractive bag. It will hold such things as handkerchiefs, coin purse, etc., much more in fact than the ordinary small kid-lined bag, which is more easily soiled. The bag is very strongly made of extra size mesh, and with ordinary care will last for years without breaking or tarnishing. For only five subscribers to COMFORT Special Club Offer. For at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you one of these German Silver Mesh Bags by Parcel Post. Premium No. 370.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

RHEUMATISM

My New Drafts are Relieving
Thousands in Every Stage
of this Cruel Disease
without Medicine

Send Postal for Dollar Trial FREE



FREDERICK DYER.

To everyone suffering with Rheumatism I make this unlimited offer: Send me your address and I'll send you by return mail a Regular Dollar Pair of my New Foot Drafts to try free—fresh from my laboratory and ready to begin their soothing help the minute you put them on. They are working wonders in every stage of Rheumatism, whether Chronic or Acute, Muscular, Sciatic, Lumbago, Gout, or other form—no matter how long treated or how severe.

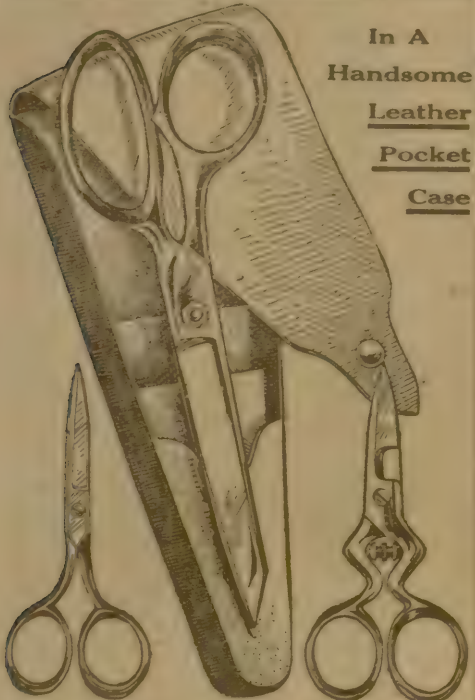
Letters are coming in every mail, from all over the world, telling of cures by my Drafts in the most difficult cases, even after 30 and 40 years' suffering and after the most expensive treatments had failed. No matter what your age or how many other attempts have failed, I want you to Try My Drafts Free without a cent in advance. Then, afterwards, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, if you feel that you have at last found the long sought cure, you can send me One Dollar. If not, simply write me so, and they cost you nothing. I take your word—I leave it all to you. You can see that I couldn't have such unbounded faith in my Drafts if I did not feel positive that they are more prompt and sure than any other remedy known. Don't hesitate. Remember I'm taking all the risk of failure, not you. My valuable illustrated book on Rheumatism comes free with the Trial Drafts. Address Frederick Dyer, Dept. 1256, Jackson, Michigan. Send Today.



New 1914 Thin Model 3-Piece Watch \$3.75

Magnetically engraved, gold finished double hunting case, high grade American lever movement, stem wind and stem set. 20 year guarantee sent with each watch. **\$3.75** Includes chain for ladies. Ladies' watches for \$4.00. HUNTER WATCH CO., DEPT. 1238, CHICAGO, ILL.

3-Piece Scissor Set



In A
Handsome
Leather
Pocket
Case

Given for A Club of Four

This handsome and useful 3-Piece Shear-and-Scissor Set is something actually needed in every home. The Shears are 8 inches long, made of the very best steel, highly tempered, and handsomely nickel plated. They are ground down to a sharp keen edge which will last almost indefinitely without re-sharpening. The Buttonhole Scissors are also made of fine quality steel 11-1/2 inches in length with a patented gauge as shown in the illustration. By simply screwing this gauge one way or the other any desired size buttonhole can be instantly made without loss of time or trouble. The Embroidery Scissors are 4-1/4 inches long, made of the same high quality steel, and beautifully nickel plated. The complete assortment comes in a handsome leather pocket carrying case which fastens with a snap-and-socket device. This case makes it very convenient to carry all these pieces in the pocket or in a shopping or traveling bag. This is one of the most useful presents you can have ever offered and we expect a great demand for it among Comfort's lady and girl readers who have out of sewing and home dressmaking work to do. We will send you this 3-Piece Shear-and-Scissor Set in handsome leather case coming as above described free on the terms of the following:

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this 3-Piece Shear-and-Scissor Set in its handsome leather case by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 651. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TOLD AROUND THE STOVE



Abandoned Churches

"Some of you good people who are doing all you can to raise money to put your church houses in better repair," said a clerical looking gentleman, "would hardly think that there are thousands of abandoned churches scattered over the country, would you? But there are. In Illinois there are over seventeen hundred churches which congregations have deserted and they are standing idle, or as in some cases, used for barns or business purposes. In Missouri there are perhaps a thousand and Iowa has a like number with as many more in Kansas. Other middle western states have their full quota of abandoned churches. In the East and South the ratio to the population is considerably less, in many instances old church houses are not wholly abandoned, but only annual services, or anniversary services, are held in them by their original founders or their descendants. The cause of this condition is simply over-production, just as we have it in other than religious efforts. Religious enthusiasm is one of the moving spirits of the world, and when some stirring preacher comes along and gets the people started they feel that they must have a church house. While the excitement is on they build, and after a little while the congregation dwindles under the strain of the expense and the few remaining cannot stand it and they close up. This is true principally in country districts. Now a new movement is beginning which, while not tending to occupy these abandoned churches, will prevent their future increase. This movement is consolidation of the numerous small or congregations into one large one—a church trust, as it were. Experts have determined that one competent clergyman is enough for 600 to 1,000 people, and it is proposed that such combinations be made to save the country congregations from entire disintegration and destruction. At first many small churches will be abandoned, but once begun the big and strong congregations will absorb the little and weak ones and there will be no further abandoning of churches. Naturally there will be fewer preachers, but those remaining will not be paid the miserable pittance too many good men now receive. Taken by and large, I believe it will be of the greatest advantage to the whole cause of religious development."

Migrains

"I don't suppose there is a man, woman or child above twelve years in this country, who hasn't at times felt a sort of queer feeling in the head and been able to see only half an object, with a kind of a sick at the stomach feeling," said a doctor of experience. "You may be feeling all right, when suddenly your eyesight seems to be affected and you seem to see only half of an object, and you can't see to read at all, the letters get mixed up so. That feeling lasts, with more or less severity, sometimes causing vomiting, for a half hour or much longer, when the vision clears and there comes a headache over the eyes that hurts the rest of the day, but usually is gone by the next morning. It affects children and young people more than the older ones, but I don't think I ever saw anybody who hadn't experienced it to a greater or less extent. Women are more troubled with it than men, and they usually call it sick headache. It is generally believed to be a bilious attack and medicines are taken to remove the bile and clear out the system, as they say. But it is not bile that causes the trouble, except perhaps, indirectly, but it comes from over-exertion, excesses of any kind, living in close rooms, nervous exhaustion, too much worry, and poor food or improper food, and is a nervous ailment, rather than functional. Some doctors call it a form of neuralgia. Its real name is migrain, and the way to cure it is first to remove the cause. With the cause removed the patient will be free from attacks which come periodically. If the cause is not removed, all the medicine in the world won't do any good."

Tungsten Lamps

"If you never saw a tungsten electric light," said an electric expert, "you may have seen them advertised and I'll bet most of you thought tungsten was the name of some foreigner or other who invented them. But you are mistaken. Tungsten is one of the new metals which have been discovered in recent years, and it is used in electric lighting because of its hardness and being so little affected by heat, its melting point being 5,500 degrees. Ever since Edison invented the fine carbon filament used in incandescent lamps, something better has been looked for and all manner of materials, silk, bamboo, metal and so on have been tried, but to no purpose, as they could not stand the heat. Heat makes a lot of difference and with some of the filaments which seemed to the ignorant to give a good light, only two per cent of the electricity used went to light, leaving all the balance to heat. Tantalum, another new metal, was thought to be the substitute for carbon, until tungsten was discovered, and though tantalum's melting point was only 500 degrees less than tungsten it gave only half the candle power. So you see how heat cuts down light. The chief obstacle in these new metals is ore. In Montana and California, and unless something better is found, tungsten is likely to take the place of carbon equipments in all incandescent lamps. Tungsten is also useful in fireproofing cloth and is a powerful fix in dyeing. So much for tungsten lamps when you see one and somebody asks you about it."

Increase of Human Population

"Did it ever occur to you," said a man who was addressed as doctor, "that man alone of all the animal kingdom increases in numbers? It is a proved fact that for ages only one pair of young of the inferior animals can grow up to take the place of the parental pair, no matter how many they produce. In some instances, under special circumstances they may increase, but if they do, it is offset by a decrease somewhere else. That is Nature's way with her inferior children, but it is not so with her superior kind, man. He continues to add to the original number. He alone propagates and multiplies. Statistics show in every country, civilized and uncivilized, an increase of population. If the birth rate decreases the death rate follows suit and the birth rate is always greater than the death. During the nineteenth century the population of the United States rose from five millions to 75 millions; Great Britain from 15 to 40 millions; France from 26 to 38 millions; Germany from 23 to 55 millions; Russia from 38 to 105 millions, and no country of modern times shows a falling off in population. There is no indication that there will be a change of nature, and some of these days something is bound to happen to thin people out so that what is left can live at all. However, don't worry; none of us will be here then. But it is curious, just the same, to talk about and think about."

Why the Leaves Turn

"Most folks," said the man who might have been a college professor if looks counted for much, "have an idea that it is the frost that turns the leaves from their green to the reds and yellows we see in the autumn, but the frost has nothing to do with it. One evidence of this is that many leaves turn long before frost ap-

pears, sumac and gum leaves especially. What makes the coloring is oxidation caused by heat and light, something as iron rusts and turns red, which is oxidation. That is, when the leaves have ripened after doing their season's growing they become choked to their own excretions and the acids thus formed are acted on by the oxygen in the air and the coloring results. In very damp climates the leaves do not show much color, nor in dry climates where they dry up rapidly as the leaves have a very thick skin to retain all the moisture possible and this obscures the color beneath. In our climate the average season gives the brightest colors to the autumn leaves neither a dry nor a wet season being propitious. Young trees are the first to turn red in the fall and it is noticeable that individual trees will continue the same colors each year, in some instances the same branch beginning to turn first. The fact that frost comes about the time that the leaves turn does not mean at all that if the frost didn't come, the leaves would not turn. They would, because it is not the frost that turns them any more than it is frost that puts the color in the apples and the peaches."

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

stamps, foreign and domestic. Is nearly blind. Send her some cheery letters. I hope you will bring Santa to the bedside of each of these poor souls. Remember we never list any individual name more than once a year. It should not be much of a tax on the pockets of six millions of you to make these poor souls happy. Most of you leave all the giving to a few. God loves a cheerful giver and loves a miser. When you withhold your help they bring their troubles to me, and God knows I have enough of my own. Let the spirit of Christmas touch your hearts and your pocketbooks. Once more a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

New Christmas Edition of Uncle Charlie's Poems Better and Finer Than Ever.

Scores have asked for that funniest of poems: "Just Behind the Battle Mother." You will find it in the new Christmas edition of Uncle Charlie's Poems. Never since the world began has there been so jolly a book of screamingly funny verse as this. Full of poems that you can recite in the parlor or on the platform. Poems that twice for laughs their heads off. Drop it in the family Christmas stocking. Everybody will want it. A perfect present for young and old, fit for a king. Big 160-page gorgeous book, beautifully bound in blue ribbed silk cloth. A scream from cover to cover. Autographed by Uncle Charlie's own hand. With heart touching sketch of his life and beautiful half-tone pictures. All free for a club of only four 15-months subs. to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Book weighs three quarters of a pound. Best Christmas gift in the world. Work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book a Splendid Christmas Gift.

You can't have a real Christmas without music in the home, and Uncle Charlie's Song Book will set every collection of entrancingly beautiful songs will set every music lover wild with delight. Songs for all occasions, all tastes, and every song a hit. The ideal gift for all music lovers. Cheap at five dollars. Contains full score for voice and piano. Four splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie on the cover. Send two 15-months subs. to COMFORT at 25 cents each, and Santa Claus will bring this gorgeous collection of musical masterpieces to your door, free of cost. Poems and Song Book free for a club of six. Secure both and a Merry Christmas will be yours. Greatest bargains ever offered. Send for them today.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

a two- or three-years-old child and upward. Excellent for looseness of bowels when children are teething.

Mrs. L. Luro, Douglas, Ga.

COUGH SYRUP.—Take a large handful each of low mullen, boneset, and horseradish (use the dry herbs), to two quarts of hot water and boil down to one quart; add one half pint of clear syrup and one half pound of granulated sugar and boil till it forms a syrup. If you add a little alcohol or brandy it will keep longer, but it is best to make only a little at a time. You can use all sugar if you wish, but the syrup keeps it from going to sugar.

Mrs. J. A. Jones, Sterling, R. R. 2, Ill.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Party Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Helen Wills, Port Clinton, R. R. 2, Ohio.
Ephraim A. Johnson, Hartford, Box 427, Cal. Frank G. Feiberg, 734 E. 13th St., Erie, Pa. Benjamin Boldt, Plattville, Box 485, Wis. David W. Smith, Upper Darby, Box 73, Pa. Mrs. Frances Barrack, 428 Market St., 1st Ward, Fairmont, W. Va.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount time a the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted.—Information of William Burns, barber, badly pock marked, has thin, dark hair, mixed gray mustache, scar on back of left hand, ring on third finger of same hand. Write to M. E. Elder, 119 Frustum St., Esplan, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wanted.—Information of my son, Jacob Carroll Miles, last heard from twelve years ago. His father, P. J. Miles, Millersburg, Ohio.

Wanted.—Information of Henry Jackson, last heard of in Kansas City, Mo. Notify his mother, Mrs. James Jackson, Assumption, Ill.

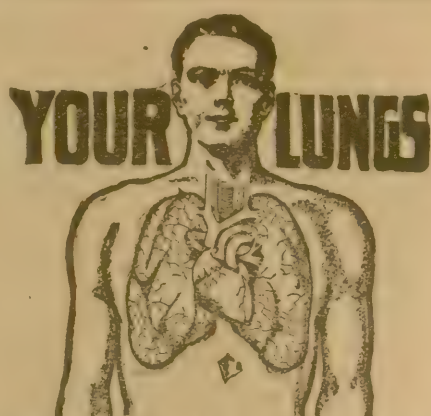
Wanted.—Address of Bernard Derr, son of late George Derr, last heard of in Missouri. Notify his uncle, William Derr, Richmond, R. R. 2, Macomb Co., Mich.

Wanted.—Information of Roby Fullenwider, last heard from at mines at Villagrove, Colo. Her step-father is dead and her mother wants her to write. Address, Matilda Wood, Mount City, Mo.

HE REDUCED 57 POUNDS

New Method of Flesh Reduction Proves Astonishingly Successful

Johnstown, Pa., (Special).—Investigation has fully established that Hon. H. T. Stetler, of this city, has reduced his weight fifty-seven pounds in an incredibly short time by wearing a simple, invisible device, weighing less than an ounce. This, when worn as directed, acts as an infallible flesh reducer, dispensing entirely with dieting, medicines and exercises. Many prominent men and women have adopted this easy means of reducing superfluous flesh, and it is stated the inventor, Prof. D. O. Burns, of No. 17 West Thirty-eighth street, New York, is sending these outfits on free trial to all who write him.



ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL?

Do your lungs ever bleed?
Do you have night sweats?
Have you pains in chest and sides?
Do you spit yellow and black matter?
Are you continually hacking and coughing?
Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?

These are Regarded Symptoms of Lung Trouble and

CONSUMPTION

You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes. We Stand Ready to Prove to You absolutely, that the German Treatment, has cured completely and permanently case after case of Consumption (Tuberculosis), Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other lung troubles. Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung Germine. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development, you can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity. Lung Germine has cured advanced Consumption, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.

Let us send you the Proof—Proof that will Convince any Judge or Jury on Earth

We will gladly send you the proof of many remarkable cures, also a FREE TRIAL of Lung Germine, together with our new 40-page book (in color) on the treatment and care of consumption and lung trouble. JUST SEND YOUR NAME

LUNG GERMINE CO., 610 Rae Block, JACKSON, MICH.

Relief For Rupture Without Operation

We Allow A 60-Day Test—Entirely At Our Own Risk—To Prove It. No longer any need to drag through life at the mercy of leg-strap and spring trusses. No reason in the world for letting them force you to undergo a dangerous operation.



Away With Leg-Strap and Spring Trusses

So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluthes Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless. Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound, 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why doctors should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbug—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 5000 people, including physicians. Write to-day—And out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny. Box 68—Cluthes Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City

THE ABFORMATOR

Something new in Abdominal support. For constipation, weakness, from stomach trouble; rupture; appendicitis or laparotomy incisions; pregnancy; floating kidney, etc. No matter what your shape may be, if you need support, send for free descriptive circular. It will interest you. THE ABFORMATOR HOME, Dept. 48, Watertown, N. Y.

OPIUM

or Morphine Habit Treated. Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially desired. Write particular for Harris Treatment, Suite 38 No. 358 W. 5th St. New York

MUSIC, MONEY & PUZZLE

A four inch cylinder Harmonica, a Coin Holder and a Puzzle all in one. The soft, sweet tones of this round harmonica are superior in many ways to an ordinary harmonica owing to the reinforcement of the instrument by being wholly encased in the metal cylinder. In addition to being a first-class Mouth Organ, it has combined with it a cute Six-Spot Puzzle and a Coin Holder for nickels, five cent pieces, for car fare and small change. Five pieces of money can be carried in this end of the instrument. The puzzle is fascinating and good practice for the eye, nerves and mind. This combination harmonica is new, has not been offered for sale in stores, cannot be found everywhere and is sure to be a big favorite.

SPECIAL OFFER. Send only one 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25c for a Harmonica as above described. Only new subscriptions accepted. Premium No. 362.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Oxien Plasters have been used for over a quarter of a century for Rheumatism, Coughs, Colds, Aches, Pain in Back, Lumbago, Kidney Troubles, Heart Diseases, Stomach Disorders, etc.

Write us you want this Beautiful, Soft, Warm, White Plaster and we will mail you the Six Oxien 25 Cent Porous Plasters, do sell same day your order arrives.

Girl's Waterproof Cape

A Great PROTECTOR From WIND and RAIN



Made of striped rubberized cloth with suitable lining, and the hood feature of this cape is the hood. Girls going to school do not like to carry an umbrella, and this cape can be worn either in hot or cold weather. In winter a sweater or coat can be worn underneath, and the child is not only dry but perfectly warm. There are two openings in the cape for the arms, but the garment is large enough so the books or packages can be carried underneath, which makes it much better than a Raincoat. The shoulders are shaped so as to give it a very attractive look. This cape comes in a very dark drab color with lighter drab stripes. They are so pretty any girl will be proud to wear one. Sizes 6 to 14 years. When ordering better order it larger than necessary so to have it of sufficient size to go over a heavy coat or other garments. Boys can easily get up clubs and thus get one of these Rain Capes for their sisters. Girls like to get subscribers to COMFORT where they can so easily earn such a sensible premium so as to keep warm and dry during the rainy season. We are prepared to fill all orders promptly.

Special Club Offer:

For a club of only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send by Parcel Post one of these serviceable Rain Capes. Premium No. 529. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LADIES'

Pure Silk Hose

Sheer and Lustrous

Owing to the great demand and growing popularity of Silk Stockings, we have arranged to give our readers an opportunity to get the unequalled ONYX brand Silk Hose free of cost.

The attractive feature of this hose is the little top and feet; the upper part of the stocking to a depth of eight inches is made of fine silk with double garter welt. The heel and toe are made of four thread silk.

By this method the hose are durable and strong where the wear comes, and sheer and lustrous where they show.

This genuine ONYX Silk Hose is positively the highest grade silk hose in America and the largest seller. We guarantee there are none better. Silk Hose are indispensable to complete the finished appearance of the well-dressed woman. It is fashionable to wear Silk Hose to match gown or dress; this is possible from following assortment of colors: Black, White, Tan, Pink and Light Blue. Send only 5 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months for One Pair ONYX Silk Hose. Order by color and size or give size of shoe worn.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Everybody's

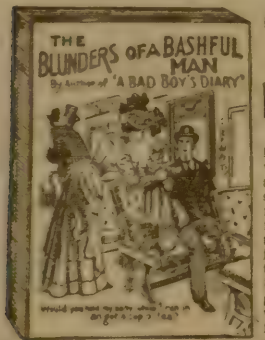


Suit Case

They are Much More Convenient Than Bag or Va-lee. This cut shows our Brass and Leather Bound Twisted Fiber Suit Case. They are One Foot wide, About Two Feet Long, and over One-half Foot Deep. Weight only 3½ Pounds. This excellent Premium is one of the best for either men or women, boys or girls to use for themselves or will make a splendid present for a friend. Perhaps you already have a heavy leather bag or suitcase, if so you will also want one of the lightest, and yet longest wearing cases that can be made. The Fiber gives a beautiful color, and blends nicely with the brass clasps on each side. The handle is made good size to grasp and is well stitched. Inside it is roomy, well lined, with good wearing striped material and two straps are handy here to separate shirt-waists or men's shirts and help hold down a good case full of assorted male or female wearing apparel. The corners are metal bound and securely held firm and rigid with copper rivets.

Club Offer. For a club of only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send you one of these very serviceable Suit Cases Free by Parcel Post. Premium No. 561. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

You Will Laugh, You Will Yell, You Will Scream at



"The Blunders of a Bashful Man"

You need this great book! You cannot do without it! For chasing away melancholia, dissipating gloom and banishing trouble you will find it better than all the doctors' "dope" in the world and it has the circus and vaudeville beaten a mile. The great story is the world's champion funny book and you must read it because it eradicates wrinkles, improves the complexion and by its laughter-compelling mirth and indelible humor rejuvenates your whole body. In this screamingly funny story you follow with rapt attention and hilarious delight the mishaps, mortifications, confusions and agonizing mental and physical distresses of a self-conscious, hypersensitive, appallingly bashful young man who stumbles on through a succession of astounding accidents and ludicrous predicaments that will convulse you with ecstatic laughter causing you to hold both sides for fear of exploding from an excess of uproarious merriment. As a fun maker, rib tickler and laugh-provoker this great story "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" beats all records and you will miss the treat of your life if you don't get it and read it at once. It contains one hundred pages of boisterous fun, is illustrated and bound in handsome colored covers and it is yours without cost on the terms of the following

FREE OFFER. For only one new 15-month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents, or for your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) you will receive a copy of "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" by mail post-paid. (Get this funniest of all funny stories and read it now. You will never forget it as long as you live. Premium No. 656. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dolly Prim and Her Christmas Tree

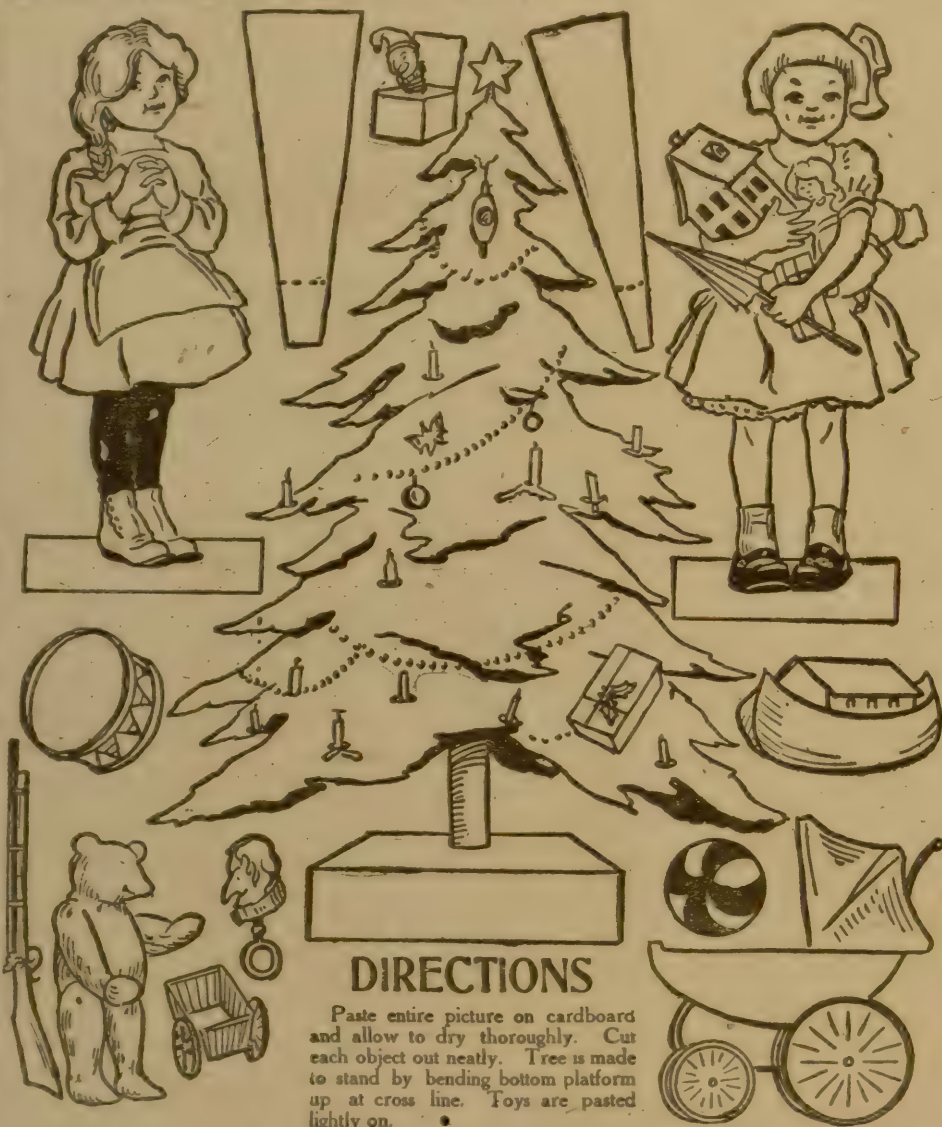
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. This, dear children, is the greeting that I most sincerely extend to you, in this happy holiday month. Ask your mamma to tell you again the story of the holy infant who was born in a stable on December 25th, amid direst poverty and whose mission was to bring joy and peace to every heart beneath the sun.

It is His birthday that the whole world now celebrates. Isn't it a grand thing for you tots that there is such a day as Christmas? What would you ever do without dear old Santa Claus? But never fear, you will not have to do without, because in some way or other he manages to come to every child. You can be a little Santa Claus yourself by being kind to others.

See the little cut-out dollies. They have a Christmas tree and plenty of toys to put on it.

They want you to fix the tree up for them. It is a pleasant and instructive pastime. First you paste the entire picture on cardboard and allow it to dry. Then cut each object out separately. The tree will stand if you fold the platform up at the line. The wedge-shaped pieces at the top are props for the dolls. With the aid of your colored pencils or water colors, a complete set of which we will send you free for only two subscribers to COMFORT as advertised elsewhere on this page, you can tint each toy a different hue. Use red and green more than any other colors. The tree looks very nice when it is colored green with bright red for the candle lights.

Perhaps you will wonder why there are two dolls instead of one. There is quite a story connected with that. If you listen, I will tell it to you.



DIRECTIONS

Paste entire picture on cardboard and allow to dry thoroughly. Cut each object out neatly. Tree is made to stand by bending bottom platform up at cross line. Toys are pasted lightly on.

Story About Two Dollies and Tree

ONE of the dollie's names is Dorothy Prim. She lived in a nice home with her parents and had about everything she wanted. The other one is a poor little girl called Able who lived next door. See if you can tell which is which by looking at the picture. The poor child's papa was dead and her mamma had to work hard all day and did not have time to pet her or make nice things for her. A week or so before Christmas, Dorothy Prim, as was her custom, wrote a letter to Santa Claus, telling him all the things she wanted. It was a long list and she wrote her name very plainly so he would be sure and know where to bring them. Just as she was about to mail the letter, she happened to think of poor Able who lived next door. It will be awfully selfish for me to have everything and Able to have nothing, she thought. She sat there think-

ing with the letter in her hand, for a long while, and at last a big tear rolled out of the corner of her eye and splashed upon it. This seemed to help Dorothy Prim make up her mind. Without any more delay, she took it out of the envelope and rubbed her name out and put Able's there instead. This made her feel very happy, even though she believed she had fixed it so the poor child would get all the Christmas presents and she would get none herself.

The first thing she did on Christmas morn was to look out the window into Able's room in the next house and there, sure enough, stood a Christmas tree loaded with toys. Dorothy Prim was very happy and ran to tell her mamma about it, but, what do you think, there, right back of her mother stood another Christmas tree, all her own, for Santa Claus had brought two as a reward for her kindness.

BIG SURPRISE BOX Full of Presents FREE!

WE buy thousands of dollars' worth of premiums every year and carrying such a large stock at all times we naturally have a great many odds and ends left on our hands—not enough to make special offers on, yet a sufficient quantity to cause us a big loss unless disposed of in some manner. So, in order to close out at a sacrifice this large accumulation of premium merchandise which consists of Jewelry of all kinds, Rings, Brooches, Hatpins, etc., different kinds of Fancy Work, Crochet and Embroidery Outfits, German and Japanese Novelties and Musical Toys, Games, and a host of other articles too numerous to mention, we will upon receipt of Only One 15-Month Subscription (and your own to COMFORT at 25 cents and a Surprise Box containing not less than six different premium gifts in one nice box by Parcel Post prepaid. We guarantee that you will be both pleased and delighted with what we send you, if not you have the privilege of sending everything back to us and we will send you by return mail your choice of any other premium offered for one subscription in our Premium List. Remember only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents brings you this Box of Surprise Gifts—a variety of up-to-date, seasonable merchandise which might cost you quite a sum of money in any store. If you prefer you may send your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all). But whichever offer you accept you should send your order in quick because this is a great odd lot bargain offer of remnants and our supply is limited. Don't delay but send in your order today. Address COMFORT, Dept. C. S. Augusta, Maine.

Current Events

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

CAMPION ON UNCLE SAM'S FARM.—The death knell of the "Campion Trust" in the United States, was sounded with the announcement that, after many years' experimenting, camphor gum trees can be grown in America. The Japanese syndicate has gigantic groves in Japan and have for centuries controlled the entire output. Boston and New York capitalists who have been experimenting at Crescent City, report that after three years of study, planting, pruning and care-taking the thousand-acre grove is a financial and scientific success. A New England drug combine will now duplicate the big camphor growth.

INDIANS WANT IT TOO.—The St. Regis Indians have asked the Legislature to repeal the law by which their chiefs are elected in the "white man's way," and return to their ancient custom by which every member, including the women, had a vote. Even the Indians want woman suffrage.

Set of Water Colors and Oil Paints



20 Different Colors & Brush Two Subscriptions

Most every boy and girl and lots of grown people, too, like to paint pictures of flowers, bits of scenery, etc. so we have secured this elegant set of water colors and oil paints above illustrated and now for the first time offer it free as a premium. It is not a cheap, ordinary five or ten cent set of water colors such as you generally see in the stores. The handsome box is 7½ inches long, 3¼ inches wide, made of heavy metal enameled white on the inside and black on the outside, and contains eighteen different water colors and two tubes of oil paint. The water colors are Sepia, Cobalt Blue, Orange, Light Green, Flake White, Violet, Burnt Sienna, Crimson Lake, Light Red, Vermilion, Yellow Ochre, Gamboge, Vandyke Brown, Yellow, Ivory Black, Green Blue, Prussian Blue, Ultramarine; the oil paints come in Green and White. A very fine camel's-hair paint brush, six inches long, completes this splendid outfit which is yours free upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this splendid set of water colors and oil paints free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 553. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

MUST SHOW APPENDIXES.—Surgeons operating for appendicitis in the state of Colorado, will have to produce defective appendixes afterward or receive a jail sentence, a fine, or both, if an amendment to the physicians' bill becomes effective. The amendment is a retaliatory measure. The physicians' bill practically prohibits any but certified physicians to diagnose or treat ailments.

PROTECTION FOR BIRDS.—Massachusetts statesmen are trying to do their best to enact laws for the protection of the bird. A bill before the Massachusetts Legislature provides for a cat license, which they claim is for this reason.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS TO BE PLUMBERS.—Drinking schoolgirls in attractive middie suits and perky bows at the Hollywood High school are being taught plumbing for the first time in the history of the Los Angeles schools. Claud Sandifer, instructor, has worked out a practical course of physics for girls, taking the theoretical and making it practical. "I believe the plumbing lessons

Three Wheel Chairs in November

One the Gift of Mr. Gannett

212 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

No use to scold about it, but I do feel that it should have been more than three wheel chairs for the Thanksgiving month, especially as one of these is my free gift as promised in my last month's talk. So the Wheel-Chair Club, which includes everybody that sends one or more subscriptions to help provide wheel chairs, earned two and I gave one of these three November chairs.

As I am only one and you, my dear readers at such a large multitude, I think you might and should have done better. But, as I said, I am not going to scold. I hope and I confidently expect that the Christmas spirit, which should now be making itself felt, will move you to more than make up in December for your November lack of effort for the shut-ins.

The three November wheel chairs went to Mrs. Chaney Brazelton, Beans Creek, Tenn.; Mrs. Charlotte Brant, Box 104, Elvaston, Ill.; Jennie Spencer, R. Campbell, N. C.

These are three worthy and peedy shut-ins who have long suffered for the need of a wheel chair which they are about to receive.

Mrs. Brazelton has not walked a step for two years; her legs are drawn up and she cannot straighten them. Her shoulders and arms are so badly affected that she has little use of them and at times is unable to feed herself.

Mrs. Brant has lost a leg and the one she has is useless and painful. Her husband is an invalid and the bread-and-butter problem is a serious one with them. So writes her friend Mrs. Frey, who has helped get subscriptions for her.

Jennie Spencer writes that her lower limbs are withered and drawn so that she has no use of the right leg and very little of the left. She can use her arms, and she says it would be such a pleasure to have a wheel chair to enable her to get outdoors again after having been a shut-in so long.

That is the kind of letters I am receiving from the shut-ins who are writing COMFORT for wheel chairs only many of them describe much more distressing cases. I wish you could see them all, for certainly they would stir you up to action for the relief of these poor, helpless sufferers.

Following are some letters of thanks for COMFORT wheel chairs, and the Roll of honor for the month

I wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy new year,—and don't forget to help make it a season of happiness to the shut-ins.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a good and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

So Glad of the Wheel Chair for her Little Boy

BILOXI, MISS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: The chair for my little boy, Edward came at right last week, and it certainly is good and strong. I could never tell you how glad I am to have it, and want to thank you, Mr. Gannett and all those dear kind-hearted friends, who helped me get it. May God bless them all. Your sincere friend, Mrs. LENA MORAN.

This Little Girl is Delighted with her COMFORT Wheel Chair

BRADY, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my wheel chair yesterday, and you don't know how happy it has made me. I can go from one room to another in my chair, and my little sisters can take me anywhere I want to go. It is such a great help to me. I feel I can never thank you and Mr. Gannett enough for it. I also want to thank all kind friends who helped me get it. God bless you all in your noble work. With love and many thanks, I am, your grateful little friend, CARBIE FAIR.

Doesn't See How her Little Boy Could get Along Without his COMFORT Wheel Chair

SEVIERVILLE, TENN.

MR. W. H. GANNETT: Dear Sir,—I am just in receipt of Conrad's wheel chair. Please accept my most sincere thanks for it. I think it is so nice, and it will help Conrad so much about going to school. I don't see how he could get along without it. I will try to send some more subscriptions before long. Yours with best wishes, Mrs. MARY D. BELL.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit to the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Brahm W. Waddell, Ohio, for own wheel chair, 51; Mrs. Claudia Riddle, Texas, for David Odell, 43; Miss Martha J. Cleveland, N. Y., for own wheel chair, 40; Mrs. W. L. Winkler, Texas, for own wheel chair, 20; Mrs. M. G. Hassell, N. C., for Mrs. Angeline Sample, 20; Margaret Robuck, Ohio, for Mrs. Lois Lohr, 20; Mary Lee, N. C., for Freddie Lee, 20; Garland Jackson, Tenn., for own wheel chair, 17; Mrs. J. S. Nelson, N. C., for Jennie Spencer, 17; Beatrice Lawson, Ark., for Rosa Eran, 12; Mrs. Dora Terrill, Texas, for David Odell, 11; Thelma Ward, Ark., for Rosa Eran, 11; Mrs. W. R. Roberts, Oregon, for Mrs. J. E. Sarg, 10; Vera Smith, Ark., for Rosa Eran, 10; Mrs. Mary Brown, N. Y., 7; Mrs. Oda Bowen, Ark., for Mrs. Annie Glenn, 7; Mrs. Emma Hayes, Iowa, 7; Mrs. James Ranken, Sr., Mass., 6; Annie Sample, N. C., for Mrs. Angeline Sample, 5; Miss Winnie Kurtz, Iowa, 5; Mary West, W. Va., 5; Mrs. M. E. Witter, Cal., 5; Mrs. Della Mills, Ohio, 5; Mrs. Georgia Lee, Va., 5.

will be of great value to the girls," he said. "There is no reason why a housewife should not be able to fix a leaky faucet in the kitchen, stop escaping gas, read a water meter and see if her bills are correct, or clear a stopped-up sink. We are trying to teach our girls to meet the problems of the house with intelligence."

YOUNGEST BOXER.—Stanley Bernstein, three years old, son of Isaac Bernstein, trainer of college athletes and "discoverer" of Jackie McFarland, is said by his father to be the youngest boxer in the world in active training. The lad boxes an hour every day under his father's tutelage, whose ambition it is to make his son the most perfectly developed athlete in the world by the time he matures, to prove to future generations what training can do for a man. "When Stanley was thirteen months old, he acted as mascot for the University of Wisconsin football team; and since then he has taken great interest in athletics," said his father.

THE LEANEST BUILDING. The leanest build in New York is to be erected on a strip fronting five feet on Broadway and two feet on Ark street. It is to be four stories in height and of glass and steel. A cigar counter and a bar will take up the entire first floor.

CRUEL PILES

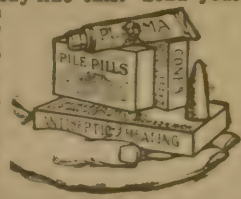
Dr. Van Vleck Found Genuine Relief Which is Healing Thousands

Postal Brings It TO TRY FREE

Don't neglect Hemorrhoids (Piles), for a true case never cures itself. You must act. Let us send you this treatment, to Try Free, today. Hundreds have been saved from dangerous and costly operations by using Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Remedy in time. It is successful in so large a percentage of cases that, no matter how desperate your case, nor how discouraged you may be, we will send you Dr. Van Vleck's without a cent in advance and take all risk of failure. A great many have written us of cures by Dr. Van Vleck's harm-



less, pleasant method in the most severe cases, even after 30 and 40 years suffering and even after painful and expensive operations had failed. The milder cases are often entirely controlled by a single application. Can your better judgment overlook investigating a remedy like this? Send your address today. Return mail will bring you the Full Dollar Treatment. Then, after trying it, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, simply write us so, and we make no charge whatever. You decide. Isn't it evident to you that only a remedy better than any ever before offered could be sold on this plan? Our Instructive Book, illustrated in colors, comes free with the free trial treatment. Address Dr. Van Vleck Co., 1256 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Write today. Send no money—only your address.



"There's Relief in Every Package."

FAT is Danger



SHOWING REDUCTION OF 98 POUNDS.
Mrs. J. H. Woodbridge writes: "My figure and appearance wonderfully improved; have lost 98 lbs." (1000) other testimonials, men & women, will be given you, investigate for yourself. Let me send you my PROOF TREATMENT FREE. If you wish to reduce 30 to 100 pounds weekly, improve health and add years to life, I will also send you my FREE BOOK of VALUABLE ADVICE—Costs absolutely nothing. Write to-day. I will send all FREE, sealed, postpaid. Address: DR. BRADFORD, 73 W. Bradford Building, 20 E. 22d St., New York. (Licensed physician by the State of New York.)

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

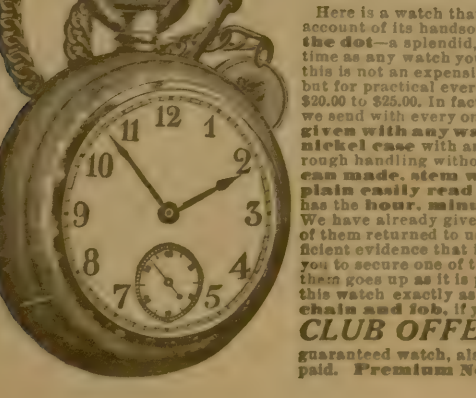
Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy, Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.
No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 106 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

Asthma

Prompt relief. Remedy guaranteed. Treatment mailed free. Dr. K. H. H. Box 618, Augusta, Me.

Handsomeness, New Style, Guaranteed Watch

A Warranted Timekeeper—Best American Movement—Stem Wind and Set.



Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

may keep with one gander. They have free access to water.
A.—I cannot tell you in these columns how to distinguish between geese and ducks. People who are used to them can usually tell by the difference in their cry, but that is impossible to describe on paper. Is there no neighbor who can help you? Not more than five geese can run with one gander.

M. C. S.—Could you please tell me through your poultry column what would be the cause of a chicken or chickens laying small eggs the size of a bird's egg. I was told they were snake eggs, and it was bad luck, and all kinds of superstitious talk like that. I have raised chickens for eight years, and raise the fancy Buff Leghorns, and never before got eggs like that, and cannot catch the chickens that were laying them. Have received about eight in all. Will wait for your answer.

A.—Of course it is all nonsense about snakes' eggs and bad luck. Hens which are about to stop laying, either before they moult or when they are getting broody, often lay small eggs. When they have had a rest and commence to lay again, their eggs will be normal.

H. W.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with my fowls? They seem to have a diarrhea, and sit with their hind parts raised, and feathers not lying smoothly. They eat well, and are laying good, but don't seem active. My rooster has yellow ulcers on his throat, and at times stands with his mouth open, as if gasping for breath, and it seems hard for him to crow. Is it roup they have, and will you please describe symptoms of roup? My chickens are the White Wyandottes and I have only had them about a month. Please send remedy.

A.—Either roup or canker. Canker springs from a common cold, and may develop into roup if not checked. Head answer to M. E.

E. C. R.—I have a large Bronze turkey gobbler. He was one year old last spring, and the eggs of the hens he associated with were not fertile. Wish you would advise me through COMFORT whether or not he would be all O. K. next spring.

A.—It is impossible to tell about next spring. Some of the eggs should have shown signs of being fertile this season, though gobbler is not supposed to be fully matured under two years. If he is a good bird in other ways, it would be advisable to keep him.

M. L.—Please tell me what you think of a cure for white diarrhea in very young chicks? Last spring I hatched about five hundred chicks. Near all died before the chicks were a few days old, the disease. Hatched at different times between January and May. Tried all kinds of remedies.

A.—Little chicks are so delicate that it is almost impossible to doctor them when they are once sick, and for white diarrhea, quite impossible, as it is caused by one of four different microbes. The one which is most common, the microbes will be present in mouldy bran or sawdust, and frequently adhere to eggs that are kept in such material. Adult birds are not affected by these microbes, as far as has been discovered, but they are positively deadly to little chicks. If one infected chick has been found in an incubator or brooder, the microbes will be present, multiply, and be transmitted from one batch to another, so the only way to fight the disease is along the lines of prevention. First of all, be sure that the hens that lay the eggs are perfectly healthy. Be careful to keep nest boxes and nests clean, and be careful to store eggs which are to be used for incubation in a dry, cool place, and in such a manner that the air can circulate around them. Next wipe every egg, before setting, with a cloth which has been dampened with alcohol. When chickens are taken out of an incubator at the end of a couple of hours, should any look lumpy, or keep up a constant peeping, remove them at once and kill. It is better to sacrifice a few at once than to lose most of the hatch. Chickens are most susceptible to infection during the first twenty-four hours of their lives. After that time the danger decreases until the fourth day, when they are safe from these special microbes, though sometimes they will not succumb to the disease until the seventh or eighth day. Still they never become infected after the fourth day.

Family Doctor

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

mon practice with persons partially deaf from catarrh. If deafness is the result of other causes it is of no avail. If it relieves you, there is no harm in trying it, but do not be too violent, nor do not expect too much of it. Too much air pressure is liable to burst the ear drums.

Mrs. J. W. J., Bedford, Va.—The red in the scar from the burn on your child's face cannot be taken out, though it is probable that he will outgrow it. The burn affected the blood vessels in such a way that they do not act normally now, but they may right themselves in time.

E. M., Ft. Ripley, Minn.—The rhubarb of the well-known rhubarb and soda mixture is not pie plant and you cannot make the mixture yourself. You can get it at any drug-store and it is not at all expensive. If you do not know any more about your eczema than you do about rhubarb and soda mixture, we advise that you go to a physician instead of trying to cure yourself. Other COMFORT readers who think they can be their own druggists and doctors, please take notice.

N. L. McG., Osyka, Miss.—Certainly two and twelve pounds for a woman only five feet three inches tall is excessive weight and you could lose more than fifty pounds to your advantage. The amount of work you do, besides being the mother of six children, ought to make you thin, but it does not, the conclusion is that your fat is abnormal. There is only one way to reduce and that is by dieting—starving yourself, but carefully so as not to take away your strength. Your great desire for sweets must be checked, for sweets make fat more than anything else does. Eat lean meat, oat meal without sugar and with skim-milk, vegetables, other than potatoes and beans, and peas.

CANCER

FREE TREATISE
The Leach Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Ind., has published a booklet which gives interesting facts about the cause of Cancer, also tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. Write for it today, mentioning this paper.

MOTHERS

Don't let the children suffer day and night from Kidney and Bladder weakness when our guaranteed Cure, UNI-STOP, gives prompt relief. Trial free. Describe case. I. BOETTGER CHEMICAL CO., PEORIA, ILL.

GALL STONE VICTIMS—STOMACH SUFFERERS

It's misery is in the liver. Stomach medicines only weaken your stomach and physic only makes your constipation worse. If you want to know how others in your same fix were cured write GALLSTONE REMEDY Co., Dept. 707, 210 S. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Barlow Co., 122 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

canned or dried,—dry bread or hard toast, stewed fruit without sweetening, no fats, no sweets and drink very little water, none at meals. This is not a very cheerful food prospect, but it is better than being as fat as you are, and when you have reduced your weight you may with proper care improve your bill of fare. We advise also that you have a talk with a physician about your condition. He may be able to tell you something that will be of advantage.

ST. VITUS' DANCE

Sure Cure. Get Circular Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.



I Want to Send You a Complete Ten Days' Treatment Entirely Free

to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book "WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To mothers of DAUGHTERS, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sticks and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. This is no C. O. D. scheme. All letters are kept confidential and are never sold to other persons. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 315 - NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.



Oxien Tablets

The wonderful Health Tonic containing a combination of only pure Vegetable Tonics from Nature's great storehouse of healing.

Send for a FREE BOX of OXIEIN (One Week's Supply)

We will send, all Free and plainly mailed the necessary OXIEIN REMEDIES, consisting of one 25 cent Oxien Porous Plaster and samples of the Oxien Pills together with a free Sample Box of Oxien Tablets the WONDERFUL HEALTH TONIC. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miracles in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to THE GIANT OXIE CO., 19 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

FITS

I have cured cases of 20 years standing. Trial package free by mail. Dr. S. PERKY, 934 10th, Los Angeles, Cal. Treated at home. No pain, knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

98 CENTS POST PAID

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our big catalogue of Elgin watches we will send this elegant watch postpaid for only 98 cents. Gent's size, high grade gold plate finish, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, accurate time keeper, fully Guaranteed for 5 Years. Send 98 cents today and watch will be sent by return mail. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. ARNOLD WATCH CO., Dept. 1248, CHICAGO, ILL.

Free to You—My Sister

FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering from Woman's Ailments

I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings. I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from woman's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What women know from experience we know better than any doctor.

I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whittish Discharge, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I Want to Send You a Complete Ten Days' Treatment Entirely Free

to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book "WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To mothers of DAUGHTERS, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sticks and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. This is no C. O. D. scheme. All letters are kept confidential and are never sold to other persons. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 315 - NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.

How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds

Wouldn't You Like to Feel Real Good Again?

To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

We will send, all Free and plainly mailed the necessary OXIEIN REMEDIES, consisting of one 25 cent Oxien Porous Plaster and samples of the Oxien Pills together with a free Sample Box of Oxien Tablets the WONDERFUL HEALTH TONIC. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miracles in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to THE GIANT OXIE CO., 19 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

Combination Fancy Work Outfit



Our Greatest Offer...A Complete Embroiderer's Outfit, New Beautiful Stamped Designs Ready to Work and 3 Large Sheets of Perforated Patterns, each 22 x 28 inches in size

We consider this one of the most liberal offers which we have ever made to lovers of needlework for this big splendid outfit not only contains a complete embroidery worker's outfit, but all the newest up-to-date, stylish dress and fancy work designs all ready stamped on good material ready to work as well as a grand assortment of perforated patterns—all made expressly for COMFORT right in New York City, the great fashion center of the world, and gathered together in this magnificent outfit which we now offer for the first time to COMFORT's lady readers. Please understand that the illustration does not begin to show you one-half of the pretty designs and patterns included in this offer, in fact, we have not room in which to name them all, but here is a partial list which will give you a very good idea of what a large, splendid outfit this is: 1 Embroidery Hoop, 1 Stiletto, 1 Punch Work Needle, 1 Package Embroidery Needles, 1 Fancette, 5 Skeins Embroidery Cotton and 3 large sheets Perforated Patterns, each 22x28 inches in size, including center-piece design, bib, Dutch collar for punch work, oval and tumbler dollies for eyelet, towel ends, corset cover, baby shoes, pincushion, fancy apron, belt, bow-ties, both for eyelet and punch work, aprons of roses, daisies and many other beautiful attractive designs too numerous to mention here. In addition, this outfit also includes Stamping Preparation, Book on Embroidery Stitches illustrating and explaining every known stitch so clearly and plainly that anybody can become an expert embroiderer by simply reading it, 1 Tinted Pillow Top stamped on Art Cloth, 1 Corset Cover on Nainsook and 1 Center-piece stamped on pure imported Tan Linen. We know that we never before offered such value as this and we are positive that you will never find this offer duplicated elsewhere and please remember, all these designs, patterns, etc., are made expressly for COMFORT, we are therefore, offering something exclusive and which positively cannot be purchased in any store. You will be delighted when you read the following offers explaining how easily you may secure all or part of this grand combination fancy work outfit free and you will be even more delighted when you receive it by Parcel Post prepaid, open it up and for the first time actually realize what a great bargain we have given you. Of course, we know that most every woman or girl will want this outfit complete, but in order to accommodate the few who feel that they do not we have arranged to send a part or the whole of this outfit at any address on the terms of the following special offers:

Club Offer No. 1.

For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this splendid Combination Fancy Work Outfit complete as described above, Premium No. 412, by Parcel Post prepaid.

Club Offer No. 2.

If you prefer to get up a smaller club we will send you the Pillow Top, 5 Skeins Embroidery Cotton, Needle, Package Embroidery Needles, 1 Stiletto, Directions for Punch Work, Fancette and Directions, Stamping Preparation, and the 3 large sheets Perforated Patterns for a club of only two 15-months subscriptions at 25 cents each. Premium No. 413.

Special.

For one additional 15-months subscription, we will send you enough handsome 3-1/2 inch wide fringe for both ends of Pillow Top offered in either of the above outfits.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMFORT'S SIXTH GRAND PRIZE OFFER



\$1,300.00
PAID TO
E. WAGONER

\$850.00
PAID TO
ADA HUMPHREY

More Money
this year More Prizes than ever.

Our Prize Offer this season is bigger and better than ever before, because there are **67 more prizes** than last year and **more prize money** to be paid; also because we have readjusted the sizes of some of the prizes so to give

LARGER PRIZES FOR SMALL CLUBS

We have increased the size of 78 of the monthly and Grand Prizes so to give larger prizes, more prizes and more money to those farther down the list of prize-winners.

892 CASH PRIZES

One may win as many as 7 cash prizes and as much as **\$800.00** the limit to any one person, and in addition an unlimited number and value of club premiums.

This is Your Golden Opportunity.

BIG COMBINATION PRIZE OFFER

The 892 Cash Prizes are divided into six groups of monthly prizes, \$1.00 to \$180.00, 44 Grand Prizes, \$5.00 to \$150.00, and 500 women's Consolation Prizes of \$1.00 each.

This allows one to win any one cash prize or any number or combination of cash prizes not exceeding seven and not more than

\$800.00 TO ANY ONE PERSON

and in addition an unlimited number and value of club premiums.

BIG PRIZES PAID MONTHLY

For each and every month of the six months beginning with November, 1913, and ending with April, 1914, there is a separate and distinct prize competition for a separate and distinct list of monthly cash prizes which are paid monthly.

MONTHLY PRIZES DOUBLE

to those who win them the second successive month, and **thribble** to those who win the same monthly prize the **third** successive month.

CLUB PREMIUMS ALSO

All who enter this prize competition receive their regular club premiums, and these 892 cash prizes are extra windfalls to the hundreds of fortunate winners.

143 PRIZES FOR DECEMBER

43 monthly prizes and 100 consolation prizes. To the 43 persons who send us the most 25-cent subscriptions to **COMFORT**, or 30-cent two-year renewals, during the month of December we shall pay the following

DECEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize, \$30 or \$60	3 Prizes, \$5 or \$10 each
2nd Prize, 20 or 40	4 Prizes, 3 or 6 each
3rd Prize, 10 or 20	8 Prizes, 2 or 4 each
25 Prizes of \$1.00 or \$2.00 each.	

100 CONSOLATION PRIZES, \$1.00 each, will be distributed to women who enter this December competition and fail to win a monthly prize.

The doubling of monthly prizes begins with December and the thribbling with January, and that is why there are two sums stated for each December monthly prize: the first sum being the regular prize and the second sum the amount to which it may be doubled. January monthly prizes are the same, but any and all of them may be **doubled or thribbled** by the successive winning process; likewise with the monthly prizes for February, March and April.

If you were in the November contest keep in and double in December, thribble in January; if not, enter now and win a December prize and double in January.

ENTER NOW: Win a December Prize; Double or thribble in January. Win a Grand Prize, too.

SEE WHAT WE PAID SOME OF OUR MANY PRIZE-WINNERS

E. WAGONER, Illinois.	\$1,300.00	HANNA BONFIELD, Can.	\$43.00
ADA HUMPHREY, Kentucky.	\$850.00	REV. LEVI ELLIOTT, Kans.	37.00
MACON A. GREEN, Tenn.	620.00	LOUIS ANENBAUER, W. Va.	36.00
ALICE WINTER, Ohio.	350.00	LAURA LINDSAY, Va.	33.00
JAS. R. McCREADY, Pa.	350.00	MRS. C. S. HARKNESS, Ohio.	30.00
MR. J. W. RULISON, Kans.	187.00	LULU E. BLACKMAN, Ga.	28.00
MRS. FRANCIS D'ARCY, Wash.	157.00	FAIRLENA RILEY, Ky.	27.00
MRS. CLAUDE MILLER, Pa.	151.00	MRS. ROLLIE FORSHA, Pa.	26.00
C. F. CLARK, N. Y.	139.00	MRS. AGNES GNESS, Tenn.	25.00
MRS. J. F. POULSEN, N. Y.	122.00	M. G. CHRISTENSEN, Minn.	24.00
HENRY N. McCORD, Ga.	110.00	S. R. HARKNESS, Mo.	23.00
ANNA MOELDER, Ill.	77.00	SOPHIE SCHWEIT, N. Y.	21.00
MRS. E. BUTLER, Ill.	71.00	MRS. F. E. MULKEY, Ill.	20.00
CREED B. MORRIS, W. Va.	70.00	MRS. ALICE WARNER, Minn.	20.00
EDNA SNEAD, La.	62.00	C. A. BROWN, Mich.	17.00
S. V. CARPENTER, Wis.	55.00	Mrs. RALPH DOOLITTLE, W. Va.	17.00
DOROTHY MILLER, S. C.	46.00	MRS. FRED A. M. LOGAN, Pa.	17.00

ENTER NOW FOR DECEMBER PRIZES

using the prize competition entry blank below for a starter. Larger subscription blanks and our big new premium catalogue giving full details of our astonishingly liberal Grand Prize Offer, sent free on request. Write for them today, but meanwhile hustle for subscriptions. See what others have won. Get in for your share, it's easy. Contest for December prizes opens on the first and closes with the last day of that month. Subscriptions mailed on the last day of the month will count in that month's contest.

PRIZE COMPETITION ENTRY COUPON

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:—15 months subscription **25 Cents**; 3-years **50 Cents**; 2-years RENEWAL subscription by OLD SUBSCRIBERS, **30 Cents**. (**50 Cents** a year in Canada.)
COMFORT PRIZE DEPARTMENT, Augusta, Maine.
I enclose \$ _____ cents to pay for the following list of subscribers or renewals to be credited to me in your Subscription Prize Contest. Send COMFORT to the following addresses:

NAME.	P. O. or R. F. D.	COUNTY	STATE	Pay Whether SUB or RENEWAL for 15 Mo/2 Yrs./3 Yrs.	AMOUNT

Send me as my Club Premium—

(Date) _____ 1913

Name _____ P. O. _____ Co. _____ State _____

THE CAPITAL GRAND PRIZE

goes to the one who sends in the largest number of 25-cent subscriptions between the first day of October, 1913, and the last day of next April, and the second prize is for the next largest number, and so on. These Grand Prizes come on top of the monthly cash prizes and regular club premiums.

44 GRAND PRIZES

Capital Grand Prize, \$150	5th Grand Prize, \$35
2nd Grand Prize, 100	6th Grand Prize, 25
3rd Grand Prize, 75	7th Grand Prize, 15
4th Grand Prize, 50	8th Grand Prize, 10
33 Grand Prizes of \$5.00 each, \$165.00.	

But remember, you don't have to stay in the whole six months to win a grand prize; besides your monthly prize you may win a Grand Prize in a single month, the first month or any other month; several did so in our previous prize competitions. This makes

A DOUBLE SET OF PRIZES

because all the subscriptions that you send in count in both the monthly and Grand Prize contests, and so the grand prizes go to the winners of the monthly prizes.

THAT \$800.00 LIMIT


The doubling and thribbling is an extra inducement to enter and win month after month and has proved very profitable to those who have done it in our five previous prize contests. But we make it worth a special effort to win and keep on winning the \$30.00 monthly first prize. Therefore, if the same person wins the monthly first prize six successive months, we pay such winner \$30 for November, \$60 for December, \$90 for January, \$120 for February, \$150 for March and \$180 for April, which adds up to \$650 for the six monthly first prizes; and of course, if you capture the first prize each month you can't help winning the **Capital Grand Prize of \$150** also, which added to the \$650 makes the splendid sum of **\$800**.

But you have just as good a chance as anybody to win the December first prize if you enter now.

ENTER NOW WITH A SMALL CLUB

and send more subscriptions as fast as you can. Select one of the premiums advertised elsewhere in this paper for a starter and write for our big new premium catalogue, sent you free. The premiums are sent you free as fast as you send the clubs, and they pay you well for your time besides the cash prizes you should win, as others have.

Each monthly contest is separate; so beginners this month have as good a chance as anybody to win December prizes.



French Ivory POWDER BOX With Mirror

A box for toilet powder is something that every woman and girl is desirous to own. This box is made of French Ivory and has a hinged cover with a mirror inside. The puff, while small, is very fluffy and is just as useful as a large one.

These Vanity Cases are handy to carry in the pocket or just right to go in a traveling or hand bag, and if you are at all dusty and travel-stained you can easily wipe your face and put on a little powder and your skin will feel just as soft as when you started, the mirror being always with you in which to take the last look. With each vanity case we will send a package of perfumed toilet powder to go in the vanity box. You will find this powder a luxury for the face, as well as giving a delicate odor if used on any part of the body. These cases come only in this pure Ivory white, and as they can easily be kept clean by washing in warm water you will always have a sanitary powder case. This style combination Toilet Case is popular for gift purposes on account of its dainty appearance, practical usefulness and durability.

Club Offer: For a club of only two subscribers at 25 cents for 15 months we will send you one of these attractive Vanity Cases free by Parcel Post. Premium No. 875.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



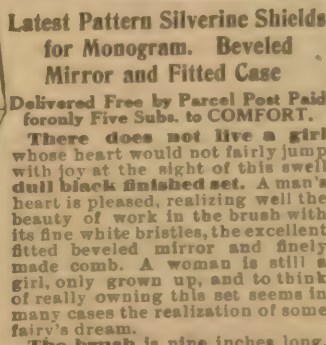
EBONIZED BRUSH, COMB AND MIRROR SET

There does not live a girl whose heart would not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this swell **dull black finished set**. A man's heart is pleased, realizing well the beauty of work in the brush with its fine white bristles, the excellent fitted beveled mirror and finely made comb. A woman is still a girl, only grown up, and to think of really owning this set seems in many cases the realization of some fairy's dream.

The brush is nine inches long, 2 1/4 wide, firmly set white bristles, with shield of Silverine Mirror. It is eight and one half inches long, 4 1/4 inches wide on back, with a four-inch clear, finely beveled glass set with rich Ebonyoid frame. Comb is seven inches long, 1 1/2 inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. We will guarantee that there is not one person in one hundred who can tell this set from real \$1200 Ebony, so closely has the rich, black, dull finish been represented. This is a really excellent Premium No. 260.

New Offer: For only five 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send this Set Free as a premium by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

THREE ARTICLES IN BOX



Latest Pattern Silverine Shields for Monogram. Beveled Mirror and Fitted Case

Delivered Free by Parcel Post Paid for only Five Subs. to COMFORT.

There does not live a girl whose heart would not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this swell **dull black finished set**. A man's heart is pleased, realizing well the beauty of work in the brush with its fine white bristles, the excellent fitted beveled mirror and finely made comb. A woman is still a girl, only grown up, and to think of really owning this set seems in many cases the realization of some fairy's dream.

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New Offer: For only five 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send this Set Free as a premium by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine



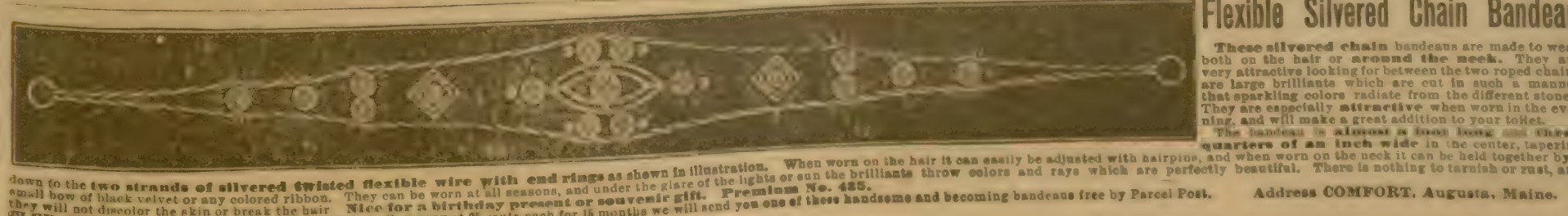
CHRISTMAS BELLS

The Christmas tree loaded with presents brings cheer to the heart of young and old. To assist in trimming the tree, the various rooms of the home, for Christmas Bells and Bells, we now furnish the daintiest Paparet Christmas Bells with loop for hanging from the tree, or from the window fastening; hung under a hanging lamp, or in any suitable place where decorations are usually placed they add cheer and brilliancy to the room and particularly in the sick room as they are of rich red paparet made of paper and woven into the pretty bell.

folded eighteen inches in circumference and six inches high, shown in our illustration, and being nearly as proof may be kept hanging for months after the passing of evergreen which dries and falls. The happy words of good cheer "A Merry Christmas" are daintily interwoven on a slip passing between the red openwork paperet around the bell and thus make them especially appropriate to send for a little Holiday Gift. We have a special importation of a very large quantity of these Christmas Bells, made to fold compactly for sending about by mail so that all may have one just as the people do who live in the larger cities where one sees them hanging in nearly every home.

FREE OFFER. For only one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you three of these handsome Christmas Bells by mail post-paid. Premium No. 685.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Flexible Silvered Chain Bandeau

These silvered chain bandeaus are made to wear both on the hair or around the neck. They are very attractive looking for between the two roped chains are large brilliant which are cut in such a manner that sparkling colors radiate from the different stones. They are especially attractive when worn in the evening, and will make a great addition to your toilet.

The bandeau is almost a foot long, and three quarters of an inch wide in the center, tapering and when worn on the neck it can be held together by a small bow of black velvet or any colored ribbon. They can be worn at all seasons, and under the glare of the lights or on the brilliant throw colors and rays which are perfectly beautiful. There is nothing to tarnish or rust, and down to the two strands of silvered twisted flexible wire with end rings as shown in illustration. When worn on the hair it can easily be adjusted with hairpins, and under the glare of the lights or on the brilliant throw colors and rays which are perfectly beautiful. There is nothing to tarnish or rust, and

CLUB OFFER: For a club of only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send you one of these handsome and becoming bandeaus free by Parcel Post.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

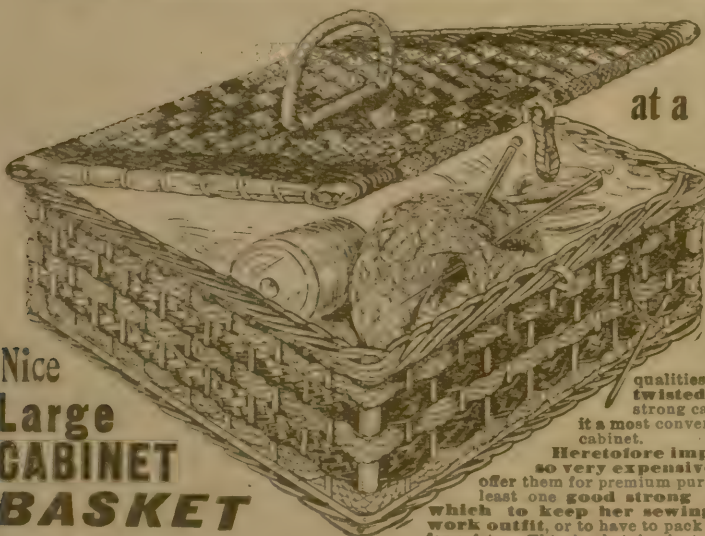
The Latest, Greatest Doll Sensation!



A Wonderful Life Size Talking and Sleeping Doll of Exquisite Beauty, Dressed in Rarest Lingerie and Handsome Ribbon and Lace-Trimmed Gown of the Latest Style!

WE have just imported from Europe a limited quantity of the most beautiful dressed dolls ever offered as a premium in this country and we are going to give them away on an offer so liberal that there is no reason in the world why every little girl whose mother reads COMFORT cannot have one of them. This illustration does not begin to give you any idea of the real size and beauty of this latest doll wonder. She is almost as big as a real live baby standing nearly 1 1/2 feet high and she is dressed up in a way which will make any little girl dance with joy. With her large, handsome picture hat, beautiful lace and ribbon trimmed dress, elegant open-work stockings and dainty low shoes with bright shiny buckles, she looks like a perfect little queen. She can talk and say "Papa" and "Mamma" just as plain as can be and she closes her beautiful eyes and goes to sleep when you lay her down and is wide awake again the minute you pick her up. Her cheeks are like two red roses, her beautiful golden hair hangs in long clustering curls and she continually shows her pearly white teeth in one of the sweetest smiles you ever saw. We guarantee that every little girl who gets one of these beautiful Life Size Sleeping Dolls will be one of the happiest little girls in the whole United States, and every mother who reads this offer should not fail to take advantage of it at once. We will send you this Doll free by Parcel Post prepaid upon the terms of the following liberal

Club Offer. For a club of only seven 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this Big Beautiful Sleeping Doll exactly as above described and very carefully packed in a strong box so that she positively will not get broken. Premium No. 621. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Nice Large GABINET BASKET

It will hold a lot of fancy work as well as scissors, needle working and other things and you will be delighted with its fine roomy and pretty appearance. They are so well made they will last you a lifetime. The only way we happened to be able to offer this wonderful bargain was that a firm who ordered ten thousand of them for a special purpose failed. We fortunately secured what we could of the lot at a great sacrifice through a bargain hunter friend.

Club Offer. Send only four 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each and we will send one basket Premium No. 287 free by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ten Thousand at a Rare Bargain

This made in Germany basket has a very strong buff willow frame covered with wild rush. It is ten inches square and four and a half inches high, has 4 strong corner posts. The wide dark green braided straw and the combination of fine woven willow and fragrant braided-Jumbo rush in its natural color gives a most pleasing effect and beautiful appearance. The wood bottom adds to its practical and durable qualities, and the cover with a twisted bent willow handle and strong cane reed catch and holder make it a most convenient and handy carrying about cabinet.

Heretofore imported baskets have been so very expensive that we have been unable to offer them for premium purposes. Every woman wants at least one good strong basket in the house in which to keep her sewing, knitting and crochet work outfit, or to have to pack her most precious articles in for safety. This basket is just that large and strong that for safety, scissors, needle working and other things and you will be delighted with its fine roomy and pretty appearance. They are so well made they will last you a lifetime.

15-Piece Stamped LINON SET FREE FOR ONE SUBSCRIBER

The illustration so plainly shows the big variety of different handsome designs shown in this 15-Piece Set that description is hardly necessary. Every design here shown is stamped on fine quality French Linon all ready to work and consists of 1 handsome 11-inch Centerpiece, six 4-inch Dollies and 1 beautiful Tray Cloth, 6x11 inches, to match, 4 handsome Bow Knots for Punch Work and French Embroidery, 1 Bow Knot with Jabot to match for Punch Work, 1 stylish Stock Collar, and 4 Skirts, Blue D. M. C. Embroidery Cotton. We know that every Fancy Work lover will be delighted with this offer because we are going to ask you to send us only one subscription to COMFORT in order to obtain the complete outfit exactly as illustrated and described above.

Special Offer. For only one new, bona-fide 15 months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT for 25 cents, or for your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription, at 25 cents and 6 cents additional (30 cents in all), we will send you this 15-piece Stamped Linon Set free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 415. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SWEETHEART STAMPING OUTFIT. 80 NEW DESIGNS ON TWELVE SHEETS BOND PAPER.



Every design distinctly perforated to give a clear working pattern on most any material. Our tremendous success with other Stamping Outfits makes us realize the importance of very careful preparation of this New Outfit, and we believe you will be delighted with our effort. Great care has been exercised in selecting the patterns, and we present the following list of the many designs embraced in the SWEETHEART OUTFIT:

1 Pillow Top design, size 18x18 inches; 3 different styles of ladies' collars; 1 Round cushion; 1 Design for nightdress; 3 Vine designs for shirtwaist and skirt; 1 Centerpiece 18x18 inches; 1 Dolly design, size 3x3 inches; 3 Sideboard or bureau scarf designs; 1 Violet design; 1 Shirtwaist design for eyelet and solid embroidery; 1 Baby cap; 1 Baby cape; 1 Pair of shoes; 2 Designs for handkerchiefs; 1 Ladies' Belt; 1 Table-cover design; 1 Corset cover design; 1 Shirtwaist design; 3 Designs for hemstitched scarf, etc.; 1 Tray Cloth design for eyelet and solid embroidery; 1 Spray of daisies, etc.; 1 of roses; 1 of carnations and violet; 3 Borders for lingerie; 1 Misses' Dutch collar design; 1 Complete set initials, 1 1/2 inches high, old English for table linen, etc.; 1 Centerpiece, size 12x12 inches, for solid embroidery; 1 Centerpiece, size 6x6 inches, for French eyelet embroidery; 2 Border designs for towels or pillow ends; 2 Border designs for lingerie, etc.; 1 Bowknot design; 1 Border design for table-cover; 1 Skirt panel design; 2 Butterfly designs; 1 Bird design, size 2 1/2x5 1/2 inches; 1 American Flag; 1 English Flag; 3 Leaf designs; 1 Corner design for pillow top; 1 Opera Bag design; 1 Poppy design, size 3x4 inches; 2 Small border designs; 2 Anchor designs for sailor suits; 1 Star design for girls' dresses; 2 Vine designs for ladies' hose; 1 Large butterfly; 1 Daisy design, and many others.

This is an entirely new outfit, with new designs and new ideas throughout, gotten up exclusively for COMFORT, it represents the latest productions, also we have used highest quality white bond paper, paid particular attention to the careful perforation of every sheet, adding free a seven inch Embroidery Hoop, a piece of stamping preparation and one felt pad. With each outfit we also include free a copy of "STITCHES IN EMBROIDERY" by Mme. Du Parc, invaluable to all needleworkers. You can unhesitatingly send for this outfit with all assurance of entire satisfaction.

Club Offer. Send only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months, for one Sweetheart Stamping Outfit postpaid. Premium No. 361. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE



Eight Articles

trivance. A Pencil always of same length and the lead may be screwed back into cylinder, making this an almost perpetual Pencil. The Knife has a disappearing blade operated by a push button in end opposite the blade. Gilt trimmed and neatly finished, suitable for Ladies, Men or Children. A generous rubber eraser and nicked cylinder with an assorted dozen fine quality writing pens, completes the outfit of eight numbers.

Club Offer. Send only four 25-cent subscribers to COMFORT for 15 months and we will forward this Complete Writing Outfit Free by Parcel Post. Premium No. 353. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

This Fountain Pen Cabinet Is a Convenient, Useful, Economical Necessity

Fountain Pen, Adjustable Penholder and Pencil, Knife, Screw Pencil, with additional Leads, Rubber Eraser, assortment of Pens, all neatly arranged and placed in an ingeniously contrived compartment cabinet, providing for each its proper place. As a table or desk ornament the Decorated Half Round Cabinet is superior to a tray or other device; for the children to carry to and from school it is a convenience that will add them in preserving their outfit from day to day, as there is no ink bottle to upset. Children seldom own an elaborate pen and pencil outfit complete with all equipment for every school purpose, and now we offer them a most excellent assortment free, with everything handy for quick work.

The Fountain Pen is of regulation size, with a 14-kt. gold pen, universal writing point, and with each there is a glass filler to keep it supplied with ink, enough to last a long time. The combination Pen, Pencil and Eraser is a metal cylinder, the Pen and Eraser in one end, the Pencil in the other, inverting the ends and inserting them in the metal cylinder safeguards the points, thus prolonging the use of both. The screw point Pencil is a neat con-



PRACTICAL FOUNTAIN PEN



Two extra Gold Plat-Free ed Pens

Until recently an all rubber Fountain Pen cost a large sum, owing to the high cost of raw materials but the late discovery of rubber in large quantities has reduced the price and new machinery has done the rest. We are now able to offer to our subscribers a good quality Pen, with two additional Pen Points and a glass filler, a standard outfit at a greatly reduced rate. Lawyers, Doctors, Clerks, Agents, Teachers, Scholars and in every home where a Fountain Pen is needed, a good quality, warranted not to leak Pen, a pen it will be a pleasure to use, and can be sold at once. Send only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for a free Pen Outfit. Prem. No. 471. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



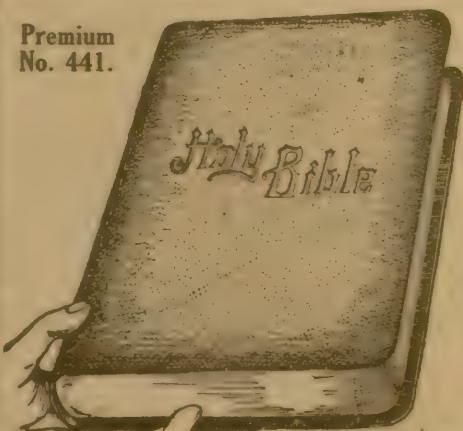
Angora Poodle Dogs The Latest Novelty for Children and Grown-Ups

It is now the latest thing to own a White Angora Poodle with their dear little faces, soft silk-like heads and tails, and cute pink bows on their necks. Everyone loves them on first sight and many a man and woman has carried them home, not alone for the children, but because they could not resist the liking for these dear, little, pure white poodles that are the rage and fashion and are really considered lucky to have and to hold. They are well made of good quality cloth, filled solid and firm and shaped real lifelike in contour of legs and body, having real natural poodle-like eyes and as the nose and mouth are imitated with black yarns stitched on, they will stand a lot of rough handling. They are over eight inches long and half a foot high. They stand up with a saucy little turn of the head as if asking what you want, or they sit down and almost speak.

This Angora Poodle Dog craze has come to stay and every child from Maine to California will sooner or later want one. Seeing those at the home of some neighbor. These poodles have lately sold in the big city stores for good sums, but now that many firms are competing and trying to cut prices, we have been fortunate in securing a large supply and have arranged to mail 25,000 poodle dogs a month.

Our Free Poodle Dog Offer. For only two 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will safely send by Parcel Post, as a reward, one Angora Poodle Dog. Premium No. 270. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Premium No. 441.



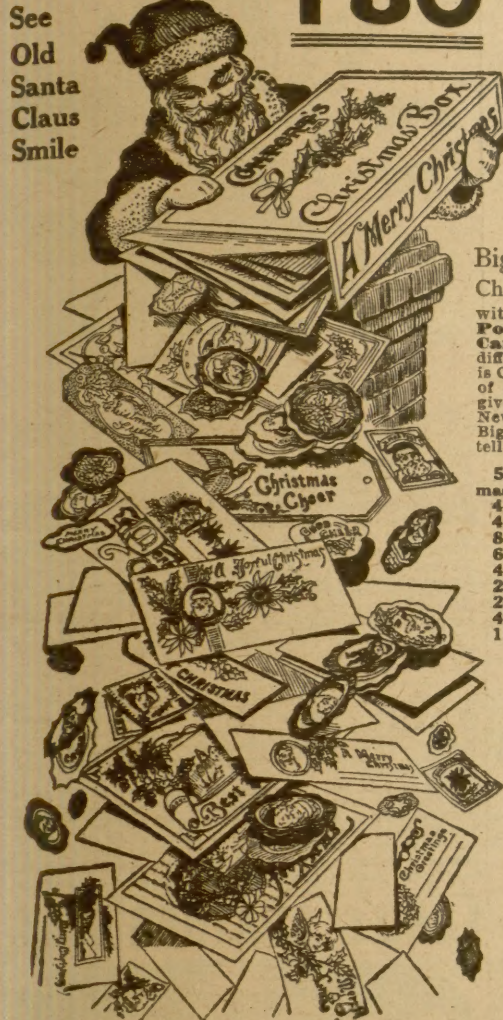
COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE.

After repeated requests from our thousands of readers and club workers, we are prepared to furnish a COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE, in a smaller size than our regular Family Bible. The new offering is indeed a perfect charm; a thoroughly complete Bible, consisting of over 850 pages, with nine colored maps, soft binding, half padded, round corners, finished with red edges, is five and a half inches long, three and a half inches wide and nearly an inch thick, weighing half a pound. It is a thorough Bible with full and complete books of the old and new testaments. For Sunday School workers, teachers and students, or for a convenient pew Bible, this is an unequalled opportunity to secure a big little Bible that will please. By co-operating with a Bible maker and a Bindery, we were enabled to dictate terms and agreed to purchase an enormous quantity during the next year if a low price would be made, in order that we might give our hosts of friends and readers at least one grand opportunity to procure one or more Bibles for their own use or as gifts. Knowing well enough that we shall receive many second orders from our first purchasers. Modern machinery and skilled workmen produce these Bibles in quantities made in the highest order of workmanship. Each and every Bible is sent with a guarantee that it is perfect in each and every detail; and who will please you most is the thorough manner in which they are bound and finished. The not padded covers are the same as in FULL MOROCCO BIBLES costing \$10.00 each.

Please do not send for this Bible expecting to receive a great, big book by express; we offer the FAMILY BIBLE elsewhere. This small Bible is for the same purposes, but is more convenient to carry about. Knowing we shall receive second orders from those who send for one of these Bibles, we are making a specially attractive introduction proposition below.

OUR OFFER. We will send you one of these Holy Bibles as a free premium gift only four 15 mo. subscribers to this magazine at 25 cents each, delivered post-paid to your home. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Here's Your Christmas Surprise Box! Look Girls! See What We Will Give You!



180 Beautiful Christmas and New Year POST CARDS, SEALS, TAGS, STICKERS, STAMPS, LABELS
Yours Free!

Big, beautiful, HOLLY DECORATED Christmas Boxes FILLED TO THE BRIM with lovely Christmas and New Year Greetings Post Cards, Handsome Christmas Envelope Cards, Seals, Tags, Stamps and Labels, in many different colors and embossed in silver and gold—this is COMFORT'S Christmas offer to you and its thousands of other faithful friends and readers. The illustration gives you no idea of the splendid variety of Christmas and New Year Post Cards and Novelties we offer you in this Big 180-Piece Christmas Surprise Assortment. Just let us tell you what it contains:

- 50 Beautiful Gold, Silver and Holly Embossed Christmas and New Year Post Cards.
- 4 Large Embossed Colored Christmas Tags.
- 4 Small Embossed Colored Christmas Tags.
- 8 Small Gold Embossed Christmas Envelope Cards.
- 4 Large Gold Embossed Christmas Envelope Cards.
- 4 Medium Gold Embossed Christmas Envelope Cards.
- 20 Gummed Poinsetta Christmas Seals.
- 24 Gummed Santa Claus Stickers.
- 48 Gummed Oak Leaf Stickers.
- 12 Gummed Santa Claus and Poinsetta Stamps.

180 Pieces In All

The entire 180 pieces contained in the above Assortment will come to you in all sizes and many different beautiful colors—gold, silver, holly green, red, yellow, etc.—all packed in a handsome Holly Decorated Holiday Gift Box. The 50 Christmas and New Year Post Cards form the prettiest, daintiest set you ever saw, all new designs this year, exquisitely done in bright, harmonious colors, and handsomely embossed. Of course you cannot send a Christmas gift to all of your dear friends and acquaintances—none of us can afford to go to that extent—but you can at least send them a loving remembrance when you get this Big Surprise Box by mailing each of them a beautiful Christmas or New Year Greeting Card that they will never forget. In this Box you find Cards to send to baby, the older children, father, mother and grandpa, and grandpa, too. There is old Santa Claus, or "Kris Kringle" with his big smiling face, bright, cheerful, twinkling eyes and long children, Holly, Evergreen, Snow, Birds, and many other beautiful designs all glowing with the happiness and cheer of the glad Christmas season.

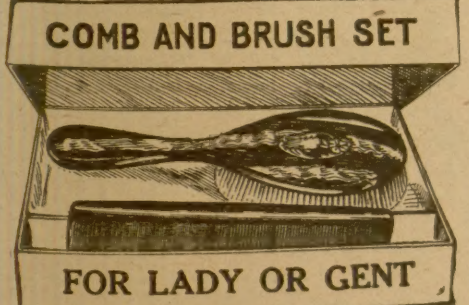
Each card carries a Merry Christmas or New Year greeting in the form of a pretty verse or touching sentiment expressed by a great mind. The designs are all lithographed in exquisite colors on the finest cardboard and finished with gold and silver background. Then there are 130 hand-somely colored and embossed Christmas Stamps, Seals, Labels, etc., which you will need to seal, stamp and decorate your Christmas letters and packages with and the stylish Christmas Tags and Envelope Cards to be tied to or enclosed within your Christmas packages to bear a cheery message with the gift. And you will still have enough of the seals, stamps, stickers, etc., left so that you can make up an endless variety of nice home-made presents to give to those of your friends you wish to remember, but for whom you cannot afford to buy an expensive gift.

Given To You Free For Your Own Renewal And One New Subscription

Christmas will be here almost before you know it, so don't delay, but send for your Christmas Surprise Box today, so that you will be sure to receive it in time. Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for 15 months at 25 cents (50 cents in all) and we will mail you post-paid one of these Beautiful Holly Decorated Christmas Surprise Boxes containing 180 lovely Christmas and New Year Post Cards, Seals, Stamps, Stickers, etc., exactly as described above.

A 90-PIECE ASSORTMENT FREE FOR ONLY ONE SUBSCRIPTION! If you prefer, you may send only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and you will receive one of these Beautiful Holly Decorated Christmas Surprise Boxes containing a 90-Piece Assortment—just half as many Christmas and New Year Post Cards, Stamps, Seals, Stickers, etc., as are mentioned above. Please send in your order right away so we can fill it the same day it is received—later on there might be some delay as we are unusually busy sending out premiums along about Christmas time.

Address COMFORT, Christmas Box Dept., Augusta, Maine

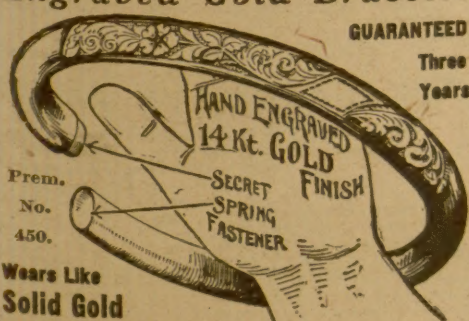


COMB AND BRUSH SET
FOR LADY OR GENT
Malachite Green Finish all Boxed in Fitted Green Case Safely Delivered Free by Parcel Post

THERE has been no Premium offer in years that has been so pleasing to our friends as this new Comb and Brush Set. The great beauty of this latest style dark green or Malachite finish on the back of brush with the SILVERINE shield for engraving initial or monogram has made this set one of the best as a present for birthday, wedding or any special occasion. The brush is nine inches long over a 2 1/2 inches wide with splendid firm white bristles well fastened and should last for years. The Comb is black, seven inches long and one and one half inches wide with coarse and fine teeth. A Remarkable Offer! For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send this Set No. 262 Free as a Premium for your work.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Engraved Gold Bracelet

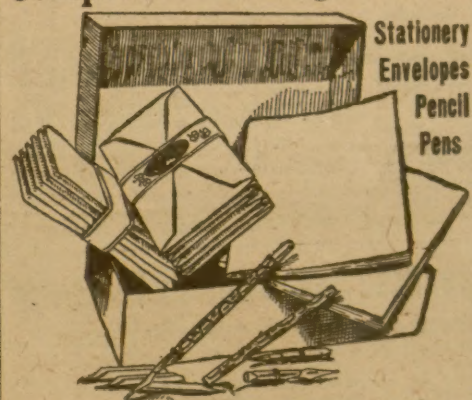


Guaranteed Three Years
Prem. No. 450.
Wears Like Solid Gold
THIS Round Bracelet with artistic engraving and unique Spring Fastening is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages and wears like Solid Gold. There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly three inches in diameter; we consider it a beautiful pattern. Your Initial or Initials may be engraved on the shield, or not, as you choose. This bracelet is a Summer of 1913 style as you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order. Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year and 10 cents extra (35 cents in all) we will send you this complete Writing Outfit by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 624. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FOUR PIN WAIST SET

Roman laid gold plate, soft rich gold finish, in a velvet pad box. We show but two pins to give you the sizes; there is one large pin and three smaller ones, one Neck or Waist Pin and the others for collar, cuff or lace pins, equally useful as Baby pins. We warrant these pins not to break, which is an exceptional guarantee on a pin subjected to such constant and hard use. Other uses for such a combination set of Four Pins will occur to every lady reader of COMFORT, and we doubt if there are many who can say, "I have no use for them." They are indispensable. Several sets will not be too many to have about, especially if there are children in the family. Premium No. 517.
Club Offer Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year and 10 cents extra (35 cents in all) we will send you this Set No. 517 by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 517. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Complete Writing Outfit



A tasty embossed box 6 1/2 x 4 3/4 x 1 1/2 inch in size containing one dozen sheets real Irish linen stationery, one dozen envelopes to match, 3 fine steel pens and an excellent combination pen and pencil holder—this in brief describes the above writing outfit and it is certainly a big value when you stop to consider that we give it for only one 15-months subscription to COMFORT. There is enough while the pens are the very outfit to last you a long while, and the combination pen and pencil holder is good for nearly a lifetime, as it is well made that it is practically indestructible. We know this outfit will please all who receive it because everything in it is of the very best quality and it is free on the terms of the following:
Special Offer: subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year and 10 cents extra (35 cents in all) we will send you this complete Writing Outfit by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 624. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



3 Beautiful INDIAN DOLLS

We cannot begin to tell you or even make a picture fine enough to show you how gorgeously beautiful these dolls really are. You must see them in order to fully appreciate their sweet pretty faces and the rich coloring of their Indian costumes. This wonderful Indian doll family consists of lovely Princess Tambon who looks just like a "big chief's" daughter and her little Indian brother and sister—three fine dolls in all. Princess is a big doll standing nearly one and one-half feet high and you will surely love her just as soon as you see her raven hair, big black eyes and pretty face. She is dressed up just like a real Indian maiden in a tunic representing leather and moccasins and animal skins and Indian gems while handsome ornaments representing wampum extend around her head and keep her long black braids nice and smooth. Then there are the Princess' cute little brother and sister who stand half a foot high and who are also dressed up in true Indian style just as you see them in the picture. These three lovely Indian dolls with their sweet pretty faces and the richest colored costumes will make you just the finest playmates you ever had and best of all they cannot become broken no matter how roughly they are tumbled about. They come stamped in many beautiful colors on strong cloth all ready to be cut out and stuffed and when finished you can move their arms and legs and put them in all sorts of cute and comical positions. Thousands of little children, both boys and girls, have been made happy with these wonderful Indian Dolls, so if you are a little boy or girl either be sure to ask your father or mother to send right away now and get all three dolls for you. They won't cost a cent of money because COMFORT is giving them away to anybody who will accept the following:

Free Offer. For only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or for your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you this wonderful Indian Doll Family—three dolls in all—free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 647. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Warm, Fleecy NIGHTGOWN

To buy the material and make up this nice, warm Nightgown or to buy one like it ready made would cost quite a sum of money but by taking advantage of this offer you can secure it without paying out one cent. It is made of heavy, fleecy, outing flannel, full length with high neck either scalloped or with a collar as you prefer, long sleeves with turn back cuffs with scalloped edge. It is Mother Hubbard style with double yoke front and back, and comes in white with either blue or pink stripes; the scalloped on cuffs and around neck being worked in silk of a color to match the stripe which you select. For women and children this beautiful well-made nightgown is an absolute necessity more so than ever in the cold winter months when one cannot always retire at night or dress in the morning in a warm room. The flannel of which this gown is made is so thick and has such a beautiful heavy fleece that it imparts to the wearer a sensation of delightful warmth in the coldest room in the house. It comes in sizes 15, 16 and 17, so be sure to specify size.

Club Offer. For four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this Nightgown by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 651. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Nice Warm Sweater

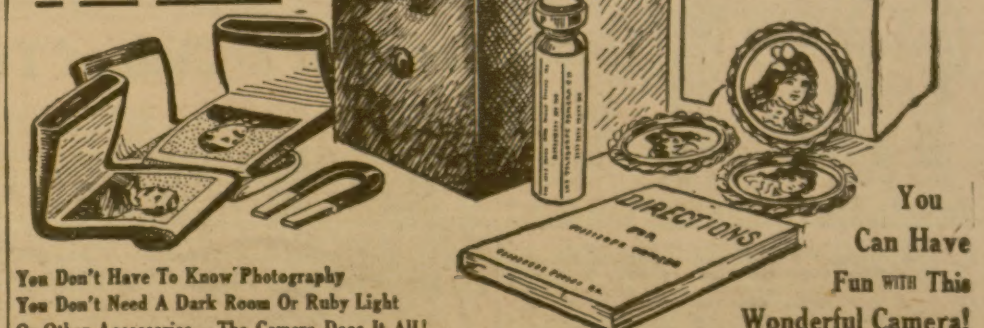
FOR MEN AND BOYS
Is The Best Preventive of Colds and Pneumonia!



"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," says the old saying and this handsome sweater will save doctor's bills for any man or boy by warding off those miserable "winter colds" which so often lead to deadly pneumonia and consumption. It is the best of all winter garments for boys going to school on cold fall and winter days or when sliding or skating or engaged in other outdoor winter sports. While for men, or boys either, snow and ice, a good warm sweater is nothing short of an absolute necessity and a great convenience besides for it does away with the necessity of wearing a great, heavy overcoat which is always so burdensome to carry round and well nigh impossible to work in. The Sweater offered here comes in grey only which is the most popular color and is just as warm and comfortable as it looks in the picture having a nice, thick roll collar which fits snugly around the neck, good long sleeves with close-fitting wristband and large roomy pockets. It buttons down the front like a coat so that it is very easy to get in or out of. If you prefer we can send you this same sweater without the roll collar in colors of Red, Blue, Brown and Grey. Be sure to send your chest measure when ordering.
Club Offer. For a club of only eight 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 80 cents each, we will send you this warm, handsome Sweater with or without collar as preferred by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 649. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Wonderful New Photo-Button Camera

That Will Produce A Finished Picture In Two Minutes!



You Don't Have To Know Photography
You Don't Need A Dark Room Or Ruby Light
Or Other Accessories—The Camera Does It All!

And It's Yours Free For A Club Of Two!

Just think of it! A camera with which you can take, develop and finish a picture in just two minutes. To you this may seem impossible, but it is true nevertheless. Think of the amusement and pleasure to be had taking photographs of your own family and your friends and neighbors with this camera and delivering them the finished pictures while they wait. And the beauty of it all is, this wonderful camera does all the work itself. You don't have to know anything about photography in order to take pictures with this camera—you don't need to spend money fitting up a dark room and buying ruby lights and chemicals and the dozens of other conveniences which are absolutely necessary to have with the ordinary camera. This new Photo-Button Camera does away with all that trouble and expense because you can take, develop and finish the pictures in broad daylight. You can commence taking pictures with this camera just as soon as you receive it, for we also give you a complete outfit consisting of photo plates, developing fluid, developing tank, magnet and complete instructions how to go ahead and be successful from the very start. You cannot possibly fail to produce fine pictures of any of your folks or your friends, or of the old pet horse, dog, cat, cow or anything else you wish to make a portrait of and you can mount the pictures in pretty Brooch-Button frames like those illustrated above. And aside from the fun and pleasure you will have you should also be able to make money with this camera. You know yourself that the idea of having your picture taken and finished while you wait is captivating and everybody you know will likewise be delighted with the idea and should be glad to pay you at least ten cents a piece for their pictures to be taken, finished, mounted and delivered just two minutes after you "snap" them. Remember there is nothing difficult about operating this camera—it is really so simple that even a child can use it—and that with the camera we send you everything you need with which to commence taking pictures at once. And after you have used up what plates, brooch frames and developer we give you, you can send to us for another supply and they will cost you no money because we have the extra plates and everything else in stock and can let you have them free in return for one, two or three new 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT, according to what you order and how much. Or, of course if you prefer, we will sell you the plates, developer, etc., very cheap for cash, much cheaper than what the same articles would cost you in any store. This is one of the most wonderful offers we have ever made. That we are able to offer this camera for such a small club to COMFORT may seem very strange to you, but if you send for it we guarantee that you will be more than pleased with it because you will find it exactly as illustrated and described in the offer. You may have this Camera and Complete Outfit without paying a cent, if you will accept the following:
Club Offer. For only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this Photo-Button Camera and Complete Outfit Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 650. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



YOU CAN'T LOSE IT

German Silver Coin Purse With Long Chain

This cute little bag is over two and a half inches square. A 54-inch long chain attached enables you to wear this purse hung from the neck, providing a certain degree of safety, also the freedom of your hands.

This chain is long enough to go around the neck and have the bag in the pocket of a coat or dress, or can be worn hanging, as most people wear them; the bag coming below the waist.

The bag is unlined, and made of very strong links, and has a fringed top fashioned into little points with silver-plated balls on the ends. It is a handy coin purse to wear to church, when calling, car riding or shopping as you do not have to carry it in your hand, and you know it is safe on the chain around your neck, so you can't lose your money. Nice for young girls going to school.

The bags are very attractive and useful at all seasons with all costumes. They have no lining so can easily be kept bright and clean by washing in soap and water. We would like to have every woman and girl reader of COMFORT own one. If you could realize how attractive and useful they are, no matter how many bags and purses you have you would get up your club and send at once.

Club Offer: Send only three subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months for one of these beautiful Coin Purses. Premium No. 288. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Flannel Underskirt



Given To You for Three Subscriptions

This warm, comfortable Underskirt is made of heavy flannel with wide, deep flounce and two rows of braid as shown in the illustration. The color of the braid matching the colored stripe in the garment. It has five gores and is plaited in to a band at back and the draw string adjusts the fullness to fit any size waist. This warm, handsome underskirt comes in white with either blue or pink stripes and in lengths 27, 29 and 31 inches. Be sure to specify size and color wanted when ordering. We will send you this Skirt free upon the terms of the following

Club Offer: For a club of only three 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this nice, warm flannel underskirt by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 522. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Free to Little Girls!



Mothers, Don't Fail To Read This Offer!

COMFORT wants to give free to your little girl and every little girl this handsome Doll Family stamped in beautiful colors on strong cloth with full directions so that you can cut them out, stuff and sew them up in less than ten minutes. Mother Doll is almost as big as a real live baby for she stands nearly two feet high while the cute little Baby Doll which you see in the picture stands over half a foot high. These dolls cannot be broken no matter how much they are thrown around or dropped on the floor and you can make them bend their arms and legs, stand up and sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions. They have beautiful golden hair which hangs in the dearest curls you ever saw and fastened with a bright red ribbon bow that cannot get lost or become untied, handsome red cheeks, rosy lips and lovely blue eyes which smile at you in such a life-like way that you would almost think she were ready to speak and say "Mamma." As shown in above illustration they also are dressed in dainty lace-trimmed underwear with bright red stockings and black buttoned boots. Both dolls together—the big Mother Doll and the sweet Baby Doll—make the cutest and prettiest Doll Family any little girl ever had to play with. They are lots better for the little folks than the more expensive bisque and china dolls because they will not break or snarl their pretty hair or lose their eyes. There is no little girl who will not instantly fall in love with this beautiful Doll Family and spend many happy hours with it, so we hope that every mother who reads this offer will take advantage of it at once. We will send you both dolls—the big Mother Doll and her Baby Doll—free by Parcel Post prepaid on the terms of the following special

Free Offer: Send only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and you will receive both dolls free and exactly as described in our Premium No. 463. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Big Package Silk and Satin REMNANTS FREE!

Remnants of real silk, stamped satin and beautiful plush in all shapes and all colors of the rainbow. For years COMFORT has made this offer to its thousands of friends and subscribers and this year we can do more for you than ever before because the factories have on hand an enormous accumulation of these rich goods and in order to get rid of them are willing to sell them to us for little or nothing. We now have a whole

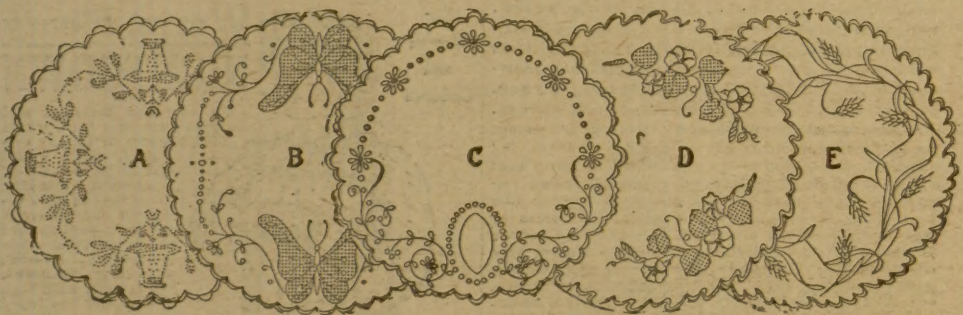


room full of these beautiful pieces of silk and satin which are of good size and carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up beautiful quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." Remember these remnants are not the small, insignificant, worthless pieces that are advertised as "a rare bargain" by irresponsible firms, but large, well-shaped pieces of fresh, new silk and satin in all the beautiful colors which were in style this season and we send you a big package containing from one hundred to two hundred pieces besides a large, elegant piece of plush and 5 skeins handsome embroidery silk of different bright colors. If you order at once we will also send you, in addition to everything else, an Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used. It tells you how to put pieces of patchwork together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join the edges, etc. This book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these besides containing full and explicit directions for working the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch also directions for Kensington painting. Remember you get one big lot of these Silk and Satin Remnants (over 100 pieces), 5 skeins handsome Embroidery Silk of different colors, one big piece of Plush, and an Instruction Book, as above described, all sent to you free by Parcel Post prepaid if you will accept the following special

Club Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one big package of Silk and Satin Remnants, Plush, Embroidery Silk and Instruction Book, as described above, free by Parcel Post prepaid. For a club of three we will send you two packages, or five packages for a club of four.

SPECIAL: If you wish you may send in your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for 12 months at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and receive one package of these Remnants free. Premium No. 536. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful 18-Inch Centerpieces

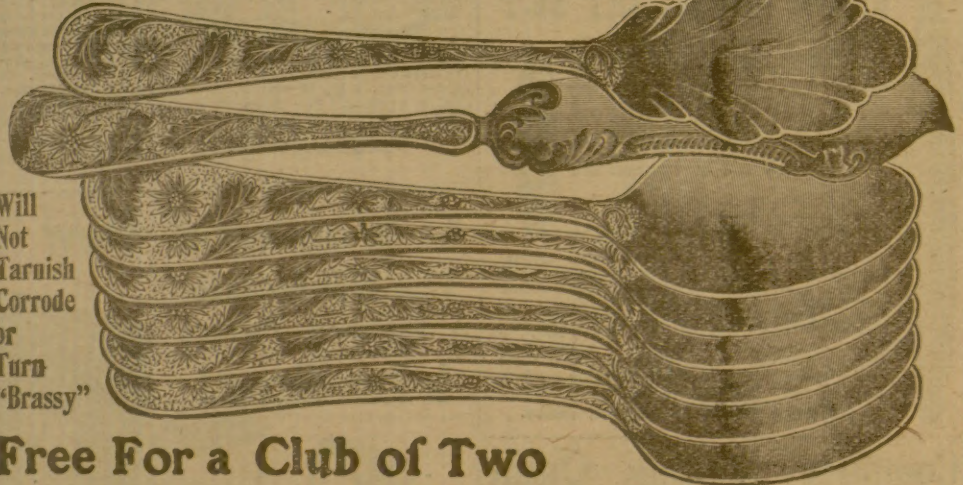


Stamped On White Linene For Hand Embroidery

We show here five new handsome designs for centerpieces each separately stamped on fine quality pure white linene which, as every woman knows, is equal to pure linen and in fact is preferred by many to real linen as it never wrinkles and washes exactly as well and wears as long. This complete set of five different designs also gives every lady or girl a fine opportunity to display her talents with needle as each design is to be worked differently although they are so simple that no hard labor is involved. A is a cross stitch design, B a butterfly design for punch work, C a design for French and eyelid embroidery, D Morning Glory design for punch work, E a Wheat design for Bullion Stitch. Each centerpiece is 18 inches in diameter which is a nice size and suitable for most all purposes.

Club Offer: For only one new, bona-fide 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or for your own subscription, or extension or renewal of your present subscription for 15 months at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all), we will send you your choice of any two of these beautiful centerpieces by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send you any four of them for a club two 15-months subscriptions at 25 cents each, or all five for a club of three. When ordering be sure to specify the design wanted, whether A, B, C, D, or E. Premium No. 396. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful 8-Piece Silver Set Warranted For 5 Years



Will Not Tarnish Corrode or Turn "Brassy"

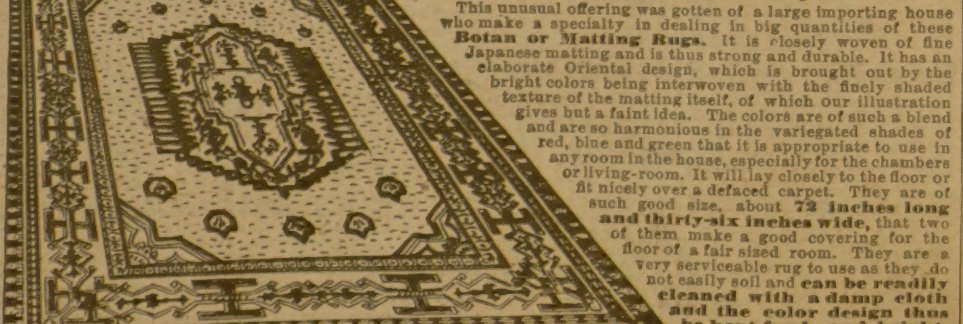
Free For a Club of Two

Although we are giving away this beautiful 8-Piece Silver Set for a very small club to COMFORT, yet it is the greatest value as a premium that we have ever offered. As you know, most low-priced silverware is silver plated on a brass base so that just as soon as the silver wears off the brass shows and spoils its looks forever. This 8-Piece Set, however, is silver plated on a pure white metal base which is in itself a guarantee of its everlasting wearing qualities. The silver plate may wear off in time, but, as the spoons, butter knife and sugar shell are the same color all the way through, you will readily understand why it is they will never show signs of wear, tarnish or turn "brassy." The teaspoons, sugar shell and butter-knife in this beautiful set are full size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and decorated as shown in the above illustration while the bowls of the spoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. So confident are we that this beautiful set of silverware will delight every woman who accepts our offer that we hereby guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years. We will send you this 8-piece silver set exactly as described, if you will accept the following special

CLUB OFFER: For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this 8-Piece Silver Set, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Premium No. 394. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Great Japanese Rug about Six Feet Long

Given For a Club of Only Four

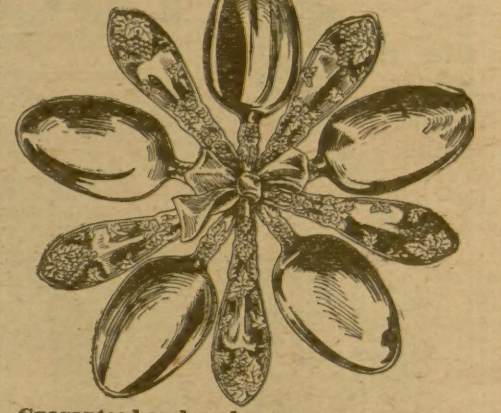


This unusual offering was gotten of a large importing house who make a specialty in dealing in big quantities of these Botai or Matting Rugs. It is closely woven of fine Japanese matting and is thus strong and durable. It has an elaborate Oriental design, which is brought out by the bright colors being interwoven with the finely shaded texture of the matting itself, of which our illustration gives but a faint idea. The colors are of such a blend and are so harmonious in the variegated shades of red, blue and green that it is appropriate to use in any room in the house, especially for the chambers or living-room. It will lay closely to the floor or fit nicely over a defaced carpet. They are of such good size, about 73 inches long and thirty-six inches wide, that two of them make a good covering for the floor of a fair sized room. They are a very serviceable rug to use as they do not easily soil and can be readily cleaned with a damp cloth and the color design thus kept fresh and bright. It is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction and if you once have one of these rugs come into your home you will almost be compelled to get up another club and secure more of them, they are given on such easy terms and are so entirely wearable and give such a fine appearance.

CLUB OFFER: For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver one of these Rugs by Parcel Post. Premium No. 429. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Six Rogers' Silver Spoons

Warranted to Wear Ten Years Given for Club of Four Subscribers

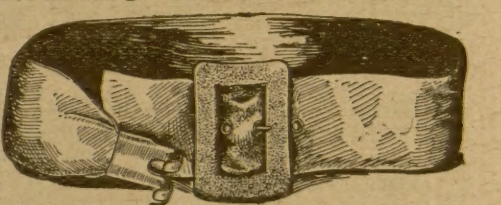


Guaranteed each and every one to be Strictly Pure A1 Brand made by the famous Wm. A. Rogers and every teaspoon is so stamped on back. This silverware comes in the popular Grape or Vintage Pattern, which is the very latest and prettiest design in Silverware. The picture hardly shows you the great beauty of the dainty, bright, clean clusters of Ripe Grapes or the finely executed leaves growing on the delicate vine seen on the front and back of every spoon. Rogers' Silverware has a world-wide reputation. We can hardly add more. These A1 Rogers' teaspoons are guaranteed to be full standard extra plate upon the finest quality of 18% nickel silver base, and with ordinary care will last ten years. Some families are using Rogers' ware twice this time.

Everybody loves new, bright silverware. Nobody ever had too much, especially of Wm. A. Rogers' manufacture, as the expense has always and is now, too high, but COMFORT's plan for sub premium workers make it possible to not only own these six Rogers' teaspoons free but the entire set of table spoons, dessert spoons, knives and forks, sugar shell and butter knife, all in the same delightful grape or vintage pattern to match, without costing you really a penny.

First send in your four subs to COMFORT at 25c each and receive this set of six Rogers' teaspoons by Parcel Post, then later earn the entire set of Rogers' Silverware to match the spoons. You can do it just as easily for only a few more COMFORT subscriptions as per new plan we will tell you about after you get the 6 spoons. Premium No. 358. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LADIES' LEATHER BELT



Made of soft brown Russian leather of that velvety ooze texture which gives that glove-fitting appearance and will not crack or stretch out. The buckle is made of strong metal and covered with the same material, and is very easily adjusted. Notice the large hook which will stand a heavy strain. The belt has three sets of eyelets for adjusting. It will wear indefinitely and the color is suitable for any style dress or suit. State size of waist when ordering.

Club Offer: For a club of only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send free by Parcel Post one of these soft ooze leather belts. Premium No. 376. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BEAUTIFUL RIBBONS

Five Inches in Width with Soft Wired Edges The Latest Conception in Hair Ribbons and Artistic Hat Trimmings. Guaranteed All Silk Taffeta



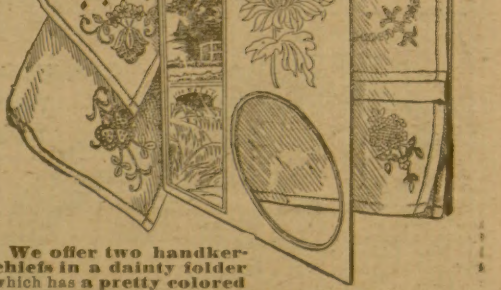
The edges of this Ribbon are finished to represent a small silk cord through which a soft, pliable wire is run. The most fashionable hats this season are simply trimmed with large stunning bows, and this ribbon enables the home milliner to give her hats that smart touch so difficult with the ordinary ribbons.

For Children's Hair this Ribbon makes Ideal Bows. The silk will not crush and the bow is instantly adjusted after being flattened under the hat.

You have only to send us two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and we will mail you free two yards of this lovely ribbon. We have delicate pink, light and dark blue, black, white, red and green. Premium No. 531. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Pair of Handkerchiefs

In Souvenir Booklet Holder



We offer two handkerchiefs in a dainty folder which has a pretty colored panel picture attached and an oval cut in the corner so the pretty embroidery of the handkerchief will show through. The handkerchiefs are made of finest silk Lawn which certainly gives them a great luster and adds to the richness of the texture of the material. Each have a quarter inch hemstitched border, with an embroidered figure in the corner which is of pure white silk, and is done in solid embroidery with a little punch work or similar stitch introduced in each design. These two handkerchiefs packed so nicely in a holder, are all ready to give as a present. They will make excellent birthday or holiday gifts, and will be fully appreciated by all. As one needs so many handkerchiefs and they are so in demand at all seasons of the year, every woman and girl is always anxious to add new designs to their supply. These handkerchiefs if worn in the little side pocket of a coat will give a smart touch to any suit. Read our very liberal

Club Offer: For only 2 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send you one decorated Souvenir Booklet Holder containing two embroidered fine Lawn Handkerchiefs free by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Proving of Santa Claus

By Charles Edward Hewitt

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AN atmosphere of gloom had settled upon the youthful portion of the Vennle household, although it was the season when children should bubble over with happiness and good will like unto old Kriss Cringle himself.

The cause of this untimely sadness was a small visitor from town who had never before spent a Christmas season in the country,—for the happy chatter of her cousins over the fully expected descent of Santa Claus through the chimney leading from the big fireplace in the family living-room, had seemed only nonsense to little Miss Know-it-all,—and she had loudly proclaimed the "jolly old elf" to be nothing but a myth.

"Hi, oh!—what ails the youngsters," shouted Father Vennle as he came rollicking into the living-room from doing his outside chores on Christmas Eve. "So May thinks there is no Santa Claus,—eh?—Well, now she will learn different soon I tell you;" and the speaker placed a finger on the side of his nose and winked—in perfect imitation of Saint Nick.

"You ain't Santa, are yer Pa?" clamored Bob and Jack in a breath, wildly scrambling for a place on their father's lap.

"Am I Santa Claus?" repeated the one addressed, looking from one anxious face to another whilst his eyes blinked with surprise and wonder. "See here youngsters! How big do you suppose that chimney is where it comes out on the roof?"

"When you look up it seems like a little hole, —'cause I've done it when there was no fire," put in Margaret, who was about the same age as the visitor.

"That is just about what it is," said her father. "So how could I come down that opening from the roof?"—and the questioner squared his great shoulders before them all in proof that the thing was impossible.

The two small boys perched on the man's knees were now in great good humor; and they looked at their city cousin in a way which showed plainly that her power to weaken their faith in Saint Nicholas was gone. And Margaret, too,—clapped her hands with joy at the restoring of the Christmas Elf.

But Miss Know-it-all would not give in so easily. "If someone will watch here with me tonight, I will prove that there is no Santa Claus," she daunted, whereupon her cousins with one accord turned to the champion of their cause.

Father Vennle hitched his chair more fully into the glow of the brightly burning embers and leaned forward confidently. "I have an idea!" he whispered, and each child present eagerly waited for his next words.

After looking around the room, and then stretching as far as possible toward the hearth and peering part way up the chimney to make sure they were quite alone, the possessor of the idea at last told it in a voice that could not have been heard outside of the fire's radiance.

"But he might hurt you, Pa," squeaked Bob above the noise of general glee which now arose.

"Say youngsters, when these arms get around the old fellow he will think it is a polar bear," and as he spoke the man stretched to full length, sending the boys sliding to the floor the while. They shouted and danced with merriment at this, and when quiet was again restored the visitor pleaded:

"Please let us wait for him with you, Uncle John."

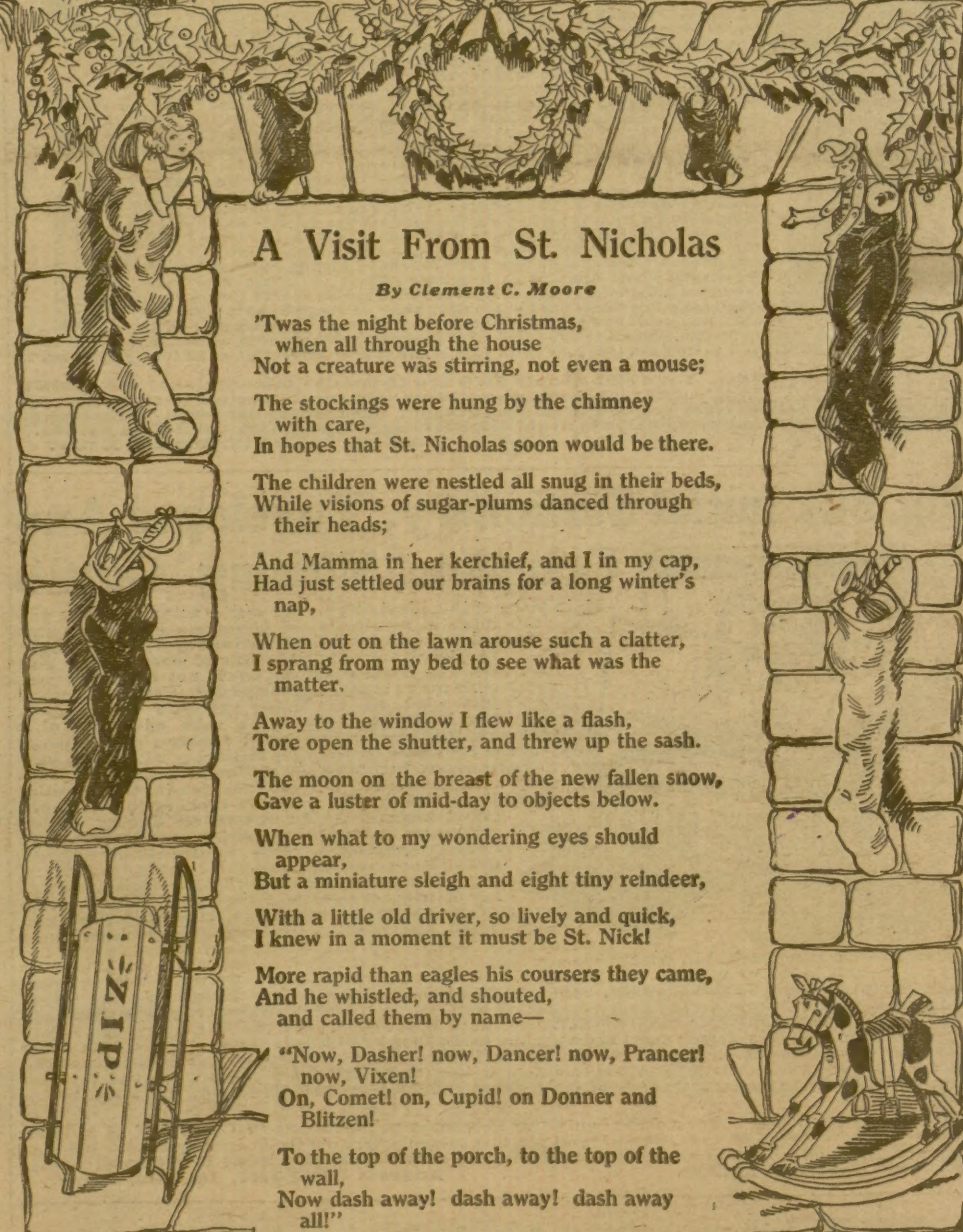
The one so entreated gaped with surprise. "Don't you know that he will not come if a child stays awake to catch him?" he asked. "But I am an old codger and he will not be looking for me. Now hang up your stockings, dears, and cud-along to bed; and when you hear a big noise down here it will be Santa and I, and I promise to clip off a bit of the old fellow's whiskers to prove to May that he always comes to good children who believe in him, on the night before Christmas," and the maker of this pledge pulled his own bushy whiskers in a very convincing manner.

And so they hustled up-stairs to their mother, and very soon four pairs of eyelids drooped and the children were off to the land of Nod. ****

A greatly loved Christmas poem tells that on a certain night, "all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse." And so it seemed now at the Vennle Homestead. The deep and peaceful breathing of the small sleepers came as regularly as the big clock's ticking; but of a sudden,—in the words of the poem,— "there arose such a clatter"—each child tumbled from bed to see what was the matter. In fact, it sounded as though the "right jolly old elf" had driven straight into the house with his eight tiny reindeer.

Such a thumping and rattling and banging about now went on in the living-room below that Bob and Jack clutched each other from fear, and even Margaret and May quaked and trembled.

"He m-must have c-c-come, and Uncle John



has g-got him," the latter shivered, quite forgetting that she had ever denied the existence of Santa Claus.

"Come here quick, youngsters! He is trying to go up the chimney!" now came in excited tones from the living-room. And with wild haste the children scuttled down-stairs, where they found Father Vennle wrapped in his dressing-gown and sprawled full length on the floor in front of the dimly burning hearth fire. All about him were scattered popcorn balls, and candy canes, and other things, the sight of which made the young folks gape with joy and wonder.

"The old fellow tripped me up!" came blustering from the prostrate one. "Never mind, youngsters, if he is gone; some things have spilled from his pack all right,—and what do you think of this?" and a wisp of gray hair was held in the flickering light for all to see.

"His whiskers!" whispered Jack in awed tones.

"Let me have them to take home to show that there is a Santa Claus," May begged.

"Ah, but you yourself do not believe in him," chuckled the man, scrambling to his feet. "I do! I do!" screamed the others;—dancing about their father and imploring him to give them the token of Saint Nick, and

A Visit From St. Nicholas

By Clement C. Moore

'Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;

The stockings were hung by the chimney
with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through
their heads;

And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's
nap,

When out on the lawn arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the
matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutter, and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow,
Gave a luster of mid-day to objects below.

When what to my wondering eyes should
appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name—

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer!
now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on Donner and
Blitzen!

To the top of the porch, to the top of the
wall,
Now dash away! dash away! dash away
all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle,
mount to the sky,

So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof;

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came
with a bound.

He was dressed all in furs from his head
to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with
ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening
his pack.

His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples
how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white
as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head
like a wreath;

He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full
of jelly.

He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of
myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spake not a word, but went straight
to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned
with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team
gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;

And I heard him exclaim, ere he drove
out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all
a good night!"

The Real Santa Claus

THIS charming Christmas ballad, "A Visit From St. Nicholas," which has been the delight of children and grown-ups, too, for ninety years, has a history that is interesting and quite unique. Its author was not a writer of songs or popular ditties, nor was it intended for publication.

Clement Clarke Moore, the profoundly learned Professor of Biblical Learning in the Protestant Episcopal Seminary in New York City wrote it for the amusement of his two little daughters as a part of the family celebration of the Christmas of 1822.

He dashed it off as a mere holiday diversion with no idea that it was worthy to appear in print, and it never would have reached the public had it not chanced to meet the eyes of an appreciative young miss who was a guest at his home.

With childish pride the Moore girls showed the poem to the Reverend Dr. Butler's daughter while she was visiting them soon after Christmas. She made a copy which she took home to Troy, N. Y., and gave to the editor of the *Troy Sentinel*, who printed it in his issue of December 23, 1823.

It made a great hit. Other papers copied it, and soon it was in print in all parts of the world where the English language is spoken.

At first Professor Moore was chagrined at its publication, and even after it had been received with such popular favor he still felt annoyed that his high reputation for scholarship and as a writer on history, Hebrew, and other weighty subjects was overshadowed by his fame as the author of a nursery rhyme which he had scribbled off in idle moments.

His labored works on great subjects have long been out of print, are rarely read now and for the most part forgotten, but the merry jingle of his rhyme and the beautiful poetic fancy with which he has clothed the ever popular childhood myth of Santa Claus will lose none of its human interest so long as Christmas continues to be the happy season of annual gift-making.

There are some prudish souls—happily they are few—so devoid of poetic imagination that they seriously object to disseminating the Santa Claus myth among young children, merely because for a time the little ones are led to believe in the existence of an unreal being.

Such people should understand that childhood is an imaginative age, a period of development in which every normal, healthy minded child delights in fairy stories and is bound to gratify its mystic cravings by imagining elves and fairies with supernatural or magic powers. The mental development of each child is a condensed repetition of the mental development of the human race. Each child's mind has to travel in a few years the same path and pass through all the stages through which humanity has traveled in the ages in its climb from ignorance to knowledge, from brute instinct to the higher attainments of reason and spirituality.

There was a time, and not so very long ago, when all the world believed in fairies and in magic. Some races have not yet outgrown that stage of development, and even now in enlightened Europe and America there are many people who believe in signs and portents of good and bad luck and have faith in palmists, astrologers and other fortune telling humbugs. Civilized grown-ups ought to know that science has absolutely and convincingly disproved the existence of any such occult powers in human being, and that it is harmful and dangerous to rely on them.

The fairy stories which are printed for the entertainment of children are the survival of the best of the ancient folk lore or fables that everybody in the olden times believed. Not only are they innocent, harmless stories that stimulate the mental development and gratify the mystic cravings of childhood, but nearly everyone of them is turned to point a moral and inculcate a high ideal and a worthy aspiration.

At the proper stage of development the child naturally outgrows the belief in fairies at the same time attaining a deeper appreciation of the truth and force of the morals exemplified so beautifully by the fairy tales.

Perhaps it will interest some of you elder skeptics as well as the youthful believers to know who Santa Claus, the jolly old patron saint of childhood, is.

Among the bishops of the early Christian Church was one named Nicholas, who, according to tradition, was very rich and spent his money and his time in making children happy. Such a man, of course, loved children and he knew their ways of thought, their childish yearnings and how to reach their hearts. With a man's wisdom he was a child in sentiment and sympathy. He knew that children liked surprises and mysteries, and devout Christian that he was he was too sensible and kind hearted to want to shake their faith in the good fairies that were believed to employ themselves in good works. So he took especial delight in delivering his gifts in some mysterious way so that the recipients should not know whence they came or who was the giver.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)